



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

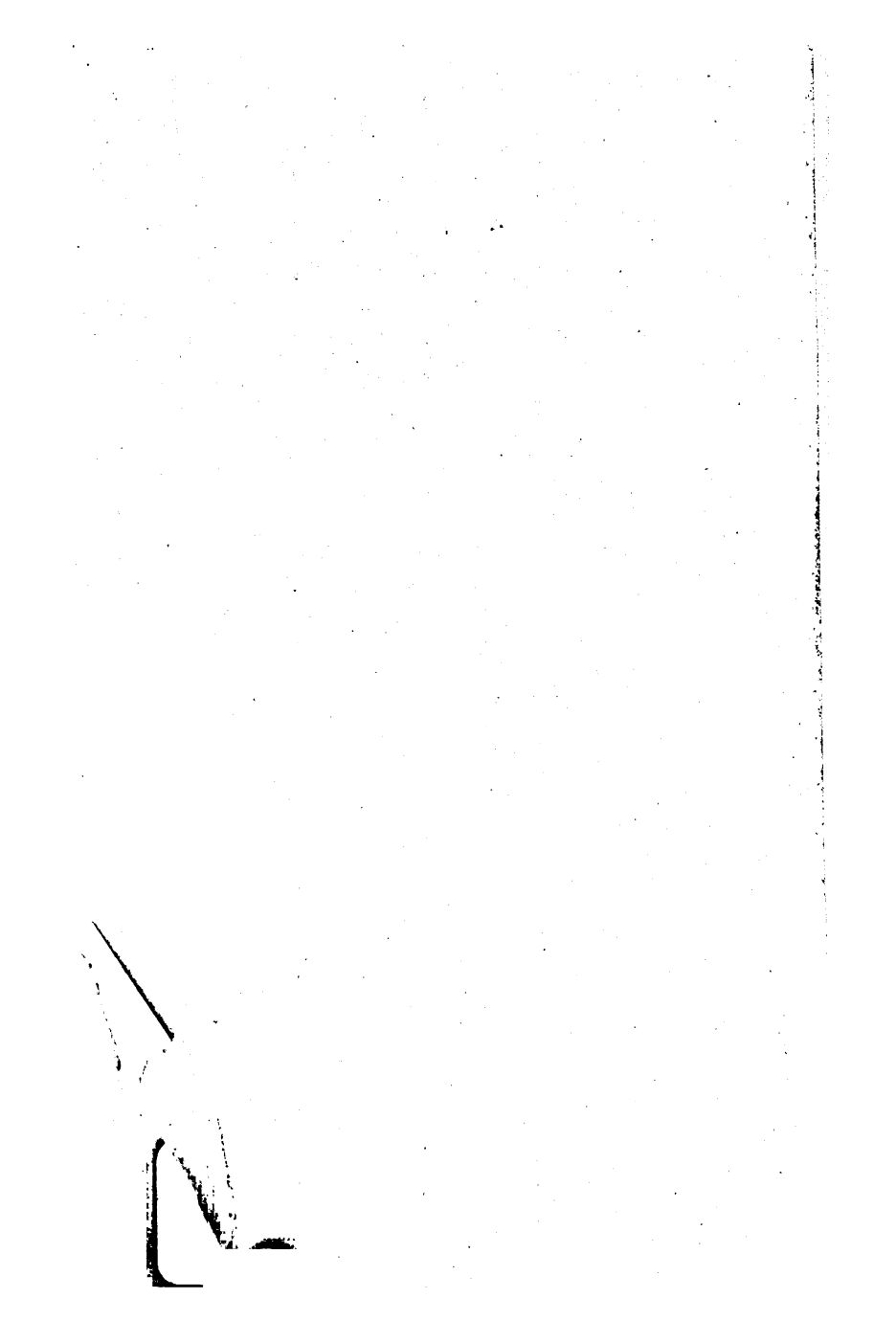
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

7/2
(Smit)
Smit



THE REV. GERVASE SMITH, D.D.

Smith
AN -

MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

AUTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



FROM A PHOTO BY J. C. TURNER, BARNSBURY PARK, N.

George Smith

Lemuel Smith

THE
REV. GERVASE SMITH, D.D.

A Memorial Volume.

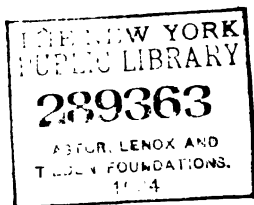
EDITED BY HIS SON,
THE REV. ALFRED OWEN SMITH, B.A.

London:

T. WOOLMER, 2 CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.; AND
66 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1882. —

A. A. D.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

DEDICATION.

TO

THE GREATEST SUFFERER FROM OUR COMMON LOSS,

This Memorial Volume

IS INSCRIBED

WITH REVERENT FILIAL AFFECTION.

DUP. EXCH. 30 AUG 1904

BREW THEOL SEM LIB



PREFACE.

THE Biographical Sketches at the commencement of this book supplement one another. There is of necessity some repetition in them, but for the most part they are perfectly distinct in their character and aim.

A fair idea of the general teaching and public utterances of Dr. Smith may be gathered from the Lectures, Speeches, and Sermons which form the bulk of the volume. The selection and revision have been a labour of love and a source of blessing; but the need of the "vanished hand" has frequently been felt. Had my Father undertaken the publication of his own works, the result would have been much more worthy of him. Yet the volume, as it is, will be welcomed by his friends, many of whom have expressed a desire for some permanent record of his utterances; and perhaps also by those who have listened to him both in this country and abroad. His most conspicuous

earthly memorial, probably, will be seen in the Chapels erected by the aid of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, with the success of which his name will long be identified. His "memorial before God" consists in the devoted lives of those who have received lasting benefit from his ministrations, counsel, and example.

May He who often used the lips which are now silent, in imparting instruction, comfort, and stimulus to the hearers, in like manner bless this memorial volume to the edification of the readers.

A. O. S.

July 1882.

CONTENTS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH, by the Rev. Samuel Lees, . . .	PAGE xiii
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, .	3
ADDRESS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FUNERAL SERMON, by the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A.,	33

LECTURES.

I. Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation, . . .	49
II. Queen Elizabeth, and the Spanish Armada, . . .	87
III. The Trial of the Seven Bishops,	129
IV. The Siege of Derry, and "No Surrender,"	168 ✓

SPEECHES.

I. Sublimity of the Missionary Enterprise,	208
II. On behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, .	226

ORDINATION CHARGE,	237
------------------------------	-----

SERMONS.

I. Christianity a System of Power,	281
II. Truth,	304
III. Christ Indispensable to Salvation,	330
IV. Melchisedec, a Type of Christ,	356
V. The Lips under Guard,	382
VI. The Joy of Jesus in prospect of the Cross,	403

HISTORICAL SKETCH. .

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LEES.

HISTORICAL SKETCH:

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LEES.

THE number of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference has been "minished and brought low." Middle-aged men remember, and the traditions of the elders describe, the cluster of veterans to the right of the chair, whose reverend presence gave dignity, and long experience weight, to the counsels of the assembly. Now the number is few of those who rank as Fathers. Of the twelve ex-Presidents who entered the ministry after the venerable John Farrar was received on trial, and have since passed away, four occupied the chair in consecutive years, and in the same order in which they were elected, died. When Mr. Farrar's name was entered on trial, George T. Perks was a child three years old, Gervase Smith had seen his first birthday, Luke H. Wiseman was a little infant, and William Morley Punshon was not born. If the experience of former years prevailed, all these and others would be with us for years to come,

and with riper knowledge be guiding and encouraging the efforts of younger men. But the duties of our Ministry are more complicated and multifarious ; and in an age of steam, verging on one of electricity, movement is rapid ; and strong men succumb to the pace and the pressure :

“Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.”

The Ministry of Gervase Smith was passed in the midst of scenes of excitement and activity. He entered upon it at a time when storm was gathering over the Connexion ; and when the thunder-cloud broke, he was found, though only a young man, standing loyal in his fidelity to Methodism and Methodist order. The storm over, and its melancholy ravages seen, he won confidence by his arduous and enthusiastic exertions in aid of Foreign Missions and other institutions. Lecturing was in vogue, and as a lecturer he earned popularity. The good work done in his own Circuits and in visits to others led to enlarged influence. His varied public services were rewarded after our manner by imposing new responsibilities and duties, as in the case of Westminster Chapel and the Metropolitan Chapel Fund. As the Secretary and President of the Conference, as the Representative to Canada and

Australasia, and last of all by taking up the work of his friend and neighbour and former Superintendent, the Rev. John Rattenbury, he rendered service to and beyond the measure of his strength, to the last.

In reviewing his career we can clearly trace the moulding power of his early home life, of the environment of hill and dale in which it was passed, and of the peculiarly close friendships formed both in his youth and maturer years. As we remember the father and mother, they thus impressed us:—The father as a shrewd, practical man, to whom idleness was deadly sin; a man who could drive a bargain and knew the value of money; God-fearing; a thorough Methodist, and one who saw the value of a liberal education, and regarded it as a sound investment, which, combined with good moral and religious principle, would contribute to usefulness and success in life: the mother gifted with kindly commanding influence over her boys, and who held and deserved it, as one who ought to have obedience and was accustomed to it. The family was a large one, there being fifteen children. An only child runs the risk of spoiling. A member of a large family must acquire habits of self-help and mutual help, that in mature life will shape into independence and a readiness to help

others, of the utmost advantage. Under such a mother they were bound to help each other. Her character was the open secret of their prospered lives. One son, the late Dr. Edward Smith, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, an international authority on diet and other questions, and well known as a physician to the Brompton Hospital, and a medical officer to the Local Government Board. A laborious student, he looked the rather like a vigorous yeoman to the last. George Smith entered the Established Church, became a popular London clergyman, and is now a Rector in Norfolk. Joseph Smith joined the Civil Service, and became a Magistrate in India; and Sidney entered the employment of the East India Company, and received official rank in a civil department.

Gervase Smith was born at Langley on the 27th June, 1821, and when he was quite a boy the family removed to Heanor. He spoke of his birthplace as an obscure hamlet in Derbyshire, and of his childhood as having been passed amidst the scenes and associations of "the hill country." To them he ascribed "a sort of sturdy, almost rude, independence," which, he said, "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength." "The hill country" he loved—and who

that has known it, from Isaac Walton to Walter Scott, has not loved it?—lies for many miles right and left of the Midland Railway from Belper *via* Buxton to Manchester. His boyhood was passed in its south-eastern limits; his early schools afforded excursions to its southern slopes; later on, as a student from Sheffield, he was able to go across the moors to Lady Bower and the valley of the Derwent, too, as the river rolls down past the Palace of the Peak. His second circuit was on its north-western bounds, where the hills gather round Glossop. As a Supernumerary he passed most of his declining days in its central valley, the last winter being spent at Matlock; and he returned from it only to die. The hill country had much to do with his love of independence and freedom. Freedom is difficult of repression amongst the hills; liberty makes them her refuge when persecuted. To the unavoidable physical exercise the hills afforded him in youth, he was much indebted for the strength and vigour of his frame; and to the varying scenery of hill and dale, rill and river, for that love of poetry that seems almost indigenous amongst Derbyshire men.

His friendships were unusually strong. Those formed in boyhood and at school with George Alton and W. T. Nelson, John Baker and William Morley

Punshon, and others, were not "all school-day friendships." They were continued, but that with Morley Punshon grew eminently. We remember quoting one night, when the two friends were discussing plans for lectures and work at Alwyne Road, Canonbury,

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition."

Right merrily by both was the Shakesperian simile accepted. In Ministerial life the friendships formed with the Rev. S. Tindall and Rev. John Rattenbury were perhaps the most influential. So far as we know, every colleague he had regarded him as a friend, and he treated each as such; and amongst the inevitable criticisms through which every public man must pass, one of the few adverse to him was that there was a danger lest his friendships should make him too partial in his judgments.

His education was carried on at Heanor under Thomas Roscoe, where three friends named above, including his chief friend, were schoolfellows, and at Mackworth, where he formed the fourth of his acquaintances with future Methodist preachers in John Baker. He became a student at Wesley College, Sheffield, then known as the Wesleyan Proprietary

Grammar School, where the *Wesleyan* in the title expressed the chief motive and spirit of its founders. A high-class education could be procured elsewhere, but at the possible cost of alienation from Methodism and its Ministers. The institution was founded just before the Centenary movement, to combine the advantages of a high culture with definite Methodist influences. The wave of denominational enthusiasm which culminated in that movement, like some great tidal wave, uplifted above all shallowness, and submerged and obliterated beneath one sunlit sea of love, those low barriers of rock and shoal which the ebb reveals. Home and school made Gervase Smith a Methodist of the Methodists. To quote a Calvinist, he was "one of those predestined to be an Arminian."

To these influences his religious life contributed. His conversion and Ministry exhibit the value of personal appeal. He ascribed his conversion chiefly to the solicitude of his Mother. He was fourteen years of age. Absence from home and companionship with careless schoolfellows led to declension. But upon his return home after eighteen months, his former godly associates prayed for and with him. The Spirit of God strove powerfully. He spent "days in unutterable agony." "At length," he said, "I went into my room with some

degree of hope, though with many fears. After wrestling for a considerable time, I saw the Saviour evidently set forth, crucified, before my eyes. At once I appropriated the merit of His death, and threw myself into His arms. The voice of the Spirit cried :

‘Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art,
I listened, and heaven sprang up in my heart.’

I felt that God was mine, Jesus was mine, the Spirit was mine.”

About this time the purchase and perusal of Foster’s *Essay on Decision of Character* exerted a powerful and a permanent influence upon him. In childhood the idea of the Ministry had passed before his mind, but when the Spirit spoke to him in pardon He also called him to service. “On the very spot where the Lord assured me of my pardon, I earnestly cried, after praising Him for my own salvation,

‘What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done?’”

The inward call of the Spirit was followed by the call of the Church. The Rev. Thomas Newton led him to attempt to preach. He became while yet a youth a Local Preacher. “The constant and all-absorbing subject” of his prayer was that he might “be a useful preacher.” He laboured as a Local Preacher in the

Derby, Sheffield, and Belper Circuits. He offered himself as a candidate for the Ministry in 1841, but no men were taken out that year. The next year he was recommended by the Nottingham and Derby District, and in 1842 was admitted as a student to Didsbury College, where he had the advantage of studying Methodist theology under Dr. Hannah, and classics under the Rev. W. L. Thornton. The Assistant Tutor, the Rev. T. Woolmer, describes him as "ever pleasant, genial, loyal, and faithful," and as "universally beloved." F. W. Briggs and G. T. Morrison were friends and fellow-students. So also Luke Tyerman, rich in happy recollections of the three years; and a fourth friend, a Welsh student, full of Celtic fire, Richard Roberts, the friends "hopefully anticipating a happy and long Ministerial career." Mr. Roberts writes: "None of his Ministerial brethren will mourn more deeply his departure than his old college friends who survive." Three industrious years over, Gervase Smith was appointed to Blackburn under the Rev. John Hannah. He made his Superintendent his friend. Reviewing his year of service, he thankfully records that fifty had professed to find peace with God in the year, and twenty had professed to receive cleansing from all sin. Similar or even more striking

results followed his visits to other Circuits ; as one night at Irwell Street, Manchester, when nearly fifty persons came forward in deep distress, about thirty of whom professed to find peace with God. His second Circuit was Glossop, "close to the hill country," Kinder Scout, with the savage scenery near the Snake, on the desolate road toward Sheffield, being close at hand. During the year of Gervase Smith's residence, Thomas Hickson was the Superintendent. The last year of probation was spent at Wakefield. This appointment was every way notable. He entered with ardour upon his work. The first week of his residence, at a week-night service, two came forward crying for mercy. His private diary through these years continually records penitents coming forward and finding pardon. His probation over in 1848, he was publicly examined in Waltham Street Chapel, Hull, and ordained in Kingston Chapel, on the Holderness Road. The venerable Richard Reece opened the service with prayer ; and the President, Dr. Newton ; the Secretary, the Rev. Joseph Fowler (father of Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P.) ; and the ex-President, the Rev. Samuel Jackson, one of a noble trio of brothers, took part in his ordination. The charge was based on "Fight the good fight of faith."

A fortnight after, he was married at Prestbury, by the Rev. Henry Pearson, to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. William Higginbotham, of Park Street, Macclesfield. He returned to his Circuit with the same colleagues—Joseph Entwistle being the Superintendent, and Joseph T. Milner and Charles Clay the second and third Preachers respectively. In 1849, Mr. Entwistle and Mr. Clay left at the end of their second year, William Atherton and P. C. Horton filling their places. It was a time of agitation. Detraction was freely indulged in against all who were loyal to order. The effect on Mr. Smith was to confirm him in his confidence in Methodist law and usage, to bind him to his colleagues in firmest friendship, and to make him a more earnest advocate of Methodist institutions, especially our Foreign Missions, our Theological Institutions, and our Worn-Out Preachers' Fund. He was far from being a Congregationalist when he left Didsbury; he was an ardent upholder of Connexional principles when he left Wakefield. From Wakefield he removed to York. Here he was associated with his Brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Tindall, who was his Superintendent for the next six years, and whose three sons are now in the Wesleyan Ministry, the youngest bearing the name of Mrs. Smith's Father.

His other colleagues were B. B. Waddy, William Davenport, and David Hay. The fervid Methodism of York, its noble congregations, its numerous villages with their enthusiastic Missionary Meetings, afforded a sphere for the exercise and development of his powers. He made speeches, worked at his Greek Testament, wrote sermons, scrutinized his inner motives, abased himself before God and sought His blessing, and was honoured with success.

Three years over, Mr. Tindall, with Mr. Smith, removed to Huddersfield, Buxton Road Circuit. While here, the shadow of death fell across his path—a shadow that never wholly left him. The sudden death of his Grandfather induced personal review. In his private diary he wrote: “I do not expect to live to old age, but leave that in the hands of God.” To do his duty with his might was now his purpose.

From Huddersfield he removed in 1856 to Bristol, King Street. John Lomas was his Superintendent for two years, and John Rattenbury for the third. His other colleagues were Edward Brice, Josiah Pearson, and F. W. Briggs, his fellow-student at Didsbury, with whom he spent three years, as he did also afterwards at City Road. He was rising in

popularity. Mr. Pearson wondered "at the immense labours he so constantly and enthusiastically sustained." From Bristol he went to Manchester in 1859, to the Bridgewater Street Circuit. James Carr was the Superintendent, and Richard Smetham the third preacher for the last two years. In the third year, Mr. Smith became the Superintendent, and his other colleagues were William Edwards and Walford Green, together with Josiah Goodacre, who entered on his Ministry in 1861, and of whom, the first young man under his charge, Dr. Smith was wont to speak in high terms. The residence at Manchester was marked by family bereavement and personal affliction. To the outer religious world he was the overwrought, popular man, overdone with excitement and excessive toil. But we may lift the curtain and go behind the scenes—away from the garish lights of popular life. He writes: "I am living under the constant impression of coming death. May I be always ready. The wild winds which have been chiming out the old year speak to me of the coming end. The death of others calls me to be prepared. I commit my soul to Christ, and my darling family to the care of Providence; and if my life be spared, I will preach Christ as I have never done." He was then in the

seventeenth year of his ministry and the thirty-ninth of his age. Twenty-two years lay before him. But the end seemed near.

It is not wonderful that his health suffered. He was attempting and doing too much. Besides fulfilling important Circuit duties, he had many calls as the Financial Secretary of the Manchester District; he was lecturing and speaking with great frequency, and in 1864 was appointed to accompany the Rev. J. Rattenbury to the Irish Conference of the following June. At the same Manchester period he was a promoter of the *Methodist Recorder*, and busy in other movements.

In the spring of 1861, he was invited by the Missionary Committee to take part in the Anniversary. He preached at Hinde Street a sermon, long remembered, on the work of Christ for the World, and the World for Christ, from Luke xxiv. 46-47; and on the Sunday at Lambeth, a Chapel he had before visited periodically, from Eph. iv. 20-21; and at Hackney in the evening, from Heb. xiii. 10-12. The following morning he spoke at Exeter Hall. Taking up the familiar phrase then current, he announced himself as "a young man from the Country." It served as an adroit introduction to a

speech which caught the popular taste, and thoroughly aroused the peculiar audience of Exeter Hall. Some poetical quotations, chosen with felicity and declaimed with power, aided and adorned his success. Perhaps his platform efforts of this period were the happiest of his life. A well-known description by Miss Hessel depicts one of his earlier deliverances. He made large preparations, but was not hampered by them. He could rest himself and his audience for a moment as he turned aside to some playful local allusion or anecdote, and then resume his course. Not infrequently his friend Morley Punshon was on the same platform with him, and then there was a buoyancy and dash in their addresses as they exulted in their work. We recall one such occasion, Gervase Smith speaking first. The Hill Top Chapel was crowded, intelligence and culture enough present to give impulse, genial sympathy enough to supply warmth. The whole audience was carried away with enthusiasm. Morley Punshon had to follow. Quietly taking up the report from the table, he said, "Missions have now a history and a literature of their own;" and coolly read the titles of the books, grammars, and lexicons on the cover of the report. The audience settled down, adjusted themselves, whispers ran round,

and at last Mr. Punshon, with a merry laugh, threw back the report on the table, saying, "You are in a condition to be spoken to now, and were not five minutes ago. You needed a sedative. You have had enough bark for the present, but if you require another tonic, you shall have it by and by." We need not describe his glittering rhetoric. For half an hour he spoke quietly, and then using every art at his command for another half-hour, climax following climax, he wrought up the audience once more to the same enthusiastic pitch it had reached when Gervase Smith sat down.

In an entirely different style were the addresses Mr. Smith sometimes gave to children. Weighing the merits of the most perfect and successful specimens of this difficult art we have listened to, and selecting two speeches for comparison, the one on India and the other on Fiji, it would be difficult to say which of the two deserved the palm for brightness, clearness, freshness, and vivid feeling of interest and pathos—the speech on India by that master of assemblies of children, the gifted W. O. Simpson, or the speech on Fiji by Gervase Smith.

In 1862 Mr. Smith was appointed to Highbury Circuit, then formed by the separation of the Highbury

Chapel, built in 1857, and the Mildmay Park Chapel just opened, from the Liverpool Road Circuit. Herbert Hoare was his colleague. The next year there was a change, J. A. Armstrong succeeding Mr. Hoare, and Samuel Lees becoming the third preacher in charge of a work of extension.

His pulpit ministrations were marked by great vigour, and glowed with evangelical warmth. The topics he delighted to dwell upon were the fulness and freeness of the atonement, and the power of saving faith. Faith in Christ for salvation was the ever-recurring theme. His favourite book of Scripture appeared to be the Epistle to the Hebrews. When seized with the disease that laid him low, "Heb. vii. 25" was the promise he hung upon continually. At the week-night services, it was quite natural to open at this epistle to find his texts. He must have expounded in this way the greater part of this book. And his lectures, some of which he had already delivered, and one at least of which he prepared while living in Canonbury, all related to great Reformers who taught justification by faith, or episodes in the history of Protestantism. In his speeches there was freer play. His quotations of poetry were not so much from the great masters as from humbler poets, whose poems

gushed from hearts where faith in God and His Christ had inspired religious thought and joy.

During these years Mr. Smith worked at high pressure. The Highbury School scheme and the Caledonian Road Chapel scheme were launched and carried through. The Jubilee movement enlisted his services. He visited the Irish Conference for a second time ; like the late Charles Prest, he was always at home amongst the Irish brethren. In 1864, he became the Secretary of the Southern Branch of the Institution, and the same year he became Financial Secretary of the unwieldy London District. He wrote fugitive pieces for the press. He passed through the press a volume of sermons by his Wakefield colleague, J. T. Milner. He wrote for private circulation the life of Jane Bayley Davis, of Hill Top. He bestowed great pains on the preparation of his lecture on Wycliffe, which was launched at Mildmay Park Chapel, Morley Punshon being the Chairman. He looked after all matters great and small in his Circuit, and had all his wits about him.

His correspondence was extensive, and having to write with speed, his peculiar handwriting, clear enough to those familiar with it, became more perplexing. Invitations poured in for lectures, sermons, and speeches, the said letters demonstrating the great

importance of each application, and the wonderful ease with which it could "be worked in."

The speed was too fast. Numerous services, long railway journeys in early morning and late at night, continuous planning to provide for the claims of Committees, of Circuit work, and avoid the loss of an hour or the collision of an engagement, filled his days with labour. The cheerfulness of his spirit lightened his work. Only a strong man could have done it, and he felt it. At the close of the May District Committee in 1861, where he acted as assistant to the Secretary, Morley Punshon, he was seized with illness. The long hours in the close atmosphere of the old Morning Chapel had proved too much for an already tired man. Dr. Buxton had to be called in from Compton Terrace, and supplies provided for pulpit work.

From Highbury, Mr. Smith removed to City Road, and occupied John Wesley's house. His fellow-student at Didsbury, and Bristol colleague, F. W. Briggs, passed a second three years with him. He held the Secretaryship of the District and of the Richmond Institution. The Chequer Alley movement, especially aided by Mr. Briggs, was successfully carried out, and in public affairs his course at Highbury was repeated and continued. His excessive labours brought on an attack

of illness, and for a time he was confined to his home. The keeping silence when he longed to speak and preach "was pain and grief" to him. There was the undertone of serious thought. We believe that the thought of the coming grave led him to do with his might, and more even than his might, the work which his hands found to do. Perhaps this conviction of the shortness of time thus tended to shorten his days.

At the Conference of 1866 he was elected into the Legal Hundred, Thomas Vasey, George T. Perks, and Dr. Rigg receiving the honour at the same time. In acknowledging the vote of the Conference, he expressed his fears that the two dangers of Methodism were worldly conformity and ritualism or formalism; and his hopes in the issues of a fuller consecration to God and endowment of the Spirit.

He removed from City Road to Hammersmith in 1868. His colleagues were his school friend, John Baker, John Brash, and Walford Green, his colleague in Manchester. The next year Ealing became an independent Circuit, and Gervase Smith, with John Baker, remained in charge of Hammersmith.

In 1870 his career as a Circuit Minister closed. For twenty-five years he had discharged his duties as such, with great devotion and industry. The popularity

of his Ministry had attracted congregations ; his habit of cultivating friendly relations with his colleagues, both older and younger, had promoted harmony of working ; his tact, adroitness, and humour prevented some difficulties and overcame others ; and his power of raising money had aided Circuit finances, Chapel schemes, and Connexional Funds, especially the Missionary Fund.

His qualities were known, and because of them, in combinations very useful for the purpose, he was in 1870 taken out of Circuit work and appointed the Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. The magnificent challenge of Sir Francis Lycett to give £50,000 for new Chapels, if a similar sum were raised by the Provinces, was taken up by Mr. Smith, who succeeded in raising promises to more than that amount. The remarkable energy which had raised Sir Francis Lycett to a position of wealth and influence was given as thoroughly to the cause of Chapel building extension as it was ever given to his own business. The activity, experience, and varied gifts of Gervase Smith were devoted to the same cause. He became not simply an accurate and respectable official, but a man with a mission. To him and Sir Francis Lycett, a few faithful departed, and a small group of far-seeing, large-minded

laymen and Ministers still living, Methodism is indebted for that movement, which in some respects has never had popular support, but has rather depended on the convictions of the few than the enthusiasm and popular adherence of the many; but which has given the London Methodism of the last twenty-five years an incomparable advance upon any preceding half Century. But for this movement the impulse furnished to the Thanksgiving Fund by the example of the London Districts could never have been supplied.

The following extracts from Mr. Smith's private diary indicate the spirit of consecration to God, and of self-examination, with which he entered on this important work, and to which may be ascribed his success in the arduous task of raising the large sum required, as also in moulding those harmonious relations which he sustained towards his brethren in Circuit work, especially in the Circuit where he resided:—

"Sept. 4, 1870.—I resolve to guard myself on some points.

"1. I must not permit the secular duties of my office to interfere with my religious life. I therefore resolve to devote myself afresh to God, and to renew the dedication daily.

"2. I must not allow this office to interfere with

my preaching. There is no immediate probability of this, for the calls are very numerous ; but I will be on my guard. I will study the Word of God more, and seek more of the praying and preaching spirit of our Fathers.

“ 3. I purpose being careful not to interfere in Circuit matters.

“ 4. And while my time and energy must be given to my immediate work, which I pray our gracious Lord to prosper, I must not forget our Connexional bond, nor my Connexional duty. I implore the blessing of my Master on all.

“ ‘ Here then to Thee Thy own I leave ;
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay ;
But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey,
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live and die.’ ”

“ *Dec. 12, 1870.*—The last month has been filled with work respecting the Fund. Have visited Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Southport, Huddersfield, Harrogate, Newcastle, Gateshead, etc. The response has been most encouraging, and the spirit of the friends has been excellent. We have promises of about £13,000 towards the £50,000. The labour and anxiety, both in reference to this extra business

and the ordinary work of the Fund, will be, I fear, too much for me. This bitterly cold weather is dangerous in my present state of health. I feel, however, that duty requires some risk. May I be guided rightly, and oh, that God may help me to maintain personal spiritual religion in the midst of this financial pressure! I feel the need of this more than ever. No amount of success in securing money will repay the loss."

New honours and duties followed and accompanied Mr. Smith's entrance on departmental work. At the Newcastle Conference in 1873 he was elected the Secretary. The next year he was reappointed to the Secretaryship of the Conference, and his friend Dr. Punshon was chosen as President. In the following year, 1875, at Sheffield, he was elected President. In the pulpit of Carver Street, the Conference Chapel, he had preached his trial sermon as a Candidate; earlier still, in one of the pews, he had gained a great spiritual victory; in a room outlooking the smoke-blackened gravestones in the rear, he had been examined as a Candidate; when a student at Wesley College, he had attended many of its services.

The election of Dr. Smith gave general satisfaction. His "lively and genial temperament, his diligence,

promptitude, and despatch, his frequent display of more than ordinary tact and adroitness, his knowledge of Connexional law and usage, and his sobriety and calmness of judgment," all proved of invaluable service in the chair. He carried with him to important services, as at the ordination in Norfolk Street, where Dr. Punshon gave the Charge, the influence of one whom new duties brought nearer to God; and when, at the close of his year of office, he presided over the Irish Conference in Dublin, he was welcomed as a "respected and beloved friend." He was counted by the Irish ministers as "one of ourselves." The young Ministers who were then ordained in Dublin wrote after his death to his widow of their memories of "his passionate earnestness and solemn impressiveness on that occasion," and of the stimulus of his words as felt to-day. He was accompanied by Dr. Punshon to Ireland.

His association with Dr. Punshon was a source of joy. From no hands could he, with more pleasure, have received the simple and significant tokens of office. Five years before, he had been the British Representative to Canada, when his schoolfellow was President of the Canadian Conference; and in 1874 Gervase Smith was the Canadian Representative and Dr. Punshon the British President. Two years after-

wards, in 1877, in which year Mr. Smith received the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity from the Victoria University, Cobourg, Canada, he was appointed to visit the Wesleyan Missions in Polynesia, and to attend the Australasian Conference in Sydney in May 1878, returning to the Bradford Conference of that year, Dr. Punshon being Missionary Secretary. "A friendship so complete, portioned in halves" their lives.

Dr. Smith's health had been attacked at Manchester and Highbury. He had an illness at City Road. The voyage to the Antipodes was undertaken in the hope that further failure, which had then taken place, might be counteracted. Beneath all the joy and seemingly exuberant energy of his public course, there was a pensive, solemn undertone. His feelings received at this time expression in verse, in which he reviewed his call to the Ministry, and his call to final account of his stewardship:

"In earliest years I heard
A Voice, which said to me,
'O child of many prayers,
The Master calleth thee.'
I came, and all my sins confessed:
He whispered, 'I will give thee rest.'

"I heard another voice—
'The world is sick and sad,
And men are perishing,
Whom Jesus would make glad.

By diligent and studious care
For years of usefulness prepare.'

" And then, again, I heard
The word of high command :
' Into my vineyard go,
And work with ceaseless hand.'
Prostrate, before the divine decree,
I said, ' Lord, here am I, send me.'

" And, oh, the grace of God,
Which now for many years
Hath borne with wayward love
And unbelieving fears,
With time misspent, with plans unwrought,
And opportunities forgot.

" And now, at eve of life,
In weakness and in pain,
And done with toil and strife,
I hear the call again :
' Thy warfare o'er, the victory won,
Come hither, and receive thy crown.'

" O'erwhelmed with sense of shame,
Yet filled with reverent love,
Exulting I ascend,
And take the prize above :
Pleading the sinner's only plea,
O Christ, I cling to Thee, to Thee."

Dr. Smith never fully rallied. In 1879 he showed signs of continued weakness. He could take few public services. At a Ministers' Meeting which was held in the Morning Chapel on Friday, October

31st, the question of the Class-meeting and controversies affecting it were discussed. Two most solemn protests against the dangers which they believed to be associated with any change, and expressions of conviction of the injury which they thought had been done by injudicious discussion, were made, with a most evident sense of responsibility and a pathetic earnestness, by John Rattenbury and Gervase Smith. This was almost, if not the last time they were in public together. Three days before Christmas, Dr. Smith's neighbour-friend and former Superintendent passed away. On January 26th, 1880, Dr. Punshon and Dr. Smith were once more publicly associated in a Memorial Service at Liverpool Road Chapel, Dr. Punshon preaching a sermon on the Wise Steward, and Dr. Smith reading an account of Mr. Rattenbury's life. The sermon and sketch were shortly afterwards published in a small memorial volume.

Dr. Smith's health continued to fail. Another neighbour, and member of the Highbury Congregation, Dr. Jobson, died on the 4th of January, 1881. Dr. Punshon took part in the service at Highbury Chapel; Dr. Smith was a prisoner through illness, and friends apprehended his death. On the 14th of April, 1881, Dr. Punshon died; and at the Liverpool Conference, at

which his obituary was read, Dr. Smith became a Supernumerary. Dr. Smith appeared on the Conference platform on the day when the Metropolitan Chapel Fund business came forward. He did not speak. As we saw him afterwards in the vestry of the Brunswick Chapel, Mr. Napier said, "Our friend has done his work." Most of his time during the winter was spent from home, chiefly at Matlock, with one short visit to Brighton. He returned to Matlock, in the very centre of the loved "hill country," in November, 1881; and came back to London on the last day of March, 1882, to his residence at 13, Leigh Road, Highbury Park. His last public appearance had been at the Foundation-stone laying of Matlock Chapel on February 15th, 1882. When he returned home, he went up-stairs, and never came down again till carried forth for burial. Though not in age, he was in pain and "feebleness extreme." He suffered much, very much, from a complication of diseases, of which heart disease was the chief root. During the last weeks, he had interviews with several Ministers, including Dr. Osborn, President of the Conference; the Rev. W. Arthur, Frederic Greeves, Edward P. Lowry, F. J. Sharr, H. Hoare, S. Lees, and his old friend John Walton, just arrived from South Africa. On the Easter Sunday

afternoon, a Sacramental Service was held in the sick room, at Dr. Smith's request. The Rev. F. J. Sharr officiated, and the members of the family, with their next-door neighbours, Mrs. Rattenbury and her daughters, partook of the emblems of the Saviour's death. At the very same time, the family of the Rev. R. S. Ellis, who died within a few hours of Dr. Smith, were holding a similar service. On Thursday, the 20th April, the Rev. B. Gregory and W. Hirst visited the sick room, and a remarkable service was held, the hymn, "Come, ye that love the Lord," being sung with great emotion, and Dr. Smith requesting that it might be repeated. After the service Dr. Smith sank into a comatose state. The weakness increased. Through the Friday he sank lower and lower still. On Saturday morning the breathing was more laboured and difficult. At half-past seven, the members of his family, with some relatives, the servants and devoted nurse, gathered round his chair where he had passed the last days. While prayer was offered, an earnest response was given; and when faith in the atonement and merits of Christ Jesus was expressed, he gave hearty assent. And so, in the spirit of trustful prayer, which is the Christian's vital breath even in a dying hour, he entered into rest. He entered heaven by prayer.

On Thursday, the 27th of April, the Funeral Service was conducted at the Highbury Chapel. No place could have been more appropriate. He had probably preached there more frequently than in any Chapel in London, or perhaps even than in any in the Connexion. It had been his first London charge. His connection with it had influenced his connection with the Metropolitan Chapel Fund. Sir Francis Lycett had been one of its seat-holders and Trustees. It was the chosen place of worship in his retirement. Nor could any speaker have been more appropriate than Dr. Osborn, the President, who delivered an address on the two victories, of death over life, of Christ over death. He had known and watched the whole of the Ministerial course of Gervase Smith, had entered his name as a student at Didsbury forty years before, and now spoke of him as his course was over. That course he pronounced blameless. The hymn, "Come, ye that love the Lord," was given out with a power, instinct with exposition of every line, by the President, and sung with deepest feeling. The service seemed to say of the missing one, "He is not here, he is risen." The coffin was there, flower-laden on every side, wreaths white and fragrant hanging round it, and piled above it. The distances that many had

travelled were evidence of love. Mr. John Walton wrote afterwards to the widow, "I have not seen anything like it." But the key-note of the service was, "Rejoice for a brother deceased." He was "not there:" he had gone to receive his crown, and be for ever with the Lord. After Dr. Smith's death the following verses were found in his desk, headed "The Prospect:"

"The Jordan is rolling Betwixt me and Home ;
I stand on the margin, The summons has come.
My Joshua leads me Through death's darkest wave ;
His hand is unerring, And 'mighty to save.'

"The world is behind me, Life's trials are o'er ;
Lo ! heaven is appearing, I see the blest shore.
Bright angels are beaming Their welcome to me ;
And God, my Redeemer, Benignant I see.

"Now in the dread moment My sins I confess ;
My only foundation Is His righteousness,
Who purchased salvation For me by His death,
And gives me assurance Through penitent faith.

"O Saviour ! be near me, Keep hold of my hand :
The waters, though surging, Will own Thy command.
My fears have all vanished, Death's terrors have gone ;
I walk through the river, And up to the throne."

In his family life Dr. Smith was happy beyond most. His reverence for his own parents was great. His brothers and sisters looked to him for counsel

and guidance, in sorrow or perplexity. His children honour his memory, and feel that his life confers honour upon them. His home was a happy one, in which he was "a central warmth" diffusing joy and kindness. In the busiest hours of an active public life, he never neglected his duty as a Husband and Father. Nor could any wife have surpassed in kindness, goodness, and faithful solicitous care of husband, family, and home, the loving partner of his life.

Amongst his colleagues, we know of no exception to the trust and affection which he inspired. He was deferential to his elders, frank with his equals, helpful to and appreciative of his juniors. Mr. Baker writes, "He was true as steel."

Certainly he had a warm place in the hearts of the brotherhood of Methodist preachers. The following Resolution of the last Conference is the official expression of a common fraternal appreciation of his labours, and of the goodwill and affection with which intercourse with him had inspired his brethren:—

"The Conference learns with great sorrow that the Rev. Dr. Gervase Smith is compelled by failing health to seek release from the more active duties of the Ministry. In yielding to his request to become a Supernumerary, the Conference desires to give per-

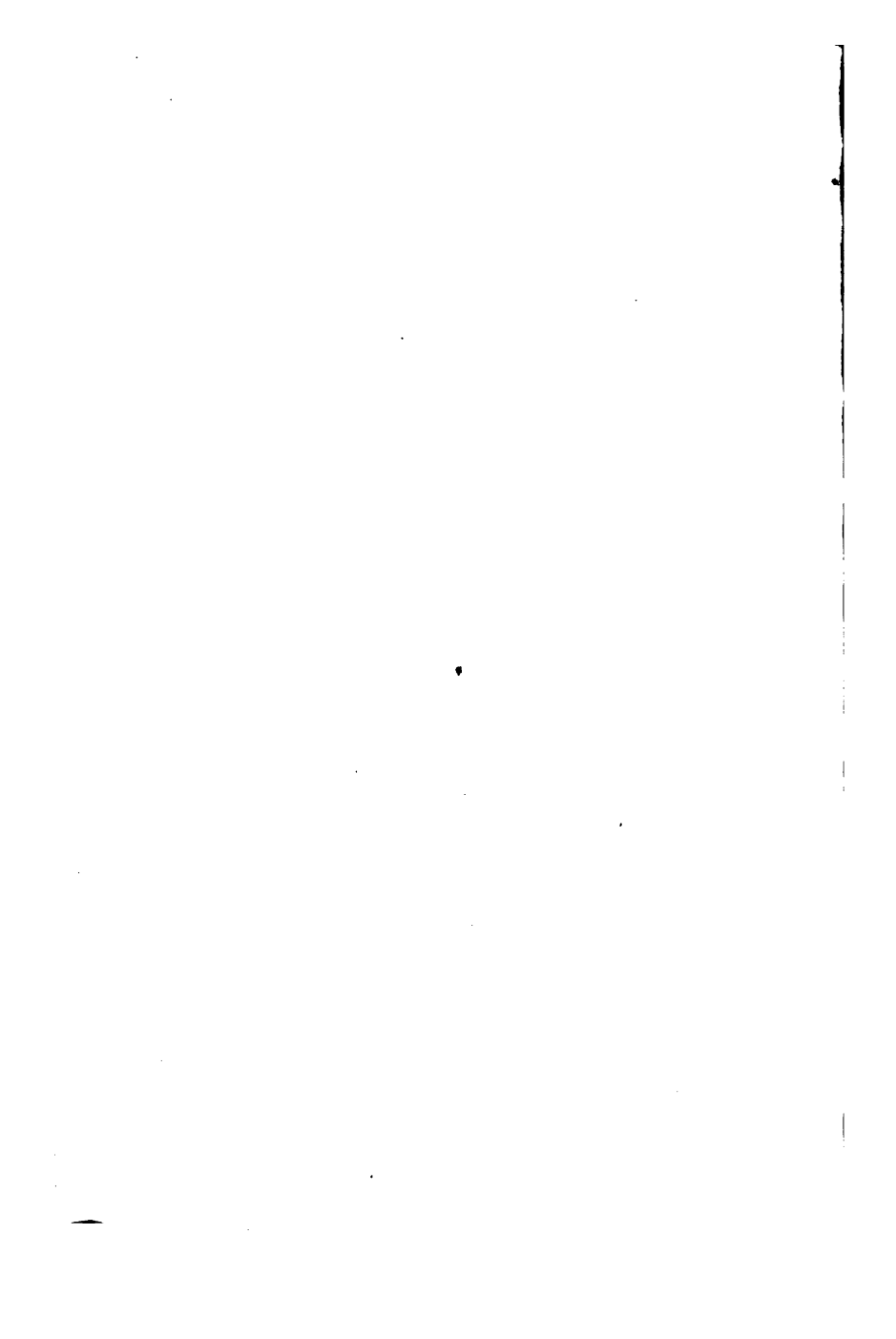
manent expression to its sense of the signal and invaluable services which Dr. Smith has rendered to the Connexion in almost every department of its work. It gratefully recalls his faithful and zealous labours as a pastor; his excellent judgment and discretion as a Superintendent; his earnest and powerful advocacy of the great institutions of Methodism on the platform; and the singular ability with which he discharged the duties of its Secretary and President, as well as those of its Representative to the Conference of Australasia. It remembers more particularly his connection with the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, the raising of which was so largely due to his energy and enterprise, and in the administration of which he not only displayed conspicuous wisdom and ability, but conferred a lasting benefit on the work of God in the Metropolis. Not less distinguished was the service which he rendered to the Auxiliary Fund, when, on the death of the Rev. John Rattenbury, he added to his other labours the task of completing the work which that honoured servant of God had commenced and carried on.

“In thus recording its sense of the value of Dr. Smith’s public service, the Conference cannot forego the opportunity of grateful reference to that amiability

and generosity of character which have endeared him to all his brethren, and won for him a multitude of friends. It cherishes the hope that its beloved brother may be spared for many years to afford the Connexion the advantage of his ripened judgment and experience; and it earnestly prays that in his retirement he may be cheered by the consolations of the Spirit, and by the confident anticipation of a happy reunion with those friends and fellow-labourers who have already entered into the joy of their Lord."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.

HAVING enjoyed the great privilege of friendship with Gervase Smith for a longer period than any other Wesleyan minister, except his cousin, the Rev. William T. Nelson, I cannot withhold an honest and warm-hearted tribute to his memory. Our mutual acquaintance began in boyhood. It must be more than half a century since we first met, in my first or second vacation as a Grove boy—1830 or 1831. During my twelve years' connection with Woodhouse Grove, as scholar and as tutor, I spent, on an average, at least one-third of my vacation time at Heanor, mainly at the house of a relative of mine, almost directly opposite to that in which the father and mother of Gervase Smith lived. I was often their guest. My appointment on leaving the Grove was Ilkestone, only four miles from Heanor, and several of our preaching places were nearer still; so I not unfrequently visited Heanor, reckoning Mr. Smith's house as one of my

principal homes in that, to me, most attractive village. Thus my intercourse with Gervase was continued, and my knowledge of, and affection and esteem for him, were increased. Since that time I have seen much of him,—on the Missionary platform, at the houses of our common friends, at his own house, and at Committees, District Meetings, and Conferences. I propose in this paper to confine myself almost exclusively to my own reminiscences.

Gervase Smith, as is well known, was born at the little hamlet of Langley, nine or ten miles north of Derby, and about a mile and a half from the village of Heanor, where the greater part of his boyhood and his young manhood were passed. Langley stands on the last green spur of the Peak, where that romantic stretch of hill country suddenly subsides, from the heights of Crich and Matlock, to join the more gently undulating uplands and the widening valleys of Nottinghamshire. Langley looks down upon the Erewash, which forms the boundary line between the two counties. Its cluster of brick houses can be plainly seen from the Langley Mill Station on the Erewash Valley section of the Midland Railway.

But Gervase was not yet four years old when the family removed to Heanor, a village of which he says,

in his beautiful memoir of Joshua Mather :¹ " As the traveller passes up the Erewash Valley, he will see to the left a rich sloping greensward, on the summit of which stands the picturesque village of Heanor. The venerable edifice which crowns the hill tells a sad tale of the past. William Howitt, who is a native of this place, has, in his book on *Priestcraft*, pourtrayed the former times of his birthplace in appalling colours. But more than half a century ago Methodism was introduced, and has here done a noble work. Several of its families have given their sons to the ministry."

Although William Howitt has made Heanor almost idyllic by his *Rural Life in England*, *Boy's Country Book*, etc., yet it was no mere sleepy, dwindling agricultural parish. Populous new neighbourhoods had sprung up within its bounds, which owed their existence and prosperity to the rich coal-measures, and to the thriving lace trade ; the ponderous black mineral and the delicate, white floral fabric combining to employ the energies and to repay the industry of a community to which Dr. Smith justly attributed, in his opening speech from the chair of the Conference, " a sturdy and almost rude independence." A considerable number of stocking frames, with the neces-

¹ See *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for July 1869.

sary accompaniment of framesmiths' shops, contributed still further to the support of a busy population, numbering between four and five thousand.

Gervase Smith's parents were noteworthy persons. They were a most happily-assorted couple; mutually supplementary and complementary. In physique the one was the antithesis of the other. The father was a spare, sinewy, quick-moving man, with eager, keen, and thoughtful look. He was rather under than over the middle height. Strength of purpose was strongly stamped upon every feature. His whole bearing was at once respectful and self-respecting. He wasted no words, and till towards the close of life was remarkably undemonstrative. The mother had a well-developed frame, and a face beaming with kind-heartedness and cheerfulness. The smile of her greeting was like a sudden sun-gleam. The characteristics of his parents, the strength of the one and the sweetness of the other, were in Gervase beautifully blent. When I first knew him, Mr. Smith, sen., had, by indomitable industry, incisive shrewdness, and manifold resource, already achieved a prominent position amongst his neighbours, employing a considerable number of hands, and living in one of the largest houses in the village. He was a self-made man. When, after years of steady acquisition, there

came to him "a time to lose," through an attempt to combine farming with his other businesses, he proved that worldly prosperity had never taken an undue hold upon his heart. His temper was not soured, but perceptibly softened and sweetened, by his reverses; and his manners took on a warmth and openness, and even a winningness, which did not characterize him in more successful years. When riches increased he had never set his heart on them. He had secured for his children the purest Christian nurture and discipline, and a good general education, and by his Christian hospitalities and his perennial contributions to the cause of God, he had protected himself against the deleterious influences of secular success.

In 1868 he died, in the full triumph of faith, in his seventy-fifth year. Mrs. Smith died, in like manner, in 1870, aged seventy-one. They lie side by side in the burial-ground of the chapel to which they had been so long and so loyally attached.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were steady, hearty Methodists. They held to John Wesley's maxim: "Get all you can; save all you can; give all you can." Though they had fifteen children, seven sons and eight daughters, they took care to give them all the very best schooling within their reach.

Edward, the eldest, received an expensive medical education at Paris and elsewhere. I spent a very interesting evening with him just after his return from Paris, and found him characterized by keen intelligence and refined yet unaffected manners. He commenced practice in Birmingham, where I had the privilege of visiting him several times, especially during the Conference of 1844, when his guests were the then venerable Richard Reece, and the now venerable John Farrar. He afterwards became physician to the Brompton Hospital, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a well-known and widely-influential lecturer and writer, and was regarded as an authority both at home and on the Continent. He wore himself out by hard work, dying at the age of fifty-five. When Gervase returned from Canada, he was met on the landing-stage by Mr. Hirst, and conducted to the bedside of his dying brother.

One of his sisters, Anne Smith, was married to Mr. Lewis, sometime Mayor of Cape Town, where she died, greatly respected and beloved. Agnes was married to Mr. Pickels, for some years Circuit Steward in Manchester (Irwell Street). She died last year. She was a noble woman, manifesting all the fine elements in the character of her brother Gervase. Eliza died, much beloved

and lamented, shortly after her marriage with Mr. Thomas Crispin, now Circuit Steward of Huddersfield (Queen Street), Circuit. Sarah was killed by an accident in 1840. George Smith is a clergyman of the Church of England. Matilda is the wife of the Rev. J. A. Armstrong, now of Leeds. Hannah is married to Mr. A. W. Brentnall, of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. Joseph is a magistrate in India, in which country Sidney also holds a good position. They were a remarkable family, reflecting great credit on their parents and on Methodism.

Methodism in Heanor was during the boyhood and younger manhood of Gervase Smith in a most vigorous and healthy state.¹ The Society was lively and united. There was a charmed circle of ten or more comfortably-conditioned and still advancing Methodist families, who seemed to be but branches of one great Christian household, who rejoiced to entertain the preachers with an unstinted hospitality, at whose houses it seemed as if Methodist Ministers and Ministers' children could never wear out welcomes. They were "succourers of many, and of myself also." They were wonderfully tender of each other's reputation,

¹ A glimpse of this may be caught in Dr. Smith's *Memoir of Joshua Mather*.

and lenient and loving in their judgments. How hearty, how hospitable, and how happy they were ! There were also literally "*a good few*" books among them, mainly Methodist, though some book-shelves held very choice works, not often found in any but the best libraries.

The man who gave the key-note to the Society was the above-mentioned Joshua Mather, leader, local preacher, and singer. Gervase met in his class.

The Methodism of Heanor, if not an intellectually cultured, was yet an intellectually active Christianity. Amongst the ministers stationed in the Belper Circuit (to which Heanor then belonged) some were very thoughtful and richly-read men, as their sermons and their table-talk abundantly proved. I will only mention those who are gone (alas, but three are left !)—Josiah Goodwin, John Smedley, Daniel S. Tatham, and John G. Cox. I may also say that Gervase Smith very often spoke to me about the incalculable advantage which he had derived from the preaching and the conversation of my "grand old father," as Gervase designated him, who very often preached at Heanor, not unfrequently spending three or more days in succession at the house of Mr. Smith. During the twenty years of his Supernumeraryship he must have occupied

the Heanor pulpit more times than almost any other man. The spiritual and intellectual benefit which the young people of the families who entertained the preachers derived from their conversation and their domestic ministrations is incalculable.

There was also a notable body of Local Preachers, most of whom took very earnest pains in the preparation of their sermons, and who kept each other up to the mark. I will name one only, William Bourne, afterwards of City Road, London, whose Funeral Sermon Dr. Smith preached and published, with a sketch of his character and life; and who was the proximate instrument in my own conversion to God. As there were but three Ministers in a Circuit which extended full fifteen miles north and south, and eleven miles east and west, including three market towns and a large number of thickly-set villages, with a plentiful population—mining, manufacturing, and agricultural—the staff of Local Preachers formed a very important arm of the service.

All these agencies had their effect in developing the mind and forming the character of Gervase Smith; and they have the stronger claim to be noted, inasmuch as his early conversion is not traceable to any direct individual instrumentality. In his statement

of experience before ordination he attributed his conversion to "various influences," emphasizing only that of his mother. In a striking little lyric composed at the time when he felt "nature's strength decay" (in December, 1878), and published in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, and afterwards in the *Christian Miscellany* for March, 1880, entitled *The Call*, he makes affecting allusion to successive calls: the call which issued in his early conversion; his call to a life of Christian service; his call to the separated ministry; and his call to heaven. The conception is fine. He recognises the continuity, the identity of *The Call* throughout. Its biographical value as the compressed experience of Gervase Smith, Preacher of the Gospel, is inestimable.

"Sturdy," but in no degree "*rude* independence," simplicity, frankness, industry, heartiness, homeliness, were among his most prominent features. These qualities, combined with others equally attractive—cheerfulness, geniality, obligingness, serviceableness—made him a prodigious favourite with his fellow Methodists at least. Heanor was seven miles from Belper, and Gervase, having that which Mr. Wesley reckons amongst the choice gifts of God, *a good address*, and having, moreover, a good horse at his

command, was the plenipotentiary of the Society when any negotiations had to be transacted with the Superintendent or any of the more sought-for preachers.

After our conversion he and I *foregathered* pretty often. There was not seven months' difference in our ages, he being the younger. He was a delightful companion. His manners were positively charming. He had the very scarce virtue of bearing admonition without the slightest sign of annoyance.

He heard me make my first Missionary speech, in the old chapel, Heanor, and also heard me preach my first sermon (the second time of preaching it); and he took the most generous interest in the crude productions and the awkward, yet not unambitious flights of his inexperienced coeval.

When he too began to preach, we used, as opportunity offered, to compare notes. Once, when I was his father's guest, we occupied the same bedroom, and he kept me awake great part of the night discussing the proper treatment of texts, especially of the one he had just then *upon the stocks*: "O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments," etc.

The person who induced Gervase Smith to begin preaching was Thomas Newton, a Supernumerary minister, who rented the sweetly-situated house, garden,

and paddock of *Heanor Fall*, the whilom residence of the Redferns, the maternal grandparents of William Howitt, where Howitt himself spent the happiest months of his boyhood, making it the headquarters of the rural expeditions commemorated in his *Boy's Country Book*. This choice property had come into the hands of Mr. Smith. Thomas Newton had a noble presence, and a military bearing which procured for him, amongst his rustic neighbours, the soubriquet, "Th' owd General." He was greatly respected and beloved even by his rustic neighbours. I remember hearing one of the roughest of colliers, by no means a Methodist, give as the reason for abstaining from a course of conduct very much to his own liking: "Ah canna' do ought as 'ud anger th' owd General."

The schooling of Gervase Smith had three stages. His first school was that conducted by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, in the neighbourhood of Heanor, which had not only achieved a high local repute, but also attracted pupils from a considerable distance; for example, William Morley Punshon from Doncaster. Our brethren, the Revs. W. T. Nelson and George Alton, were also his schoolfellows there. Mr. Roscoe was a competent, good-natured, resolute teacher, with a somewhat commanding presence, and the easy manners

of a country squire or doctor, rather than the stiffness of a strict and peremptory pedagogue. He was a Congregationalist, but Catholic-spirited. His father, an Independent minister, who took a certain oversight of the religious side of the education, looked as solemn and immovable as "the Decrees," of which he was a firmasserter. Albeit, he was much respected and *looked up to*, both by his own congregation and the general public.

My friend's next schoolmaster was a thorough Methodist—the son of a Methodist minister, and the brother of a Methodist minister—the graceful, winning, and cultivated Mr. Thomas Russell, of Mackworth, near Derby. This school was well looked after by the Derby ministers, who regularly preached and held prayer-meetings in the schoolroom. From Mackworth, Gervase proceeded to Wesley College, Sheffield.

Gervase was intended for the law, but was clearly called to the Christian Ministry. When he entered it he had a fine physique and was in vigorous and high-toned health. His frame was well-proportioned and well-knit. He seemed built for a long life of energetic, joyous service. He owed his firmness of nerve and his buoyancy of animal spirits in a great degree to his passion for horse-exercise. In plodding my weary way to an evening village appointment in the Ilke-

stone Circuit, my musings have been suddenly broken by the sound of a galloping steed behind me, and almost before I could glance round, the cheery voice of my friend Gervase would hail me.

I saw nothing of my friend during his student life at Didsbury or the years of his probation; but being the Minister of the Conference Chapel, Great Thornton Street, at the time of the first Hull Conference (1848), at which he was ordained, I renewed my intercourse with him. A few weeks after that we met again, on a Sunday morning, in Poplar Chapel, London. He was on his wedding-tour; and with characteristic tenacity of affection, had brought his bride to hear his old friend. The next time I saw him was at the London Conference of 1850. The Connexion was then writhing in the fiercest spasm of the "Reform" agitation, and he had been in the thick of the fight; for Methodist history, as well as the history of England, has its famous Battle of Wakefield. Gervase Smith's second year after ordination, his last at Wakefield, was a terribly testing time. His Superintendent was that grim veteran, the old ex-President, William Atherton. His two other colleagues were his studious and retiring fellow-countyman J. T. Milner, and the gentle-spirited, non-combatant Peter C. Horton. They

were all thorough-going and intrepid in support of the Superintendent's disciplinary action, but the young man Gervase was his armour-bearer. A loyal respect for constituted authority, reverence for the fathers in the Ministry, and a chivalrous allegiance to the institutions and the constitution of Methodism, seemed part of his personality; and at Didsbury he had already been conspicuous amongst his fellows for all these manly qualities. His interest in the stormy discussions of that protracted, anxious Conference was eager even to excitedness; but his geniality and good temper never failed him.

During his three years at York I saw nothing of him, being myself stationed in the South; but I know what a firm hold he took on the affections and the esteem of the Methodists in that fine old city, especially of the older members, such as Mr. Meek (sometime Lord Mayor of York); and the high expectations they cherished as to his future eminence. But during his term at Huddersfield I had many opportunities of intercourse with him, and also of hearing him speak, being stationed in the neighbouring Circuit, Barnsley. I found him unchanged, but developed. He took great pains in the preparation of his sermons, but still more in the elaboration of his

speeches. I never knew a popular speaker who cultivated *variety* and freshness in his speeches so systematically as did Gervase Smith. During his Huddersfield term it was his rule to compose one missionary speech every month; and though I have heard from him so many speeches in various parts of the kingdom, during a quarter of a century, at least, the leading features of every one of which I can recall, I cannot remember hearing the same speech twice—or even any telling passage, anecdote, illustration, recitation, or any little play of useful pleasantry. Whoever fancies that the serviceable popularity of Gervase Smith was won without painstaking is very much mistaken.

Whilst in Huddersfield he published a highly-pictorial sermon, entitled *The Mirage*, which he showed me in manuscript. He had before this issued a small volume, a *Memoir of Mr. Oliver, of Glossop, Derbyshire, his own second Circuit*. This was too hastily written, so the best was not made of the rare materials furnished by the very uncommon career of a very uncommon man.

My limits will not admit of an account of my very frequent intercourse with my dear old friend during the last twenty-five years of his life. And of this

there is no need. Throughout that period he was a public man. I will only say that though we were so often thrown together, especially during the last fifteen years, when we were both resident in London, I never found him anything else but *Gervase Smith*: a personality with the idea of which I should find it impossible to associate anything small. We did not always, though we did generally, agree in our views of questions of importance to the interests of God's cause. We had many a stiff discussion. But during the half century of our acquaintance there never was a jarring note between us, our very differences — of mental structure, mental habitudes, modes of looking at things and points of view—only seemed to dovetail and to fasten us the more closely together.

To two things I must, however, allude. During the Bristol Conference of 1877 we were both entertained at the hospitable home of Mr. Pethick, sen., along with the brethren John Harvard and John Walton. Dr. Smith (he had just before received his degree) was even then in feeble and precarious health. Though most assiduous in attention to the business of the Conference, he was quite unable to undertake any public service, or indeed to attend more than a very few. Within a very short time after the close of

Conference he was to embark for Australasia : an expedition to which he would not have ventured to commit himself, but with the hope that the enforced rest and the tonic virtue of a long voyage would fully compensate for the bodily and mental strain which his commission could not but involve. Yet weak as he evidently was, his interest in Connexional matters was most active and intense, and his cheerfulness was redundant. I was never so much struck with his hearty enjoyment of a pleasantry at his own expense. No one more uniformly illustrated the irrepressible and inexhaustible hilarity of Methodist Ministers in each other's company. Yet his prayers at family worship were impressively solemn and importunate.

Another point which I must crave leave to touch on is—his ever-thoughtful and assiduous tenderness towards his old friend during the year of my Presidency. He spared no pains to prevent my undertaking a larger amount of work than my strength would admit, and to ease my labours and protect my health and husband my energies to the very utmost.

But I must now pass to the closing scene. The first grave symptom of the disease which brought him to his rest appeared so long ago as 1867, when he was Superintendent of the City Road Circuit. He

suffered much during the year of his Presidency (1875), and was obliged to limit himself—with but one exception—to one service a day. He had a prostrating attack whilst in the chair at Sheffield, and was obliged to withdraw for a time. His calm, sweet cheerfulness in suffering and prostration struck me much. At the session of the London District Meeting, held that year in Cambridge, he was obliged to devolve his duties on the ex-President, Dr. Punshon. In still later years he was not unfrequently disabled from preaching for months at a time.

In December, 1880, he experienced a slight stroke of paralysis. He last preached at Bromley, November 28th. He suffered from a complication of distressing ailments, the core of which was heart-disease. The final and fatal development was dropsy. He was obliged to spend much time away from home, mostly at Matlock. His last public service was in his native county, laying the foundation-stone of the new Wesleyan chapel at Matlock Bridge, on February 15th, 1882. During his last stay at Matlock—November, 1881, to March 31st, 1882—his strength gradually declined. He became conscious that the deadly disease was steadily gaining ground. He very frequently expressed entire resignation to the

will of God, often quoting the verse, "In suffering be thy love my peace," etc. His most frequent exclamations were: "My Jesus!" "My Father!" "Father, take my hand!" On returning home from Matlock he went at once to his bedroom, which he never left.

My last interview with my dear old friend was some forty hours before he breathed his last. Brother W. Hirst and I met at the door of his house. The domestic who opened it was weeping so bitterly that we feared all must be over. The answer to our inquiry was, "He is just passing away." Mrs. Tindall, being informed of our arrival, asked us to follow her into the room of death. On entering, we found the family gathered round him, with Mrs. and Miss Rattenbury. They were, as they thought, singing him to his last sleep—his sleep in Christ. The words were, "There we shall see his face," etc. We stepped in so noiselessly, and the group were so absorbed in their requiem, that our presence was not perceived till they had finished the line, "Then let our songs abound." Our joining the company caused an involuntary pause; Dr. Smith, evidently thinking they had forgotten the next line, opened his eyes, and with a natural movement of the hand, and a faint and imperfect articulation, prompted them, in the tone of

one who helps another to recall some familiar but for the time forgotten words: "And *every tear be dry.*" Whereat our tears flowed more freely, though less sadly than before. When the verse was ended, he said, "Sing it again." Then I pressed his hand, and spoke to him of those who had gone before. His recognition was immediate, and his responses, though brief and difficult, were clear-minded and direct. Mr. Hirst then grasped his hand, asking, "Do you know me?" "Don't I!" he replied, and held his friend's hand for some minutes, whilst we talked of the reunion above. He said he should soon overtake Dr. Punshon. He then asked us to pray with him. We both prayed. As soon as we had finished, he lifted up his hands, and with a firm, distinct enunciation, in startling contrast with his former painful utterances, he pronounced the words: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all *evermore.*" To which we sobbed, "Amen."

So fittingly was closed the earthly ministry of Gervase Smith,—in psalmody and benediction.

Mr. Hirst writes: "I shall never forget this interview; truly we were 'quite in the verge of heaven.'"

His whole bearing was so *life-like*, so Gervase-like,

so full of naturalness, that the unnaturalness of dying seemed almost "done away," and we could but feel as if we had been commending him to God on occasion of another embarkation in the service of the Church, rather than on the chill wading of the Jordan.

During the evening he reverted to this interview, but a few hours afterwards he sank into a sleep from which he did not fully awake till a few moments before he slept in Jesus. He then gave an intelligent and earnest Amen to the last intercessions of his relatives and other devoted ministrants, and a hearty assent to the expression of their confidence as to his salvation through the merits of Christ. He replied by a heavenly smile to the promise that his family would meet him in heaven ; and then his head fell back, and he was gone.

As I am but recording my own recollections of a dear old friend, I have not attempted to chronicle events already well known to the Methodist public ; nor shall I now essay any characterization of one with whose gifts and graces the whole Wesleyan Methodist community in Great Britain, Ireland, America, and Australasia are so well acquainted. My own estimate of his mental and spiritual personality after an acquaintance of half a century, and a friendship of full

forty-four years, I have already incidentally conveyed. A few matters, however, I think I ought to note, as fairly coming under the head of personal recollections.

I. Gervase Smith was the genuine product of Methodism. His views, his convictions, his principles, his experience, his aims—one might almost say his consciousness—were all frankly *Methodist*. On some points, his notions, at least in earlier and middle life, were stricter than those of Wesley himself. He was also, like many another serviceable and even distinguished Methodist Minister, the rich product of *village* Methodism. Throughout his course his spirit breathed the simplicity, homeliness, and healthiness of rural life; and his speeches and his mode of conducting business alike showed a plenitude of mother-wit. His was a robust Christianity.

II. He was a sound and earnest Methodist Preacher. Whatever play he gave to his fancy, he always aimed at edification and conviction. His pulpit prayers were sometimes very powerful, especially in the range and ardour of intercession in the opening supplication.

III. He was a very effective platform-man. He specially cultivated platform oratory, duteously recognising his special gift as a special calling to that important part of Christian service. Though essentially

a *popular* orator—energetic and sometimes impetuous declamation being at once his forte and his weakness—he was withal a thoroughly good speaker: he knew how to select and marshal facts and arguments with a view to intelligent practical conviction. When at his best in physical condition, and thoroughly at home with his audience, and under a happy afflatus, the immediate effect was such as to overleap criticism and leave it behind. There was a *swing* in his rhetoric which bore the audience along with it. The best description of Gervase Smith's platform-powers is that given by Eliza Hessel (*True Womanhood*, p. 136):

“Gervase Smith surprised me. I had only heard him preach once. There was nothing in what I then heard to warrant the expectation of such a speech as last night's. His rapid utterance, though it makes the general effect of his speech more brilliant, leaves you no time to enjoy the detail, or more properly, the component parts. . . . Imagine yourself standing on a lofty Alpine summit, the panorama around but dimly seen through the mist and darkness; suddenly the lightnings begin to play; they leap from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, and you catch a vivid but rapid glance of each fire-illuminated point, till you have gone through the whole scene in succession. Thus did Gervase Smith lead us over almost every nation of the earth, flashing the light of the Gospel upon each.”

Add to this the alluring sparkle of harmless and good-natured pleasantry, interspersed with apposite anecdote and animated recitation, all delivered with

a voice which defied deafness, and you have an explanation of the popularity of Gervase Smith. I never had the opportunity of hearing him lecture.

IV. He was a sagacious and a shrewd administrator. His essential good-nature and his firm fidelity to the interests entrusted to his supervision formed the proper base of operations for his mental aptitudes. Soundness of heart is wonderfully conducive to clearness of head. Whilst clinging fondly to the traditions of the past, he had enough of the statesman in him to see that organization must sometimes be adjusted to altered conditions, and to lay to heart the lessons of the present, and of the recent as well as of the remoter past. He had no lack of firmness or faithfulness; he could indeed, as a last resort, be sharp and curt; at once incisive and decisive. But humour played a much more prominent and effective part in his management of men and of affairs. I have heard men whose ready wit was much more trenchant in debate; much more brilliant in retort. No one knew better than Dr. Bunting how to retreat under cover of an irresistible witticism, when suddenly outflanked by an opponent. But I never met with any one whose pleasantries so oiled the wheels of business or the waters of strife as that of Gervase Smith. And

certainly no one within the range of my acquaintance could rival him in social life in the felicitous audacity of his piquant and often pungent, and yet always unoffending, personalities. This was but one of his fine social qualities.

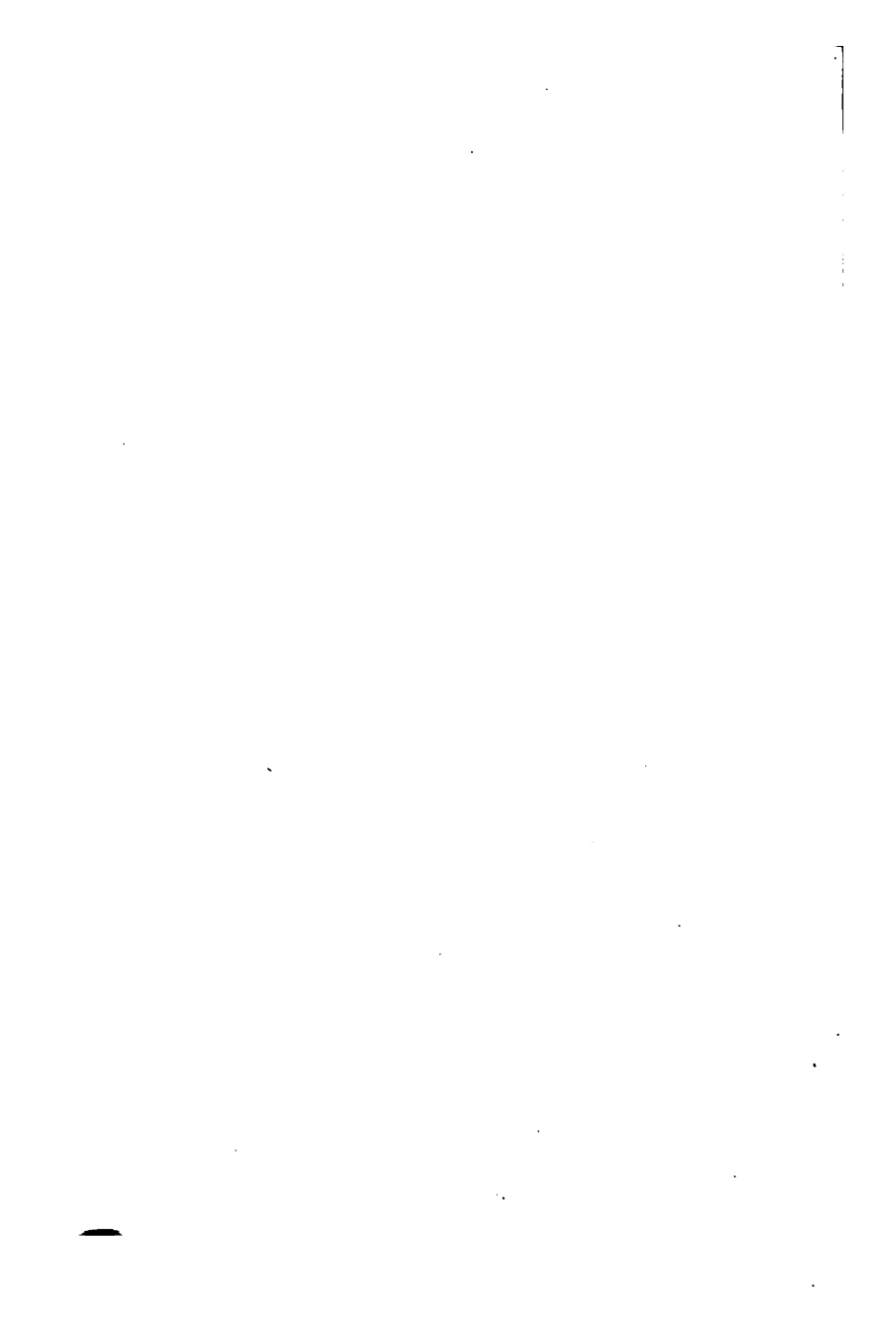
V. He had, in a supreme degree, the gift of begging for the cause of Christ. He had also the gift of giving. His was "the liberal soul." And so "to beg" for Christ, he was not "ashamed." Yet I believe he never offended any one by annoying, ungraceful, much less inquisitorial, pressure. He was no "sturdy beggar." He knew that the sun would get a man's coin as well as cloak from him, much sooner than the wind. With gentle force he elicited generosity whilst he solicited a contribution. The cheerful beggar made many a cheerful giver. This, too, was a talent which he put out to interest. His readiness to go a-begging for any straitened department of the work of God was positively gallant. On the day on which the statement as to the financial condition of the Westminster Chapel had to be rendered to Conference, a few members of the Committee met after the morning sitting for consultation as to the most feasible suggestion to be made at the evening session with reference to the discharge of the heavy and long-

lingering debt. We all seemed utterly at a loss. Gervase Smith was not present. At last I said : " O, Brother Gervase would get the money for us in a wonderfully short time ! " " Ay, if he would undertake it, but his hands are full already. " " He would not hesitate a moment, " I replied, " if the Conference were to ask him. " The idea was timidly and tentatively thrown out in the course of the evening's discussion. Gervase, when appealed to by the President, consented without any ado ; with what triumphant success we need not here record. This was but one of the labours of this money-raising Hercules. His undertaking the charge of the Auxiliary Fund on the death of Mr. Rattenbury, in addition to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, was a noble act of self-sacrificing service, which told severely on his health, as he often confessed to me. His career was one of hard, ungrudging, manifold labour in the cause of God.

The loss of Dr. Smith will be felt almost as much in Ireland as in England. No man ever won more of the affection and esteem of our brethren on the other side of St. George's Channel than did he and his friend Dr. Punshon. His memory will also be long kept green in Canada and among our Churches at the Antipodes.

ADDRESS IN CONNECTION WITH THE
FUNERAL SERMON.

BY THE REV. EBENEZER E. JENKINS, M.A.



ADDRESS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FUNERAL SERMON.

BY THE REV. EBENEZER E. JENKINS, M.A., EX-PRESIDENT
OF THE CONFERENCE.

ON Tuesday evening, June 13th, 1882, in City Road Chapel, London, after preaching an appropriate and impressive sermon from the text, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living" (Matt. xxii. 32), Mr. Jenkins read a brief historical sketch of Dr. Smith's career, in which he referred to his birth and parentage, his early life, his conversion to God, his school days, his call to the Ministry, his College course, the twenty-five years spent in Circuit work, and the eleven years devoted to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund.

Reviewing the later life of Dr. Smith, and the character of his work, Mr. Jenkins said :—

In 1873, and again in 1874, the Conference showed its appreciation of the personal and Ministerial character of Dr. Smith, and of the value of his

services to the Connexion, by appointing him its Secretary. In 1875, he was raised to the highest office in the gift of his brethren, that of President of the Conference. This appointment gave general satisfaction to the Body, chiefly for the manner in which the President discharged its duties, whether in the chair, or during his year of office. In 1874, the second year of his office as Secretary of the Conference, Dr. Punshon being President, Dr. Smith was commissioned to represent the Conference in the first General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in the Dominion of Canada. Respecting this appointment the Conference thus expressed itself: "We have deputed as our Representative to your Conference the Rev. Gervase Smith, M.A., the honoured Secretary of our Conference, who enjoys the confidence and affection of our Churches." At the earnest solicitation of the Conference of 1877, Dr. Smith consented to appear as its Representative at the Australasian Conference at Sydney, and to visit New Zealand and the Mission stations in Polynesia. This visit he undertook, in the hope that the voyage and rest would be the means of restoring, or at least of improving, his already enfeebled health. The result, so far as this hope was cherished, whether by himself or by his friends, was

disappointing. After his return to England, his public labours were so arduous and frequent, that his physical strength proved unequal to the strain, and visibly declined. But these things moved him not. Long had he looked for those changes which sickness and death involve. As long ago as September 1853, he wrote thus in his diary: "Heard this morning of the death of Grandfather Turner. I saw him three weeks ago, when he looked as healthy as usual—he is gone! Oh, my soul! remember that this body is mortal." Seven years later, in January 1860, he wrote again: "Another year has fled—the most chastening, admonitory year of my life. Bereavement has saddened our family circle. During the past month I have had a heavy personal affliction. For some time I knew not how it would go with me; but oh! the comfort of knowing that I was in good hands. May I be always ready!"

Those anticipations, so often expressed in his conversations and journals, were too soon realized. His son writes: "The circumstances of his last illness are narrated by Mr. Gregory in his 'Recollections.' There is no mention, however, of an interesting Sacramental Service conducted by Mr. Sharr in the sick-room on Easter Sunday afternoon. All who were present on

that occasion felt it good to be there." The same loving hand thus describes the closing scene:—

"I reached home about three o'clock on the morning of the 21st of April, and found my Father in a semi-comatose condition. About nine o'clock, when it was proposed that family prayer should be held in his bedroom, he assented. Throughout the day he gave but few indications of consciousness; but the medical adviser supposed this was because of the effort required, and not because consciousness did not exist. The Friday passed without much change, though the pulse gradually grew weaker. About six o'clock on Saturday morning, the breathing became much more difficult and painful, and the end manifestly approached. At half-past seven, the members of the family then at home, with relatives, servants, and nurse, gathered round the chair in which the invalid had passed the last three days, to witness the closing scene, and to commit the departing spirit to the Saviour. A few moments before death, while prayer was offered, there was an intelligent and hearty response to the prayer. An earnest assent was given when confidence was expressed in the safety of the passing soul, not on the ground of works or merit, but simply on the ground of Christ's Atonement. We promised to meet him in

heaven ; and then a beautiful smile lit up the face, the head fell back, two or three deep breaths were drawn, and the freed spirit passed peacefully away."

The account to which you have listened will have furnished you with the leading facts of an exemplary Christian life and a diligent Ministry. The character of Dr. Smith offers no problem requiring a painful or subtle analysis to bring into harmony motives and actions, professions and conduct, apparently irreconcilable. The simplicity and purity of his early home life, the reverence for authority inculcated in that home—an authority made charming to the children by parental saintliness—these privileges laid the foundation of the character of the boy, and explain the intrepid honesty, the generosity, and the general strength, that afterwards distinguished the man. Every event that marked the life itself was coloured by the boy qualities so happily drawn out and nurtured. His conversion at the age of fourteen years was, under God, the result of the simple frankness with which he dealt with his own spirit, and the unquestioning confidence with which he received the Gospel message from those who were over him in the Lord. His call to the Ministry, although previously anticipated by suggestions and imitations inseparable from a child

surrounded by Ministerial friendships and examples, was not listened to without a jealous examination of motives and indications; but once accepted, and the preacher made, his response to the call was qualified by no stipulations. Let the Church find him work to do, he would receive it as the task of the Master, and bring to it his heart and soul, his mind and strength. The same characteristics of simplicity and honesty saved him from the serious error of mistaking the nature of his talents. He knew what he might try to do, and that was the star of his course. He attained an excellent approximation to this ideal of his hope. He knew what he could not do, and never attempted it; but generously appreciated in other labourers gifts which he himself did not possess. Of his pulpit power I cannot speak from intimate personal knowledge, but I have several times heard him declaim from the Missionary platform, and am prepared from these examples of his eloquence to support a testimony to the vigour and usefulness of his preaching which became Connexional. There is an entry in his journal written only to meet the eye of the Searcher of Hearts, in which I find the following precious revelation: "Whatever else I have desired, I can say most solemnly, in the presence of Jehovah, I have most

desired the salvation of sinners. The constant and all-absorbing subject of my prayer is that I may be a *useful* preacher." It might truly be said of Dr. Smith that his pulpit had but one theme: he gloried in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he preached it as if he gloried in it. He not only never forgot it in a sermon, but always provided for it. Whatever doctrine of theology he happened to be expounding, whatever topic of ethics or of duty he happened to be enforcing, the sinner always learned before the preacher had done, that there was a direct and happy salvation for him through the crucified Jesus. Such a ministry could not fail of distinction; and he obtained the crown he was ambitious to win, the saving of many souls from death. Those who heard it will not forget the Charge which he delivered at the Nottingham Conference to the young Ministers who were then ordained. He drew a picture of an unfaithful ambassador which could only have come from the hand of one who had probed his own spirit by weighing the possibilities of apostasy, and who was anxious to guard from stain the purity of the brotherhood he loved.

Referring again to his public addresses, he brought a warm heart and a ready tongue to the Missionary platform. He studied the literature of Missions, and

made a serious business of Missionary advocacy. He never confided everything to the inspiration of the moment: he never despised it. He constructed his arguments upon a popular model, but with careful perspicuity; he collated his facts with diligence, and made an adroit use of quotation and anecdote, never trifling with his theme, but exalting it. Few speakers have rendered the Missionary Society more effective service than Gervase Smith.

Among his characteristics as a Pastor, his love for children may be specially noted. The young, in the houses which he visited as a Pastor, and in the homes in which he sojourned during his extensive travels in the work of the Connexion, were at once drawn to him, and were often led to confide to him the secrets no less of their most engrossing temporal interests than of their religious anxieties and hopes.

In reading extracts from his private journal, I have been touched by the poignancy of his reflections upon himself and his work, discovering a very strong fencing of his heart against the insidious currents of popular applause. I believe his work was pure, and the vigilance with which he watched it was probably awakened, at any rate sustained, by a per-

vading apprehension of death. He never expected old age; and after a serious sickness in 1860 he writes, "I am living under the constant impression of coming death. May I be always ready!" He worked at too high a pressure not to be exposed to frequent intimations that the strain could not last. But a more cheerful worker never put his hand to the plough. The most onerous and complicated duties never touched the gaiety of his spirit. He was conspicuous, moreover, for the variety of his work. Methodism, more than any other Church, demands from her Ministers the faculty of administration; and Dr. Smith was a master in departmental labour. He was at home in the details, the discussions, and the usages of Connexional Committees. He worked harder than he talked; but his words, though few, would frequently relieve the discussion of something which blocked it, and hasten on the business of the session. His good-humour was sometimes better than other people's arguments. It is unnecessary for me to describe the departmental service of Dr. Smith; it has become part of our Connexional history, and has recently found expression in the official records of Methodism. What is left for us to add and remember is this, that whatever the duty entrusted to him by the

Church, he accepted it cheerfully, he applied himself to it conscientiously, he discharged it ably. Whenever his brethren put work upon him, he considered that they put honour upon him. This temper invested all his public life with the charm that made Gervase Smith the fast friend, the trusted colleague, and the popular official in the Circuit and Departmental life of Methodism.

The following note was written to Dr. Punshon after Dr. Smith was stricken with the disease that ultimately laid him low. The handwriting has a pathetic appearance :—

“ 13 Leigh Road, Highbury Park, N., Jan. 20th.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND PUNSHON,—I find it hard work to write, so excuse a short note; but I want to write and tell you how I am getting on. This heavy affliction is working a good result. You know I have never talked as much on religious topics as I ought, but I have often felt much. I have had a fearful spiritual struggle for the last ten days, but I have been wonderfully delivered. I have made long examinations and many vows. I can't tell you the unutterably humbling views I have had of myself. I scarcely dare look into the wretchedness of the

service done—the motives and purposes and actions—they won't bear looking at yet. I think surely no such poor, unworthy service has ever been offered. 'My soul, as in the dust, I hide!' But oh! the mercy of the Lord. I have had glorious views of the mercy and fulness of the Saviour. My rest on Him is absolute and constant. Living or dying, I am the Lord's. You may think of the struggle I have had to give up all. But I feel the victory to be complete and all of His grace. Heb. vii. 25, I hang on continually; and verse 2, Hymn 209, I realize hour by hour, so that, whatever the Lord will do with me, I rest in His hands. It may please the Lord to raise me up a little to show His mercy, or I may suddenly go to the rest. Good-bye. God bless and keep you. . . .

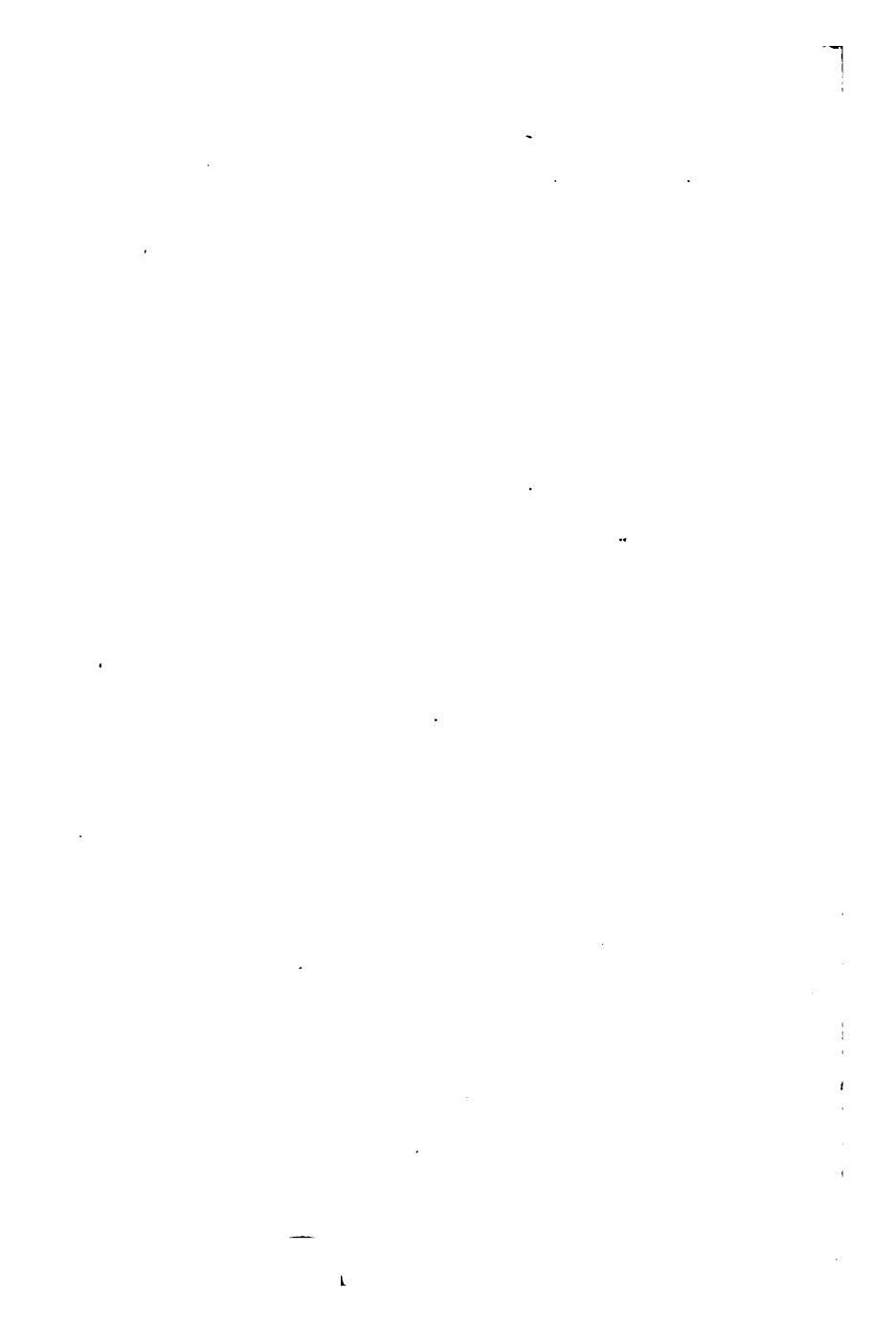
"I am, yours very affectionately,

"GERVASE SMITH.

"Rev. Dr. Punshon."

LECTURES, SPEECHES, AND SERMONS.

LECTURES.



LECTURES.

I.

WYCLIFFE: THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION.

IT may be prudent to state at the outset that while the subject before us is vastly important, both as to our national history and the progress of religious truth, it is difficult to make it popular. There are a few *word artists*, who, adorning whatever they touch, can make any topic attractive. But such a gift is of rare bestowment; and the great bulk of talkers and writers, when they discuss an important but unattractive subject, must be content to ignore personal reputation, and stand upon their theme.

Whoever, among us ordinary men, would dream of painting the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral so as to make them look brilliant to a public audience? If we began above ground, we might tell in high-sounding language of the different orders of architecture, and compare the respective ages of the Gothic as to door, and dome, and windows; and to an unprofessional ear, the jingle of scientific terms, culled from the encyclopedia, might sound grandly. But how any pencil can make the deep and uncouth foundations radiate with beauty is a mystery. And yet surely there was no part of that magnificent pile more

important in the judgment of Sir Christopher Wren than the basement storey on which the mighty superstructure rests. Now, what the foundation is to St. Paul's Cathedral, Wycliffe was, humanly speaking, to the glorious temple of the Reformation.

It would be difficult to invest *a tree root* with any great attractiveness. Let us begin at the surface of the ground, and in gay colours, perhaps, we might put before you the gigantic trunk, and the wide-spreading branches, and the beautiful blossom, and the golden fruit, and we could certainly make it look something like a son of the forest, even though, doubtful of our success, and in imitation of the old painters, we *did* write underneath, "*This is a tree.*" But we must despair of giving special interest to that which is underground. And yet what those unseen, wide-spreading roots are to the stately form and shade above, Wycliffe was, under God, to the tree of civil and religious liberty which now overspreads our land, the leaves and fruit of which are for the healing and sustenance of the nations.

That must be a skilful hand which could invest the gloom of night with grace and beauty. If the glories of the day-time were our theme, we might aspire to eloquence. The sun, the sky, the floods, the fields, the flowers, would bring us inspiration :

"There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears ;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

But who of common poets would stake his little reputation on a song in praise of the

"Sable goddess, who from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world" ?

But, stop! we must not forget that even in the darkest watch there is one point of light, beautiful in itself, but far more beautiful in its promise of the coming day :

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east."

What that star of the morning is to the coming sunshine and the after glory, John Wycliffe was to the day of light and liberty and blessing which now shines on us. If his life and times be not exciting to the crowd, they will be full of interest to the thoughtful patriot and Christian. The living author, who beyond all others has given labour to this subject, says :—" In English history, Wycliffe is known as the first man who dared to advocate the free circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue, the unalienable right of private judgment, and our complete deliverance from the wiles and oppressions of a papal priesthood, uniting with these excellencies all the elements of that enlightened piety which adorned the Christian profession in its purer ages. . . . Compared with the most illustrious of the men who during the sixteenth century adopted so much of his creed, he will be found to be equal to the greatest, and the superior of most. Had his career been far less efficient, it will be remembered that the struggle at Thermopylæ does not affect us less because it was a failure. And if many of the questions which occur in his writings are now in a great measure obsolete, the man who can be

indifferent to the steps by which his liberties were acquired has scarcely learnt to value them as he ought."

As the historian looks at this celebrated name a threefold picture rises up before him. The first scene is at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, nearly five centuries ago. It was on the 29th of December 1384 that a venerable-looking man descended from the rough-hewn pulpit of St. Mary's Church, and took his stand by the communion table. The emblems of our Saviour's dying were spread before him. And while in the solemn act of consecration, a heavenly messenger whispered to him, "The Master calleth for thee;" he gently fell into that old oaken chair, which is yet preserved; was carried out of the church by his sorrowing people; in a few hours his spirit was carried higher—"by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Some days after this, there was a sad funeral there, for nearly all the parishioners were mourners. The solemn procession passed from the rectory house to the church chancel, and in the vault beneath were deposited the remains of England's great reformer, "in sure and certain hope of the joyful resurrection to eternal life." This hope of the stricken villagers, as it respects the future glory, was well founded, and shall by and by be realized; but if it had any reference to the undisturbed quiet of the good man's grave, it was soon cut off, as the second part of the picture will show.

In 1414 (some thirty years after Wycliffe's death) the Roman emperor Sigismund convened a general council in the quaint old German town of Constance. There were present "30 cardinals, 20 archbishops,

150 bishops, as many prelates, a great number of abbots and doctors, and 1800 priests." Nearly all the sovereigns of Europe were there, either in person or by their representatives; and the company of strangers brought to "somewhat long residence in the small town of Constance amounted to 100,000 persons." The object was twofold: to put an end to the strife occasioned by the simultaneous election of two popes, each of whom claimed to be the only infallible successor of St. Peter; and also to suppress the heresy of Wycliffe and his followers. The celebrated John Huss was summoned to this council; and, trusting to the guarantee of safety which the emperor had given, went, and put himself into the mouth of the lion. A "safe-conduct," even signed by Sigismund himself, was not worth the paper on which it was written, if held by a heretic, and John Huss was soon committed to the flames. When required to concur in Wycliffe's condemnation, he promptly refused, and nobly said, "I am content that *my* soul should be where his soul is."

Jerome of Prague was another victim. He endured a longer torture, but the release came, and he passed through the fire to heaven.

But before these two men were formally arraigned, the case of the English heresiarch was disposed of. Forty-five articles, said to be taken from Wycliffe's writings, and already condemned in England, at Rome, and Prague, were now condemned again. Subsequently two hundred and sixty more articles were declared to be heretical. The decree of heresy was pronounced; all the works of the Reformer, wherever found, were to be

burnt ; and the very bones of the poor persecuted man were ordered to be exhumed and reduced to ashes.

For thirteen years this decree was an idle letter ; and then the third part of our picture is seen. In 1428, the Roman pontiff, whose soul had long been vexed at the unexecuted decree of Constance, sent an order to Archbishop Chicheley, requiring its immediate fulfilment. *He* committed it to Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln and Diocesan of Lutterworth, a man who in earlier life was an adherent of Wycliffe, but had sunk again into the mire of Romanism, and had thus been promoted for his apostasy. These, with their subordinates, make their way to Lutterworth to rifle the dead man's tomb. They give their orders, and the paving-stones behind the old oak screen are taken up. A coffin, with more than forty years of decay upon it, is raised to the chancel floor. They pronounce it to be that of the heretic. They carry it through that old doorway which looks upon the river, and then down the narrow road which winds towards the bridge. Some of the older inhabitants, who were looking on, could remember the funeral, and the younger ones had been told of it as a great thing of the past. The mercenaries of the priesthood kindled a fire upon the bridge, and the bones of the immortal Wycliffe were consumed to ashes. Then, to complete their deed of impotent rage and sacrilege, they threw the smouldering dust over the parapet, which fell into and mingled with the Swift's flowing stream. On this topic the words of Fuller have become immortal : " Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the

main ocean. And so the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." Well might Martin Luther, in memory of the first Continental martyr, sing these lines of confidence and hope :

" Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched
And gathered at the last ;
And from their scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

" Jesus hath now received
Their latest, living breath ;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still, still, though dead they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The One Availing Name."

I must venture on another introductory paragraph. It is important that we obtain some clear notion of the country's condition when the star of Wycliffe rose. Without this we can form no right idea of the herculean task he undertook, or of his own motives and successes.

There is difference of opinion as to what part of the dark ages may be deemed the darkest ; but if the dreariest watch of the night be that which precedes the dawn, we are justified in saying that the thirteenth century was the *nadir* of the human mind and therefore the *zenith* of the papal power.

The subjection of England to that power was early

and complete. There was no country in Christendom on which the pall of the papacy rested with a deadlier chill. From the monarch to the peasant the tyranny was perfect. All the legislation and government of the land, its feeble commerce, its conscience, its domestic and private life, were under the one fell influence. England was bowed down and trodden prostrate by Rome's iron heel. The long and unworthy reign of King John brought the country to its lowest depth. In addition to the old tribute which the Pope mercilessly exacted, this wretched sovereign actually put the kingdom in pawn, and promised an additional thousand marks, a sum equal to £20,000. It is true the scene at Runnymede was soon enacted, and the noble barons wrung from him the Magna Charta; but so lowly stooped he to the Hierarch, that he requested the Pontiff to annul its proceedings. Well might the successor of St. Peter shout with joy: "'Surely England is our garden of delight! It is an unexhausted well; and where so much abounds, much may be acquired.' No wonder that he thus exulted, when his income from England was three times as much as that of the king on the throne."

You will expect that at such a time the morals of the country were fearfully corrupt. The luxury and excesses of the court are described by Hollinshead. Extravagance in dress, for instance, was carried to such a pitch, that positively the Government took alarm. The historians of that time assert that the excess in apparel could be endured no longer. A proposition was made in Parliament that there should be a State tailor, who should design a particular cut and colour

for each rank of the population ; so that every man's station in life should be known by his coat or pantaloons. This proposal was eventually withdrawn ; but in 1361 a decree *was* made, that clerks in holy orders should dress according to their position and income.

I would fain believe that the ladies of those days were not the sinners, but that the gentlemen were in the pillory ; and yet truth compels me to state that they were equally guilty. For while the men dressed themselves in gaudy colours, like fools in a pantomime, it was no uncommon thing for one of the fair sex to sail into the church on a Sabbath morning with a head-gear above her shoulders, from 4 to 5 feet high, and some 6 or 7 pounds in weight.

But while these playful references may excite a smile, the moral condition of our forefathers wrings the heart with anguish. The historian just referred to denounces both the Royal and Episcopal palaces of England as the homes of sensuality and lust. Petrarch gives an awful account of the papal court in 1350. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, portrays the morals of the land in appalling colours ; and from many other sources you gather the fact that papal Britain had well-nigh filled up the measure of its iniquity.

Such was the condition of things at the opening of the fourteenth century. Several circumstances occurred, however, to mark the coming storm, and the after sunshine. The study of the *fine arts* upon the Continent, and especially in Italy, began to exercise an influence upon England. *Commerce* took a powerful stride ; and following the example of the Venetian Republic, our

ports were astir with enterprise and wealth. *Literature* received a mighty impulse not only in the universities, but through the towns and villages of the land; and thus an overruling Providence prepared the way for the greatest revival of all. The intellect, the taste, the chivalry, the material prosperity of England were touched; and then the pulses of a nation's heart were stirred, and longings for a spiritual life were cherished. The claims of the papacy were first doubted and then challenged. Two honoured names must be mentioned, as employed by Heaven to prepare the way for Wycliffe's coming and work.

One is that of *Grosette*, the memorable Bishop of Lincoln. He was regarded as the first man of his age for learning,—so much so, that the surrounding world called him a magician,—and eventually his erudition placed him in the prelate's chair. For more than a hundred years before the establishment of the Greek professorship in Florence of Boccaccio, he had translated Dionysius and Damascenus, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of the Hebrew language. It was this which led to a study of the Scriptures, and put into his hand the weapon with which he levelled many a fortress of the papacy. He had lent some favour to the Mendicant preachers because of the gross ignorance and immorality of his own priests. But he soon found that his confidence was misplaced. Two Franciscans were sent to England to extort money for the Pope. They came to Lincoln and laid a tax upon the diocese of £50,000. The impudence of the men, and the enormity of their demand, filled Grosette with indignation. He ordered them to be gone; and

having resolved to manage the finances of his own see, he was summoned before the Pope, who condemned his conduct. But he dared openly to remonstrate with his Holiness, who however rebuked him with profane effrontery. Then cried the worthy bishop, "O, money, money, how vast is thy power everywhere—how irresistible at Rome!" and with this utterance he returned home a more determined reformer than ever. Pope Innocent hurled at him the thunderbolt of excommunication, "and swore by St. Peter and by Paul that he was well-nigh resolved to make this 'delirious old man,' as he called him, an example and an astonishment to the world. Is not the King of England," he exclaimed, "my vassal, or rather my bond-slave? and could I not, by a single word to him, consign this doting priest in a moment to imprisonment and infamy?" But the sentence fell harmless, and Grostete spent his remaining days in sorrowing over the Church's sins and preparing for his own change.

The other name is that of *Fitzralph*, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. He was born at Dundalk, and was there buried; but he died at Avignon, whither he had gone to reason with the Pope on the abuses which were ruining the Church. His whole public life was a protest against Rome, and having finished, it is said, a translation of the New Testament into the Irish language, he died resting on the one sacrifice of Christ.

The very year in which Fitzralph died saw John Wycliffe enter upon his work.

The history of our hero has three divisions—EARLY LIFE, COLLEGE LIFE, PAROCHIAL LIFE. Under one or other of these heads the principal facts will come before us.

We shall soon dispose of the first part, because we *know*, and can therefore *say*, very little.

John Wycliffe, whose name, by the way, is spelt in sixteen different forms, was born in the year 1324. On the banks of the Tees, about 11 miles from Richmond, and 5 from Barnard Castle, a little hamlet dots the sloping greensward, guarded by a castle-looking edifice, which stands on an elevated and projecting rock. This is the parish of *Wycliffe*, or *Wye-Cliffe*, or *the cliffe near the water*, a name most appropriate to the scenery around. The old mansion, as it stood five centuries ago, "on the brow of that meadow slope overlooking the Tees," was Wycliffe's birth-place, and even from the time of the Conquest, down to many generations after John was born, was it the residence of the Wycliffe family.

Of his boyhood we *know* absolutely nothing. This may not, however, excite surprise. The biographer of John Knox tells us that we are in similar plight with regard to that great man, though *his* times are two centuries nearer to our own.

As to Wycliffe's education we may reasonably offer a conjecture. There can be no doubt that he would receive the best training which the age and neighbourhood could supply. In the early part of the fourteenth century, schools were established largely throughout the country. Tanner tells us, in his researches, that "500 religious houses had risen in England during the interval from the Conquest to the reign of John. To these houses schools were generally annexed." We may fairly conclude, therefore, that the Yorkshire youth was well schooled in the Latin language, which was then,

in fact, "the only key to knowledge," as well as in the usual elements of science.

Of his COLLEGE LIFE we have more accurate information. He was sixteen or seventeen years of age when he left home for Oxford, or Oxenforde, as the Queenly City was then generally called. A journey from the north of York to this place was in those days no trifle. We who can easily breakfast in London, and dine in Paris, and after doing a large stroke of business there, get home for business the next morning, cannot realize the dangers and difficulties of travel in the former times. We are reminded that "the author of *Waverley*," when writing of only "sixty years since," describes the "fly-coach" as aiming at something wonderful when promising to convey its passengers from Edinburgh to London, "God willing, in three weeks."

Wycliffe has left no record of his journey, so that we can only imagine him upon his pack-horse, traversing the padded roads of several counties for weary days, till at length he reached the banks of the Isis, and breathed the academic atmosphere of Oxford.

He entered as a student at Queen's College, but soon removed to the more celebrated *Merton*, where he was first Probationer, and afterwards Fellow. This college, we are told, "had produced some of the most scientific scholars of the age; had supplied the English Church with three Metropolitans; its Divinity chair had been recently filled by the celebrated Bradwardine; and within its walls Ockham and Duns Scotus had disclosed that genius, the fame of which was at this time commensurate with Christendom, and was believed to be immortal."

Our student gave himself up to learning with a zeal and success almost without a parallel; and so great was his proficiency that even the most relentless of his adversaries declared his powers to have been almost more than human, and that he was deemed little less than a god. It was this wonderful erudition, especially in the Bible, which gained for him the title of the *Gospel Doctor*.

About this time his mind became deeply impressed by one of the most fearful events which can befall a nation. "It was in the year 1349," says the historian, "that a pestilence, the most destructive in the annals of the world, appeared in Tartary. Having ravaged various kingdoms of Asia, it hovered about the delta and shores of the Nile; was wafted thence to the islands of Greece; passing along the shores of the Mediterranean, it filled the several states of Italy with impartial ruin; and crossing the Alps, penetrated into nearly every recess of the European population. Two years had been occupied in its desolating progress, when the Continent was shaken from its centre to its borders by a succession of earthquakes. From June to December in the same year, England was deluged with incessant rains. In the following August the plague appeared at Dorchester; it soon reached the metropolis, and there, in the space of a few months, added many thousands to its victims." This alarming visitation produced a vast impression upon Wycliffe for the whole of his after life. He regarded it as the punishment of Heaven because of the Church's and the nation's sin. It led to his writing the first of his published works, a tract entitled *The Last Age of the Church*.

In all probability it was the preparation of this tract, concerning the scandalous lives of the clergy, which prepared the way for his sharp and long-continued struggle with the *Mendicant Friars*.

These were chiefly divided into four Orders: the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, and the Hermits of St. Augustine. The two former, however, became the most notorious. Their rise dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and it must be confessed that their early history gave promise of great good to the Church.

In the year 1221 these reformers first made their appearance in England. For a while they seemed to do good service; but by and by they abandoned their simplicity, and the worst vices of human nature vegetated in them to luxuriance. Under pretence of following the example of the Great Master, who had not where to lay his head, "these Friars affected to be poor, and with a wallet on their back, begged with a piteous air from both high and low. But at the same time, they had large houses of their own, in which there was much waste, wore at home costly clothes, gave great feasts, and had many jewels and treasures." These Friars at length became the very pests of society, worming their way into the secrets of the domestic circle, and laying a deathly hand on social life. They wandered through the country selling pardons for money, tempting to the fulfilment of foulest atrocities, and then absolving the culprits on the payment of heavy fines.

The reeking moral filth of these Orders could be endured no longer, and a loud demand was made for

their extirpation. The University of Paris led the way. Then Oxford raised an indignant cry. In 1360 Wycliffe took up this controversy. One thunderbolt after another he forged in his study, and hurled with tremendous power against the Mendicants, who sometimes reeled under their force, and sometimes thundered in return.

Let me state a fact in a parenthesis. Some half century before this publication, the Franciscans attempted to bribe the Pontiff; offering to his Holiness no less a sum than 40,000 ducats in gold to sanction the violation of their rule with respect to property. The Pope sent for the money from the banker to whom it had been entrusted; and seizing it as the fruit of transgression, respectfully informed the astonished applicants that the rule of St. Francis was not to be infringed.

Wycliffe further charges them with pillaging and deceiving the people; with contempt of the country's government, and even secret treason against the state; with blasphemy, in the act of pardon which they ascribed to the Pope; and in robing themselves with a power which belongs to none but God. These were the accusations which he fearlessly made, and as fearlessly sustained.

The Mendicants roared with rage, and Oxford became little better than a bear-garden. They appealed to the Pope; and indeed the controversy waxed so hot that Parliament was requested to interfere. A very milk-and-water reply came from Westminster. But the University acted with more decision, and openly espoused the cause of the Reformer. The Society of

Balliol College at once testified their regard by presenting him with the church of Fillingham, a living of considerable value in the diocese of Lincoln, which he afterwards exchanged in 1368 for Lutgershall, in the archdeaconry of Bucks, a living of less value, but of more convenient situation, as being nearer to Oxford. In the same year (1361) he was promoted to the wardenship of Balliol; which dignity he resigned some four years afterwards for the headship of Canterbury Hall, a society founded about that time by Simon Islip, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

This last preferment led to endless difficulty. His appointment was contested. He invoked the Pope's protection, who decided against him. A final appeal was made to the Crown; and by a substantial bribe of from £2000 to £3000, which the Prior and Convent of Christ's Church, Canterbury, actually paid the king, the papal sentence was confirmed, and poor Wycliffe was deprived of his well-earned preferment.

He was now summoned to a larger sphere of controversy. Pope Urban v., in 1365, revived his claim to an annual tribute of a thousand marks from England. He sent to the king his arrogant letter of demand, and threatened, on refusal, to cite him before the papal court. The foundation of this claim was the alleged surrender of the English crown by John to Innocent III. The king died two years after this miserable transaction; but the oath of fealty to the Pope was renewed by his son. Several successive princes, however, had treated the demand as a dead letter; and for thirty-three years no tribute had been paid. This tilt of his Holiness was most inopportune

and disastrous. The reign of Edward had been both long and brilliant. The victories of Crecy and Poitiers were just secured. The peace of Bretigny had made the king more popular than ever; and now, that a foreign potentate should not only enforce an unjust, if not an obsolete, claim, but threaten the monarch with personal humiliation, was what the country would not endure. Edward laid all the facts at once before Parliament, and asked for advice. With little delay the advice was tendered in these terms: "Forasmuch as neither King John, nor any other king, could bring this realm and kingdom in such thralldom and subjection, but by common consent of Parliament, the which was not done; that which he did was against his oath at his coronation. If the Pope should attempt anything against the King by process or other matters of deed, the King, with all his subjects, should, with all their force and power, resist the same."

In the following year, some anonymous writer took up the papal cause, and published a vindication of the claim, which concluded with a challenge to John Wycliffe by name to confute his arguments and uphold the decision of Parliament.

Nothing loth, the Reformer seized his pen and wrote a withering reply. He styles himself *the King's peculiar clerk*, so we judge that he had been appointed chaplain to his Majesty. He reviews the whole question with vigour, putting his own views into the mouths of imaginary speakers. One of them is made to say: "Christ is the supreme Lord, while the Pope is a man, and liable to mortal sin; and who, while in mortal sin, is unfitted for dominion." This settled the contro-

versy ; and both Peter's pence and tribute were abandoned for ever.

About this time Wycliffe rendered another service to the country. Nearly all the great offices of state had for a long period been held by Ecclesiastics. But the general ignorance of the population, which had made this a necessity in the first instance, was now passing away ; and in 1371 Parliament petitioned the king for their exclusion from such secular responsibilities. Wycliffe, to whom the question was referred, fought on the popular side, and maintained that neither prelates nor doctors nor deacons should hold secular offices, more especially while secular men were able to do the work. Some of us would rejoice to see this Daniel come again to judgment, and relieve the ministry of a vast amount of secular and financial labour which the lay members of the Church have not the time or the inclination to fulfil. The effect of Wycliffe's pleading was all that could be desired. William of Wykeham resigned the Great Seal, and the Bishop of Exeter retired from the Treasury. Our Reformer became still more publicly known, and from this time assumed a foremost place in the University.

In 1372, when he was forty-eight years of age, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and took his seat in the Theological Professor's chair. Wycliffe's authority as a teacher is said to have been oracular. The ability of the man and the novelty of the utterances combined to produce this effect. We have not many of his *prelections* handed down to us ; but you may easily suppose that, though with regard to some doctrines he afterwards obtained clearer light,

he gave to those divinity students the germs at least of the grand truths which made up the system of the Reformed religion. So that this is, perhaps, the place to state consecutively his belief as opposed to the Church of Rome.

He begins, then, where Protestants always begin, viz. with the divine inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures, rejecting the apocryphal books, and refusing to listen to either human or traditional teaching, unless supported by the word of God. He denounces the claim of the Pope to interfere in temporal matters, and maintains that his Holiness might err in doctrine as well as life. He denies the headship of Rome as to the universal Church, and her authority over other Christian churches; and while he urges all fitting respect to consistent Ministers of the Word, he does not hesitate to brand as antichrist the whole papal hierarchy. He teaches the supremacy of the State in secular matters over all the population, whether lay or cleric. He rejects with abhorrence the dogma of transubstantiation; and while in his earlier years he spake of the Sacraments as seven, in his later writings he denies the authority of the five, and strenuously pleads for the Protestant two. He admits the doctrine of an intermediate state, but condemns as a "pious falsehood" the purgatory of the Romish Church. Saints are to be honoured in the way of imitating their example, but not worshipped. He rejects the efficacy of their mediation, but accepts the one sacrifice and mediatorship of Christ. He condemns the worship of images, and declares that the doctrine of indulgences is an encouragement to sin. Forgiveness is the act of

God alone. Faith in the Saviour is the condition of pardon. Men are only justified through the righteousness of Christ. With regard to the doctrines of grace, he seems to have inclined more to what is known as the Calvinian than the Arminian view, for which some will honour and others blame him. He condemns the celibacy of the clergy, and lashes with a fearful severity the popular vices of that day.

Conceive, then, the great "gospel doctor" stating and arguing truths like these among the thousands of Oxford students who crowded around his chair. The tidings spread from the University to the Metropolitan city, and on and on they bounded over the hills and through the valleys of the country. The attention of all classes was secured. Men of independent thought felt the pulses of their nature stirred; and one at least of the most noble of the land was attracted to the bold Reformer—Shakespeare's "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster." The oracle which we all revere has said that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Christianity has had to make her way rather through the storm than in the sunshine of worldly favour; and indeed history reads us this melancholy lesson, that when the potentates of the earth have regarded their connection with religion as a patronage and a condescension, their countenance has been its blight, and their touch its ruin. Christianity will make kings kinglier by far if they will accept it on the same terms as the lowliest subject; but she is too brilliant herself to shine through the glare of a worldly coronet, and too royal to submit to an earthly rule.

At the same time, it behoves us to rejoice when rank, and wealth, and power lay their tribute humbly at the Redeemer's feet. What Englishman does not daily give thanks to God for the example of Christian humility and purity and devotion set by the highest person in the realm? Who can estimate the worth to this country of the domestic sanctities and religious observances of the palace and the court? Who could not weep for joy as he reads of Her Majesty's visits to the cottage, her words of tender soothing to the widow, her reading the precious Book at the bedside of the dying, her unflagging interest in the general circulation of the Scriptures, and her constant anxiety for the moral welfare of the nation? And can we ever forget the Christian character, the almost spotless life, the constant and unwearied efforts for his adopted country's weal, of that illustrious Prince, who, while he was with us, was too little known and appreciated; whose death only woke us up to his worth; and who, in all coming time, as long as one stone of the British Constitution remains upon another, and the grand old English language lives, will be known as "Albert the Good"?

Let us bear in mind, then, that while Christianity is not dependent on royal favour, she delights to comfort and gladden the princely heart, and to beautify the palace.

We can readily conjecture that Wycliffe held such views as these. He gratefully accepted the friendship and protection of the Duke of Lancaster; but when they were withdrawn, still confident in God, he held on his way.

It is not my purpose to give even in outline the history of this celebrated Duke. I should be sorry to endorse all that his friends have written, in reference either to his public or private life; but that he ought to live in the memory and esteem of posterity there can be no doubt. Though nearly allied to the throne, as the son of the reigning monarch, he felt himself one with the people. He lived, and fought, and pleaded for their liberties, through good and evil report. He had the sagacity to see that popery is inimical to the civil and religious interests of society; and while he avoided many of the errors into which his descendant Henry VIII. was betrayed, and with a far better character, he exhibited as invincible a resolve to free himself and the nation from the papal yoke. There is a manliness and, at the same time, a humanity about John of Gaunt which you delight to see.

It is, however, his connection with Wycliffe and the religious events of the times with which we have to do. We do not know when their friendly intercourse began; but the startling lectures of the Oxford professor had, doubtless, reached the prince's ears; and then, Wycliffe's defence of the Crown against the Pope brought the two together. They were closely associated in the onslaught against ecclesiastics holding civil offices, and the nomination of Wycliffe as Embassy to the papal court was probably with Lancaster.

The occasion of that appointment was this. The country had long groaned under the exactions of Rome. By what was called the *Pope's provision*, he claimed the right to declare any of the vacant English

benefices to be at his own disposal. These were filled by his nominees, who were chiefly Italians and French. In many instances they were boys, whose education had scarcely begun; in others they were utterly illiterate and wicked. These persons never set foot in the country; but employed curates who were wretchedly paid, and drained off the wealth of the nation to other and hostile lands. In 1350 a check was put upon this rascality by two parliamentary decrees; but in a little while the evil broke out again with even greater violence. In 1373 the aged King listened to the demands of the people, and sent a deputation to the Pope; but his Holiness did not return a satisfactory reply. Parliament again took up the scandal, and sternly demanded redress. A second Embassy was appointed, consisting of seven men, the second of whom was John Wycliffe. The papal Court was at Avignon, but the city of Bruges was selected for the negotiations. These negotiations were tedious, and comparatively fruitless.

Though this effort of diplomacy did not bring much credit to Wycliffe, it was not without profit; for immediately on his return he was presented by the Crown to the prebend of Aust, in the Collegiate Church at Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester; and soon after to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

For a quarter of a century he had lived in Oxford as a Student, a Teacher, and a Professor. By his zeal and courage he had become one of the foremost men in the land. He now gave up the pursuits of the academic, and entered upon those of a parish priest.

His eight years' residence at Lutterworth may be

said to have inaugurated a new era in the history of preaching.

In Wycliffe's times there were chiefly two modes of preaching. One was called *declaring*; we should rather designate it the *essay style*. The text was a motto. The discourse founded upon it was a sort of oration or declamation. The other mode was what we call the *expository style*. With great judgment, as I take it, Wycliffe adopted the latter; and with running comment he expounded and applied scriptural truth. Among the MSS. of the Reformer in the British Museum there are 300 of these homilies.

The simple people of Lutterworth gazed at first with astonishment upon the preacher. A wondrous influence was felt through the neighbourhood. A system of itinerant ministration was organized under Wycliffe's guidance. Many evangelists went forth preaching the word; and the light of the glorious Gospel radiated from Lutterworth into the surrounding Counties.

This long course of heresy, however, was now to be checked. Complaints had been sent to Rome, and nineteen articles drawn from Wycliffe's writings were forwarded for papal condemnation. At length the fulminations came. The Pope pronounced these opinions damnable; and sent by the same messengers four Bulls to England citing the heretic to trial. These were addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the King, and the University of Oxford. They led to the celebrated Convocation of St. Paul's.

The citation to Wycliffe was issued by Convocation on February 3d, 1377; and Thursday, the 19th of that

month, was fixed for his appearance. He immediately repaired to the Duke of Lancaster for advice. His Grace urged him to a firm bearing; assuring him that his abilities were far ahead of his judges, and promising that the Earl Marshal and himself should stand by his side.

The morning of the trial gathered a large concourse in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. It seems that at that moment the Royal Duke was not popular in London. Reports were in circulation that he had a design upon the people's liberties; and so thoroughly was it believed, that his life was in danger. He was not the man, however, to be frightened; and in company with Lord Percy, the Marshal, and the poor persecuted Reformer, he made his way through the crowds to that part of the building called "Our Lady's Chapel," where sat, in great pomp, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, attended by several of the nobility, waiting for the heretic. When they beheld his powerful escort, they were chagrined beyond measure; and a scene of tumult ensued which defies description. Courtney, the Bishop, was of noble birth, and was regarded as the most imperious churchman of the age. He resented the interference of Lancaster and Percy, and said petulantly to the Earl: "Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither."

Whereupon the "fiery Duke" retorted, "He *shall* keep such masteries here, though you say Nay."

During this short passage of arms, Wycliffe meekly stood to answer the charges. Percy requested him to

sit down, saying, "You have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat."

The Bishop resented this insulting sarcasm, and said peremptorily, "It is unreasonable that one cited before his Ordinary should sit down during his answer."

But Lancaster rejoined, "The Lord Percy's motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride not of you alone, but of all the Prelacy of England."

"Do your worst, sir," said Courtney with a sneer.

Lancaster cried in irritation, "Thou bearest thyself so brag upon thy parents, who shall not be able to help thee. They shall have enough to do to help themselves."

The Bishop, evidently calling to mind the apostolic precept that one in his office must not be a "brawler," cooled down suddenly, and said, "My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only God, in whom I trust."

The Duke could not control his temper like the ecclesiastic, but said to the person close by, "Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I will pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the church."

Although this was spoken softly, it was soon made public. Wycliffe was forgotten, and the people took up the quarrel between the Bishop and John of Gaunt. They declared that they would not have their Bishop threatened. The Convocation was broken up, and within a few hours one-half of London was in the hands of the mob. The mansions both of the Duke and the Earl were well-nigh gutted; and a clergyman, who was taken for Lord Percy, was put to death.

Wycliffe retired to Lutterworth, where, for a little while, he was allowed to rest. But it was only for a little. On the 21st June, Edward III. expired. His successor, the son of the Black Prince, assembled the new Parliament on 13th October. The question of so many aliens holding benefices in England, and drawing away its resources, was vigorously discussed. The King submitted the whole question to Wycliffe's judgment. I need not say that his reply was adverse to the papacy. Both Pope and Prelates were alarmed that such confidence was placed in the heretic, and another attempt was made to bring him to trial.

The Envoy who carried the despatch to Oxford was received with polite indifference. The Archbishop, however, sent to the Chancellor an imperious demand that he should personally serve a summons upon Wycliffe to appear at Lambeth. This letter was dated December 18th, and in the following April the Lutterworth Rector stood before the Papal commissioners in the Archbishop's Chapel. But a remarkable change in public opinion had taken place during the last few months. John of Gaunt had lost his influence; but the Reformer waxed stronger and stronger. The populace rushed to Lambeth on the day of trial, crowded the Chapel, declared their hearty attachment to the accused, and overawed the Commissioners. In the midst of the tumult Sir Lewis Clifford entered the Court, with a positive message from the Queen Mother, forbidding them to proceed to Wycliffe's condemnation. The Judges were confounded and silenced, and the glorious Reformer went on his way.

Just about the time of the Lambeth trial, Gregory XI.

died; the Commission of Delegates who sat there as Judges was broken up, and a respite from persecution was given to the Reformer. For the next year or two his time was spent between his pastoral duties, voluminous writings, and visits to the Oxford University. It was probably during one of these visits that the event happened which has furnished the solitary anecdote in his history. His life was crowded with incident; but those questionable persons who are known as anecdote-makers for papers and periodicals never profited much by Wycliffe; for the only fact that could be called "anecdotal" refers to his illness at Oxford. From his portraits which have been handed down to us you do not get the notion of physical strength. There is a piercing eye, and a clear bright countenance; but you would judge him to be of spare and weakly habit. Such scenes of toil and trial as those through which he had passed began to produce their effect. In the beginning of 1379 he was seized with a malady which threatened speedy death. The news spread through Oxford, and his enemies sought to profit by it. They supposed that, though he had been designated by them "a limb of the devil," now, with death before him, he would be penitent and recant. The Mendicants, therefore, selected one from each of their orders to go and receive his confession. That the effect might be complete, four civic authorities—called senators or aldermen—arranged to accompany these four Ecclesiastical Regents. In due and solemn form they entered the sick man's apartment. Wondering for a moment as to the cause of so unexpected an intrusion, Wycliffe looked to know their errand. One

of them, as spokesman, began very blandly by expressing their sorrow at his circumstances, and their hopes of a speedy recovery. Having gained a little time and confidence by this polite falsehood, the speaker went on to say that he, the heretic, could not be ignorant of the grievous wrong which had been done to the Mendicants by his sermons and writings; and expressed a wish that he should penitently confess his sins against the brotherhood, and revoke what he had said and written. Wycliffe listened, as he lay stretched upon his bed, to this unctuous appeal. The deputation now gazed in silence for the reply. He beckoned his servants to come near, and told them to raise him up, and so arrange his pillows that he might sit for a moment; and then, fixing his piercing eye upon the foremost auditor, and contracting his brow so as to express the utmost rebuke and scorn, he exclaimed, with an almost superhuman energy: "*I shall not die, but live; and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars.*" If a thunderbolt from heaven had fallen into the room, it could not have produced a more startling effect. The doctors and their myrmidons slunk off in dismay, and lived to prove the truth of the Reformer's utterance. I have often wondered that historical painters have not seized upon this incident. It might surely be made one of the richest treasures in the world of art.

After Wycliffe's recovery, he proceeded with his literary work. Several tracts were immediately published on the Great Controversy. One was entitled, *The Schism of the Popes*. But his greatest labour for the world now occupied his thought and effort—I

mean, *the translation of the Bible into the English language*. It has been pronounced as Wycliffe's undying fame, "that his is the first instance in modern Europe of the entire Bible translated for the common people. . . . The whole Bible, for the whole world, was his glorious thought." All his predecessors had contented themselves with *portions* of the sacred record. Latin versions were doubtless first used in England. Vernacular translations were not attempted before the seventh century. About the year 700, Aldhelm, the Bishop of Sherborne, produced a version of the Psalms. Guthlac, the celebrated Anchorite, and others, undertook a similar service; and then the "venerable Bede" sent forth a translation of the New Testament.

But of all the early Bibliographers whose names we venerate, none may compare with Wycliffe. His version of the whole Bible was completed about 1380. It was a marvellous effort, considering all the circumstances; and there can be no doubt that this work did more, under God, to prepare the way for the Reformation than any other event in our history.

The circulation of this English version so enraged the hierarchy, that the Prelates brought a bill into the House of Lords to suppress it; but the Duke of Lancaster stoutly objected, and exclaimed, "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing that other nations have the law of God, which is the law of *our* faith, written in their own language."

Most gloriously have the aspirations of John of Gaunt been realized! Many copies of Wycliffe's Bible were made and circulated. And then the discovery of printing was the gift of Heaven. Just about the

middle of the fifteenth century, the first printed copy of the Scriptures was produced on the Continent. Within twenty years, 13,000 volumes were published in twenty-eight editions. In the earlier part of the sixteenth century, the English translation was printed, during the preparation of which Tyndale uttered the memorable saying: "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

Our *Authorized Version* dates from the reign of James I. The British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804. The number of copies which have been circulated is fabulous. Similar societies have done a noble work, but the grand old English version is the only one in existence on which the sun never sets. "We know full well," says the *Annalist*, "that it is actually in use on the banks of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, as well as at Sydney, Port Philip, and Hobart Town; but before the sun's evening rays have left the spires of Quebec or Montreal, his morning beams have already shone for hours upon the shores of Australia and New Zealand. And if it be read by so many of our language in Canada, while the sun is sinking on Lake Ontario; in the Eastern world, where he has risen in his glory on the banks of the Ganges, to the self-same sacred volume many, who are no less our countrymen, have already turned. Yet are all these but as branches from one parent stock, under whose shade the English version, corrected and re-corrected, has been read by myriads for three hundred years."

This great labour of Wycliffe's life was scarcely completed before he found himself in a deadlier controversy than he had known before—the one on the *subtle absurdity of transubstantiation*.

This same year, 1381, was distinguished by a fearful disturbance in London and the neighbourhood, known as *Wat Tyler's rebellion*; and Wycliffe's foes dared to associate his name with it. But we may dismiss this imputation as the purest calumny, and Wycliffe's memory may rest content with Shakespeare's utterance :

“ No might nor greatness in Mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding Calumny
The whitest virtue strikes ; what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? ”

It is said that the closing months of his life “ were passed in the strong expectation that the cell of the convict, if not the horrors of the stake, would be added to the contumely and poverty which he had already incurred.” Providence, however, would not permit a violent death to conclude such a life. For some time he had been threatened with paralysis, and was compelled to employ a curate in the discharge of parochial duty. But to the last he loved the sanctuary ; and it was while he stood at the sacramental table, that the heavenly messenger arrived. This was on the 29th December 1384. For two days he was deprived of speech, and was utterly helpless. The last day of the year saw the angels come to convey his spirit to the heavenly paradise. This was in the sixty-first year of his age.

I cannot stay to portray the spread of Wycliffe's

doctrines after his decease, nor to recite the splendid testimony which Oxford bore to the purity and usefulness of his character. There is no time to tell of the base and cowardly attacks which the Romanists have made upon his memory; but never was there a higher vindication of his goodness than the epitaph which some nameless and malignant monk has written. Here is John Wycliffe as seen through a popish glass: "The devil's instrument, Church's enemy, people's confusion, heretics' idol, hypocrites' mirror, schism's broacher, hatred's sower, lies' forger, flatteries' sink; who at his death despaired like Cain, and, stricken by the horrible judgments of God, breathed forth his wicked soul to the dark mansion of the black devil."

I must forego my intention of giving an outline of Chaucer's life, contemporaneous with that of Wycliffe, and of showing the connection between poetry and the Reformation.

I may not linger on the comparison between Wycliffe and Luther, nor on a delineation of the character of that beautiful Bohemian princess, whose steps were directed to this country just in the midst of Wycliffe's course, and who rendered invaluable service to the cause of truth when Queen of England.

But let me, in conclusion, ask for some good practical result from our historical review. The young men of this age may learn a lesson. Wycliffe did not live to himself, but for all time; and his name and deeds will live to the latest generations. We want men of his mental calibre and inflexible determination. It is lamentable to see human beings passing

through the world without plan or purpose—like the chip of wood flung, as worthless, from the block into the running stream, altogether at the mercy of the current, driven back again and again by the eddy from the shore; seeming not to know what to do or where to go, the sport of the wind and tide, and apparently having no object but to typify the persons whom we now condemn. Oh! for some men of purpose, who will neither dream nor fritter their life away, but so live as to impress their Christian character upon coming populations—men who will make an age of their own, and not be content to live upon their patrimony; and who, above all, will be willing to take as a perfect example of decision Him who said, “I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work!”

We need men who are prepared to chastise with a more vigorous hand the vices of the times; who will thoroughly examine, and then resolutely maintain, gospel truth; who will have independence of soul enough not to yield to puerile objections to Christianity, whether raised by the mitred delinquent, or the rationalistic professor, or the avowed sceptic. There are days of danger before us. We have need to inquire who are the friends, and who the enemies, of our Master. Let us give the hearty hand of fellowship to the one, and fight with the other to the death.

“Oh, my brothers! Oh, my sisters!

Would to God that ye were near,

Gazing with me down the vistas

Of a sorrow strange and drear;

Would to God that ye were listening to a voice I seem to hear.

“With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,
Who shall marvel if, thus striving,
We have counted friend for foe ;
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for blow.

“Let us draw their mantles o’er us,
Which have fallen in our way ;
Let us do the work before us
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and no longer shines the day.”

Let us form right views of our Country’s work and glory. It is now too late to ask what it is which has made us great. You saw the condition of the land, morally, commercially, and politically, when Wycliffe entered upon his career. You may easily trace the progress of Protestant truth and national advancement running in parallel lines. Would that the advocates of a miserable expediency might study the principles and practices of Romish superstition ! We will raise our voice for equal laws and protection to ALL ; but it is folly to suppose that this would satisfy the Romanists. The re-conquest of England to the Papacy is their war-cry ; but we must raise the answering shout as of thunder, *No peace with Rome.*

“Up, England, and avert it ! boldly break
The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away
The cords of bad expedience ; is it wise,
Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,
To dare sure vengeance on to-morrow’s skies ?
Be wiser, thou dear land, my native home,
Do always good, do good that good may come ;
The path of duty lies before thee plain,
Turn from the harlot speech of papal Rome,
For none who go that way return again.”

Our Country owes its high and sublime position to

its maintenance of the Reformed Religion. It is far from being what it ought to be; but it is far better than it would have been if the leprous hand of Rome had not been plucked away. We must not forget our responsibilities, nor the destinies which are before us, if we are faithful to ourselves and God. The world shall bless our name. The slave shall still run hither for freedom, and the oppressed for refuge; and as in so many instances, both right and wrong, England's *power* has been felt, "mankind shall feel her mercy too."

We may well remember that the future of the Country depends upon the maintenance of that which has made it great. Throw into the shade our Protestant institutions; break down all the barriers which our fathers reared; admit the Jesuit to offices of high and solemn trust; fling open, without restraint, your gaols and workhouses to *his* visits, who would glory beyond everything in making proselytes to Rome; let the Government ensconce Romanists in the "Record" and other offices, where the old Protestant State papers lie; let it be generally understood that Protestantism and Popery are much on a level, and that any difference between them is not worth a struggle;—and then the downfall of Old England has begun. But, on the other hand, let us preserve our Constitution in its integrity; let us, while we bear ourselves towards those who differ from us courteously and respectfully, not hesitate to affirm that our principles are right, and that theirs are wrong; let us watch with a constant jealousy the encroachments of our insidious foe; above all, let us maintain the gospel in its purity

and power : and the land is safe. 'Tis true the vessel of the State is often found in the narrow seas, and there are many breakers. But if the Pilot of the Galilean lake will condescend to guide her, she will brave and outlive the storm.

“Christ be near thee ; Christ upbear thee
Over waters wide and drear,
Through all dangers, among strangers,
With no friend or brother near.
Then the winds and waves may wrestle,
Skies may threaten, deeps may rave,
Safely rides the labouring vessel,
When the Saviour walks the wave.

“Though thine earnest need be sternest,
And in darkness works the storm,
Drifting lonely where One only
Can outstretch the saving arm :
On His breast serenely nestle,
Winds nor waves can overwhelm ;
Straight for haven goes the vessel,
When the Saviour's at the helm.

“Clouds may lighten, lips may whiten,
Praying looks be dark with dread ;
Sails may shiver, true hearts quiver
At death going overhead.
Yet, though winds and waters wrestle,
Masts may spring, and bulwarks dip,
Safely rides the labouring vessel,
When the Saviour's in the ship.”

II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE history of England is the wonder of the world. Ranked only as a third or fourth rate power till the Reformation, it then began, with its embrace of pure Christianity, to develop its internal resources, and to extend its conquests. Maintaining a bold stand for Truth, and consecrating life and wealth to its spread, this country has pursued an unchecked career of glory ; and though a tiny island of the sea, it is now in the van of nations as to commerce, legislation, civilisation, and religion. Its dependencies are in every quarter of the globe ; its alliances are universally appreciated ; its name is the shield of the traveller, the safety of the exile, and the hope of the slave ; its people are generous and brave ; its peers the noblest of nobility ; and its monarch's character is without a stain. It has been stated that our gracious Queen now reigns over one whole continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. "She waves her hand, and a thousand ships of war, with a hundred thousand sailors, are ready to perform her bidding on the ocean. She gives the command, and five hundred

thousand warriors rush into the battle-field to conquer or die. The Assyrian empire was never so wealthy; the Roman empire was never so populous; the Persian empire was never so extensive; the Carthaginian empire was never so much dreaded; the Spanish empire was never so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of territory than Attila ever ruled. We have subdued more kingdoms than Alexander of Macedon. We have dethroned more monarchs, if it be anything to our credit, than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power; and we have gained to ourselves a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane the Tartar ever spurred his horse's hoof across." But our country has attained a moral greatness, sublimer far than its geographical extent, or than its political renown; and the secret of that greatness is to be found in its unswerving maintenance of the *Protestant religion*.

Some take a superficial view of England's glory. They look at its palaces and public charities, its churches and lazarettos, its arsenals and dockyards, its army and navy, its equipage and pageantry, its commerce and agriculture—and they are in ecstasies of joy. I join them in admiration of every feature of national dignity and power; but I like to think of days gone by, when the foundations of it all were laid. I like to think of our old England's heroes, who, for the sake of fatherland, endured hardness as Christian soldiers, and fell into a martyr's grave. We are reaping the fruit of that seed which was sown in the glorious Revolution of 1688. We inherit the blessings which our Puritan ancestors of the sixteenth century have secured to us. We are the sons of the Reforma-

tion, and our fair inheritance is seen in our civil and religious liberties. All honour to the statesman and the hero—the great and good of our own times; but I rejoice to throw back my thoughts to the days and deeds of men departed. The subject of our lecture is well said to be one of those “pivot-points” on which the destiny of this Christian country has turned.

“ Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England’s praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.”

My purpose is, first, to review the reign of Queen Elizabeth so far as that you may see the causes and occasions of this celebrated invasion; and, secondly, to fix attention upon the Armada itself. I hold it to have been a great religious enterprise, or, rather, an irreligious enterprise under the pretended sanctions of religion. Events, therefore, merely political or social will be passed by; but we may stay for a moment to say that curiosity-seekers may reap a rich harvest. It was in this reign, for instance, that tobacco was introduced here; whether the importer deserved a pension or a halter is matter of controversy. About this time coaches began to be built in England; pocket-watches were brought into common use; the Royal Exchange of London was completed; the coinage was reformed; the lottery system was started for the purpose of supplying the national exchequer; and—the most called for of all—several Royal proclamations were issued to regulate the size of ladies’ dresses, and the shape of gentlemen’s coats and neckties.

Elizabeth ascended the throne of England at a crisis in its history. Under the government of Henry VIII. our ancestors threw off the galling yoke of Rome. This was not from their love to him ; but his quarrel with the Pope was the occasion which they seized for claiming emancipation from priestly thrall, and embracing the heaven-born blessing of religious liberty. During the short reign of Edward VI. the work of Reformation proceeded vigorously. But after the few days' elevation of Lady Jane Grey, Bloody Mary was proclaimed, and soon began those horrible atrocities upon the Protestants which will give to her name an unenviable immortality. She at once restored the ceremony of the mass ; made Gardiner and Pole and Bonner her chief councillors ; received formal absolution from the Pope's legate on behalf of the country ; threw her sister Elizabeth into prison ; and hurried hundreds of Protestants to a martyr's grave. Those were the days

“ When persecuting zeal made royal sport
Of royal innocence in Mary's Court ;
Then Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake.”

On the morning of November 17th, 1558, Mary died. Parliament was at once summoned, and Elizabeth's claims were rapturously acknowledged. She had been removed from close custody in the Tower to Hatfield, where some degree of liberty was allowed her. Hearing of her sister's death, and her own proclamation, she at once left her retreat and made for the metropolis. At Highgate she was met by the Bishops, all of whom were courteously received except Bonner, the man of

blood. From him she turned with expressions of loathing. Visiting the Tower, where a little while before she lay a prisoner because of her Protestantism, and contrasting her present and former position, she gave thanks to God, and renewed her resolution to restore and uphold the Reformed religion.

From the moment of her accession she made no secret of her intentions; and her royal motto was, "*Semper eadem.*" The selection of her councillors displayed great acuteness of understanding and strength of will. As a matter of expediency, she retained several of her sister's ministers; but, by her nomination of others, she gave unmistakable indications as to her view of the Papacy. She gathered around her throne the noblest and ablest men of that age; and they devoted themselves to her interests with a gallantry, as well as ability, worthy of all praise.

The coronation took place on January 13th, 1559, the Queen having the day previously gone to the Tower, in solemn procession, according to ancient custom. There was great difficulty in finding a Prelate to conduct the service. Several sees were then vacant by death, and the Catholic bishops refused to undertake the ceremony because of the Queen's intentions respecting Popery. At length Oglethorpe, of Carlisle, was prevailed upon. The ceremony was performed according to the Roman pontifical, except that the elevation of the host was omitted. During the procession from the Tower, a circumstance occurred which gave general joy. While passing along Cheapside, amid the acclamations of the people, a boy who was intended to personate Truth was let down from one of the trium-

phal arches, and gracefully handed to her Majesty a copy of the Bible. She took and pressed the volume to her heart; and declared that of all the costly presents she had that day received, this was by far the most precious and acceptable; that it should be her constant companion and the guide of her life.

The Queen speedily summoned her ministers for consultation as to the best mode of accomplishing the restoration of Protestantism. She recalled those who, because of the persecution of the preceding reign, had gone into exile, and set at liberty all who were in prison for the sake of conscience. There is a story told of one Rainsford, who, when the Queen was thus giving liberty to the captive, humbly approached her Majesty, and said he had a petition to present on behalf of certain other prisoners who had undergone a sad confinement during her predecessor's sway. Their names were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and others. She pleasantly replied that it would be her duty to converse with the prisoners first, to see whether or not they desired their liberty, and if they did they should certainly have it.

She forbade henceforth the elevation of the host, issued a proclamation for the public service to be conducted chiefly in English, and on the first Christmas day of her reign refused to have the mass celebrated in her presence.

A few days after the coronation, the Parliament assembled. Religious questions were soon introduced. The statutes made in the time of Henry and Edward against the Papacy and in favour of Protestantism, which Mary had repealed, were renewed. The first-

fruits and tenths of ecclesiastical preferments, which had been made over to Cardinal Pole for the purpose of promoting Popery, were restored to the Crown, and the Queen's supremacy was declared, while the authority of the Pope was utterly repudiated. The oath of supremacy was in strong terms. Whoever refused to take it was incapacitated from holding office, and all who denied the Queen's supremacy, or attempted to destroy the prerogative, were subjected to fine and imprisonment, and a third offence was accounted treason. The Bishops stoutly opposed this piece of legislation; but only two temporal peers voted with them, while the Commons passed the bill with acclamation. The reforming process was now carried on with vigour. The whole of the Liturgy was read in the vernacular, images were removed, and those officers who would not take the oath of supremacy were deposed. There were at that time nearly ten thousand church preferments in the country; but Roman Catholics themselves do not enumerate more than two hundred depositions; so that the immense bulk of the clergy took the oath, and renounced the Pope. Nearly all the Bishops, however, were among the two hundred. They were displaced, and after a few days' confinement had their full liberty, with the exceptions of Lincoln and Winchester, who had threatened to excommunicate the Queen. Others were appointed. Parker, who had been chaplain to Henry, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, by three *quondam* Bishops. He then ordained the others.

The Roman Pontiff was now treated with contempt. There was a large bonfire in the public street of

wooden crucifixes, presenting a happy contrast with the flames of the martyrs, which only a little before cast their horrid glare over Smithfield and other parts of the City.

But while the vast majority of the nation gratefully accepted the Reformation, there were two classes who found fault with the Queen's conduct. One was the thorough Protestant, who thought she did not go far enough: the other was the thorough Papist, who thought she went too far. Looking back to that period, the impartial judge will say that the Protestant had some ground of complaint. Great allowance is to be made for her Majesty's position; but we must always regret that when the work of reformation was in hand it was not done thoroughly. It may be that to this very day Christianity is suffering because some of the ligaments which bound and crippled it for ages were then permitted to remain. Passing by the harsh treatment which Elizabeth showed to the Puritans, which can never be justified, it had been well if every Popish ceremony had been abandoned. Passages were permitted to remain in the Book of Common Prayer which should have been erased. The prayer which was inserted in Edward's time for deliverance from the thralldom of the Bishop of Rome was expunged. Many of the Roman Catholic festivals were retained. The Queen ordered the communion table to be placed where the altar stood. In her own chapel the altar table was furnished with rich plate, gilt candlesticks, and a massive crucifix; and she moreover enjoined that the sacramental bread should be made after the Popish fashion, in the form of wafers. It is said that when

her chaplain, Nowel, was preaching before her, and spake not very reverently of the sign of the cross, "she called out from her closet window, commanding him to return from that ungodly digression, and get back to his text." But on another occasion, when a divine had preached a sermon in defence of the real presence, "she openly gave him thanks for his pains and piety." She would positively have required the celibacy of the clergy, had not her ministers interfered; and, indeed, the statute of Mary on this subject was not formally repealed till the reign of James I.

But, after all, these defects must not prevent us from rightly estimating her services to Protestant truth. On one subject she never wavered—her hearty abhorrence of the Pope's assumptions, and her indomitable resolution to rid England both of them and him. She loved her people; and believing, on the one hand, that Popery fettered the understanding and obstructed national progress, and that the Protestant religion, on the other, would be the safety and elevation of her Country, she never really hesitated between the two. And, observe, she had not to drag on an unwilling population, but had rather to guide and even restrain their enthusiasm in favour of an open Bible, freedom of conscience, and religious liberty.

The Elizabethan Reformation may be said to have been completed in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles of Edward's reign were revised, and the Thirty-nine were adopted by Convocation, and subscription to them was enforced on the English clergy. But the Queen and Country found that the work was only just begun. Popish rebellion and treason very soon appeared, and

Parliament was driven to enact stringent laws, not so much against Roman Catholicism as against the treasonable practices which that system instigated and upheld.

The Queen came to be regarded as the Champion of Protestantism throughout Christendom. She entered into an alliance with the King of Scotland for the maintenance of the Reformed religion. During the third civil war in France she openly allied herself with the Protestants there; and when the Netherlanders could no longer endure the tyranny of Spain and Italy, she espoused their cause, gave their exiles a sanctuary in England, and sent both men and money to carry on the war.

There were two parties who, during this struggle, mortally hated the Queen. The first, of course, was his Holiness the Pope; the second was his Holiness' friend, Philip, King of Spain.

We begin with his Holiness. From Elizabeth's youthhood, the Pope had regarded her, as the heir-apparent, with suspicion; and when she ascended the throne, he treated her with insolence. She wrote to the ambassador at Rome, telling him to notify her accession to the Holy Father. But the reply to the Queen's courtesy was a great impertinence. The ambassador was told that "England was a fief of the Holy See, and it was great temerity in Elizabeth to have assumed, without his participation, the title and authority of Queen. That were he to proceed with rigour he would punish this criminal invasion of his rights by rejecting all her applications; but, being willing to treat her with paternal indulgence, he would still open the door of grace to her; and that, if she

would renounce all pretensions to the throne, and submit entirely to his will, she should experience the utmost lenity, compatible with the dignity of the Apostolic See."

An infallible Pope, however, can change his manner, if not his purpose. Assuming, therefore, a most fatherly and tender character, he sent an embassy to her Majesty with an affectionate epistle. It was addressed to "Our Most Dear Daughter in Christ, Elizabeth," and it urged upon her the propriety and safety of throwing herself and her people into his parental arms.

Finding, however, that she was not grateful enough to appreciate either his letter or ambassador, he thought it time to change the ground again and come back to his true and proper position. To see a Pope covering his face with smiles of affection, and filling his eyes with tears of sympathy, when speaking of Protestants, is very suggestive. Chagrined, therefore, that his blandness and assumed affability had not been properly appreciated, in great wrath he transformed himself into both Vulcan and Jupiter; and, forging a red-hot thunderbolt, he hurled it at England and her island Queen. This is a wonderful document, and ought to be associated with the famous minute of the Pope's Council at Rome, which decreed "a pardon to be granted to any that would assault the Queen, or to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, physician, grocer, surgeon, or any other calling whatever, that would make her away; and an absolute remission of sins to the heirs of that party's family, and a perpetual annuity to them for ever, and to be of the privy council to whomsoever afterwards should reign."

On 25th May, 1570, a man called John Felton affixed a copy of this bull to the gates of the palace of the Bishop of London. He was taken into custody, and tried for treason. He acknowledged the act, and professed to die a martyr. This bull, and the declaration of the Pope's Council just cited, led to no end of plotting against her Majesty. It is impossible to account for the repeated failures, except by acknowledging the special providence of God. From her very childhood she was in danger; and throughout her reign the country was disturbed with these attempts upon her life.

In 1568, the Pope sent a man from Florence to excite the Roman Catholics of England to commit this murder. In 1569, an Englishman received a similar commission from his Holiness. In 1570, a rebellion broke out in Ireland, under the same auspices. A few years later, James Fitzmarris took from the Pontiff's hand a consecrated banner, and came to England on the same errand. 1584 witnessed the discovery and punishment of Throckmorton's conspiracy. In the same year, a Popish missal was published urging the ladies of the Queen's household to do to her as Judith had done to Holofernes, *i.e.* to murder her in cold blood upon her bed. In 1585, a more dangerous conspiracy still was formed. A Roman Catholic, of the house of Parry, who had been convicted of treason and pardoned by the Queen, went over to Milan to consult a Jesuit priest as to the best service he could render to Rome. He was assured that nothing could be so meritorious as to shoot Elizabeth. The Papal Nuncio in that city was consulted, and gave the proposal an unqualified

approval. The traitor then wrote a letter to the Pope, detailing his scheme, and asking absolution and benediction. He received a most applauding answer, and the desired indulgence. The assassin came to England, and was joined by a nobleman in his bloody purpose. The day and circumstances were fixed; but the nobleman betrayed his companion. Parry was tried and condemned, and he suffered death. The last and most notorious of all the conspiracies against Elizabeth, previous to the Spanish invasion, was in 1586. It is memorable, because the trial and execution of Mary Queen of Scots arose out of it. Ballard, a Romish priest, addressed himself to a Derbyshire gentleman, who was known to be a warm admirer of Mary; and he not only joined the plot, but secured the co-operation of many others. He secretly conveyed the plan to Mary, who approved it, and promised that all the assassins should be amply rewarded. But a spy of the Government became acquainted with the whole scheme. At the proper time every conspirator was seized, and endured a fearful death.

Now, let it be remembered that all these attempts were instigated by the Popes and their adherents. England was lost, and they resolved either to regain it or to be avenged.

We now look at the other great agent in this Armada movement, Philip of Spain. By his devotion to the Papacy, he well earned, and proudly wore, the title of the "Catholic King." The Reformation in England went like a dagger to his heart. He claimed a personal interest in the British crown. He was, moreover, eaten up of ambition, so that when his interest and inclina-

tion were backed by the authority of the Pope, he was eager to do battle against the Protestantism of this Country.

He had formerly married Elizabeth's sister and predecessor. Before Mary's death, she desired that he might be proclaimed her successor. The Queen of Scots had also pretended to devise her claim to the British crown to him. He was, moreover, himself a descendant of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III. So that, accepting, of course, the Popish dogma that heretics have no right to reign, he came to the conclusion that the crown of England belonged to him. Indeed, immediately after Mary's death, he sought to marry Elizabeth; and of all the noble suitors which that royal lady had—and surely no poor creature was ever so tormented with lovers—he was the most formidable. His ambassador, who presented the overtures, was instructed to say that the Pope would grant him a special licence to marry his former wife's sister. She kept him in suspense for a while, as coquettes sometimes do, during which he wrote her most loving epistles; and then, instead of a formal refusal, she gave him a practical one, by inaugurating the Protestant religion. As in the case of other disappointed lovers, this gave great offence to Philip; and he now determined that, as she would not marry, she should not reign. Well trained, however, in the art of deceit, he blandly smiled, and assured his former lady-love that, as he could not be her husband, he would be her friend. But he at once entered into an alliance with Rome against this Country. His war with Portugal, however, prevented him for some years from making the

invasion ; but at length it was urged upon him by the Pope as a solemn duty.

Two *occasions* for an open rupture were soon presented. The first was the sympathy which Elizabeth had manifested with the Hollanders in their struggle for liberty ; and the second was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

But while these were the occasions, the *cause* of the invasion, doubtless, was the determination of England to stand by the Protestant religion. Only a few years before, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's had taken place. More than thirty thousand innocent victims were murdered by the command of their king, who had just before assured them of his protection. This Charles IX., so far from repenting of his atrocious act, in commemoration of the event struck a medal, with an inscription declaring that it was piety which had done the deed. The Pope, moreover, applauded the massacre, ordered a jubilee and public thanksgiving, and also issued a commemorative medal.

Now what was done in France in 1572, was intended to be done on a larger scale in England in 1588. The Queen had been twice excommunicated. She was declared to be a usurper, and her subjects were absolved from their allegiance. Every Roman Catholic kingdom was exhorted to take up arms against her. Those who refused to do so were cursed, and a plenary indulgence was offered to all who should attempt to depose her. Cardinal Allen was sent into Flanders, that he might prepare for and accompany the expedition, and was nominated as the Pope's legate in England, when it should be subdued. And finally,

to show that Popery instigated this invasion, his Holiness promised to contribute a million crowns towards the expenses; but was wily enough to stipulate that the money should be paid when England was taken.

The memorable 1588 at length arrived. It had long been predicted that this would be an extraordinary year. Some Königsberg astronomer, a century before, had declared that 1588 would be a year of wonders; and the German chronologers had stated that it would be the climacterical year of the world. All the Papal nations were hoping that the time had come for the extirpation of heresy, and the re-establishment of the holy faith. It was now generally known that the king of Spain was preparing to invade England. He was regarded throughout the world as the champion of the Papacy.

We are brought to the facts immediately connected with the enterprise.

The preparations which Philip made were most extraordinary. For more than two years these had been noiselessly going on; but when the projected invasion was no longer a secret, every part of his vast dominions resounded with the war-cry. From the highest noble to the lowest peasant, service was exacted. All the dockyards and arsenals were filled with workmen, and the ominous hum was heard throughout the lands of Europe. It was pretended that these preparations were against America and the Low Countries. But Walsingham, through one of his spies, obtained a copy of a letter which Philip had privately written to the Pope, stating that the design was the invasion of England, the death of Elizabeth, the placing of Mary

on the throne, and the destruction of the Protestant faith.

Here is the result of this three years' toil: one hundred and thirty vessels, twelve of which were named after the apostles, and others after the saints of the Romish calendar; nearly twenty thousand soldiers, besides the large army under the Duke of Parma; eight thousand four hundred and fifty marines; two thousand and eighty-eight galley slaves; two thousand six hundred and thirty heavy pieces of cannon, with four thousand five hundred and seventy-five quintals of gunpowder. Provisions for six months were put on board. There was a fabulous quantity of biscuit, bacon, fish, cheese, rice, etc. There were fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy pipes of wine, with thirty-three thousand eight hundred and seventy measures of vinegar.

Another article was supplied to a large extent, in the form of priests; one hundred and eighty of these holy men were consecrated to this work.

These monks and friars were to take an important part in subduing the country. They brought appropriate weapons. In the vessels which were seized by the English commanders, were found many instruments of torture. Don Pedro, who was taken prisoner and examined before the Lords of the Council as to the design of these engines of cruelty, coolly replied, "We meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my Master's rebels, and done such dishonour to our Catholic king and people. And as to the children," said he, "they who were above seven years old should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should

have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L, for Lutheran, in perpetual bondage."

A litany was especially prepared for the fleet and Roman Catholic churches, in which Heaven was implored to assist the faithful against the heretics of England. Never had superstition a finer opportunity for display than here, and never was a people more fully under its spell. But it was not the first time that superstition had urged the Spaniard to war. In the old ballads of that once brave and chivalrous nation there are many cases. In one, for instance, there is a "description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Milan, mounted on snow-white steeds, and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas :"—

- " And when the kings were in the field, their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed, to mingle in the fray ;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes—
These were a numerous army—a little handful those.
- " And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts
on high ;
And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.
- " They rode upon two horses, more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore, such as before no mortal man had seen.
The one he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore ;
The other held a crucifix—such man ne'er saw before.
- " The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again ;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain ;
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.
- " And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle ground,
They dashed among the Moors, and dealt unerring blows around ;

Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread into the hindmost of the throng.

“ Down went the misbelievers, fast sped the bloody fight ;
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright.
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

“ Another thing befell them—they dreamed not of such woes—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight, and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

“ Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified apostle, the brother of St. John ;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Milan of Cogolla's neighbourhood.”

When the fleet was nearly ready, King Philip assembled his Councillors to consult whether it was better to attack England first, or begin with Holland. The resolution to invade England was taken, though against the opinions of the best Spanish officers.

The plan of operations was also deliberated, and it was agreed that the Armada should sail to the coast opposite to Dunkirk and Nieuport, and having chased away all English and Flemish vessels, should join the Duke of Parma,—thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the conquest of England. The chief officer received orders that in passing along the Channel he should avoid an engagement with the English fleet, and keeping in view the main enterprise, neglect all smaller successes which might prove an obstacle or even interpose a delay to the acquisition of a kingdom. And now that every preparation was made, the admirals obtained their commissions ; the Pope blessed the

enterprise ; and the King, confident of success, took the christening out of the hands of his Holiness, and named it the "Invincible Armada."

We now look at the preparations which this country made to meet the formidable foe. For some time a sharp look-out had been kept on the Spaniard by the English ministers, so that the danger was really apprehended. The moment was felt to be at hand which would decide whether England should maintain its Protestant independency, or crouch once more at the feet of Rome. It was a case of life or death ; and nobly did all classes rush to the rescue.

With that quick-sightedness which distinguished the Queen and her two principal advisers, special care was taken as to the selection of Commanders. This was the more necessary because of the superiority of the enemy's navy. They had the advantage in everything but heart and Providence. The pluck of the British sailor was unconquerable ; and God, mercifully, never left us. There were then only fourteen thousand seamen in the kingdom. "The size of the English shipping was, in general, so small, that, except a few of the Queen's ships of war, there were not four vessels belonging to the merchants which exceeded four hundred tons. The royal navy consisted only of twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size ; none of them exceeding the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them rather deserving the name of pinnaces than of ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the dexterity and courage of the seamen ; who, being accustomed to sail in tempestuous seas, and to expose themselves to all dangers,

as much exceeded in this particular the Spanish mariners, as their vessels were inferior in size and force to those of that nation."

The chief command was given to the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Effingham and Nottingham, commonly called Lord Howard. No man was more remarkable for the union of courage and judgment; and his appointment to the command of the fleet inspired hopes of success.

He was supported by three of the noblest sailors in the world. Sir Francis Drake was made Vice-Admiral. Though born of mean parentage, he was trained in the right school. Very early in life he committed his fortunes to the waves, and soon earned a reputation. In 1567, he obtained a commission, and joined the expedition of Sir John Hawkins to the Gulf of Mexico. The enterprise failed, and he only just escaped the hands of the Spaniards. The chaplain of his vessel taught him a lesson on sea-divinity to this effect: that, as the King of Spain's subjects had treated Mr. Drake badly, it was Mr. Drake's duty to treat the King of Spain in the same manner; and he became a profound theologian of that particular school. He sailed in the *Dragon* to America, more in the character of a pirate than a British officer; took immense prizes, and returned home. The next year found him on the same track. His successes were unexampled, and he came back with a fabulous sum of money; so that, at the distance of a century, Sir William Davenant, the poet-laureate in the reign of Charles II., made this expedition the basis of a dramatic performance, called *The History of Sir Francis Drake*.

This distinguished adventurer was introduced at Court; and, having received the command of a small squadron, he undertook his celebrated voyage round the world. The Queen graciously received him on his return; and, stepping aboard his little vessel, near Deptford, she conferred on him the honour of knight-hood. The scholars of Winchester school took their part in that day's pageant, and having composed some lines in honour of their hero, posted them upon the mainmast of his ship :—

“ Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which North and South do bound :

“ The stars above would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.”

While the King of Spain was making his huge preparations, Drake was despatched to destroy his ships, and intercept his provisions. He took and fired one hundred vessels in the port of Calais, and captured large quantities of ammunition. And when the British fleet was officered, he was second in command.

Sir John Hawkins and Sir Martin Frobisher were appointed Rear-Admirals; while Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the great Duke, had charge of forty vessels on the Netherlands coast, to look after the Duke of Parma.

The preparations were made with the utmost energy, under the guidance of a Council of War which the Queen had nominated. They issued an order

declaring that "the places most convenient for the enemy's landing, as Milford Haven, Falmouth, Plymouth, the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, the Downs, the Thames' mouth, Harwich, Yarmouth, Hull, and others, should be well manned and fortified—that the trained soldiers of those shires which lay near the coast should defend those places, and be ready, at the alarm, to hinder the enemy from landing—and if they did land, to lay the country waste, that they might find no subsistence, and, by continually crying 'Arm, arm!' give the enemy no rest; but yet they were not to give battle till more commanders and their soldiers were come up."

The Queen issued a letter to each lord-lieutenant, urging him to bestir himself at this time of exigency. The Council despatched a circular to the nobles of the land, with the same intent. To these demands prompt responses were given, and every shire sent up its complement of men and furniture.

All the commercial towns were required to furnish ships for the reinforcement of the royal navy; and right heartily did they perform the task. London fitly took the lead: fifteen ships and five thousand men had been requested, but the Metropolitan City provided twenty-three thousand soldiers, twenty-nine vessels, and two thousand marines. I see among the list of shipping the name of the *Mayflower*. May it not have been that very vessel which, a few years later, conveyed the Pilgrim Fathers to their New England home? A Protestant ship that, every inch of her; and it may be that when the *Great Eastern* is forgotten, the *Mayflower* will live, as the memorial of

Papal intolerance, and of the eternal rights of an Englishman—his civil and religious liberty.

The result of all this preparation is thus stated: one hundred and forty-three vessels—though very few of them were men-of-war. The army numbered seventy-nine thousand men, and was arranged in three divisions: twenty thousand troops were stationed on the South Coast; twenty-two thousand foot and one thousand horse at Tilbury; and thirty-six thousand to protect her Majesty.

It is said—though there is some dispute as to the fact—that these preparations were greatly stimulated by a project which has had, and will yet have, a powerful influence on the destinies of England. The country was quickly¹ aroused by the tidings of the coming invasion, and the Queen appreciated her situation. Destitute of allies—Scotland and Ireland just in the balance—the most powerful monarch in the world as her adversary, and many matters at home in a critical position, she saw that her safety, under God, was in the enthusiasm of her people. The first newspaper ever published is said to have been then started, under the name of the *English Mercury*. Its professed object was to excite the national mind in these preparations for the Armada; and nobly did that *Mercury* accomplish the purpose. Number after number dealt severe blows against Popery, and touched in no delicate manner the doings of his Holiness and the King of Spain. The barbarities of Mary's reign were reproduced. Exciting pictures of St. Bartholomew's were published. The cruelties of the Inquisition were portrayed. The engines of torture accumulating for the Armada were

described. All England was urged, by the love of home and family, by the calls of patriotism and loyalty, to unite with the Government against the common foe.

Some writers date the commencement of newspapers a few years later; but, if what I have stated be correct, it is interesting to know that the *press* of England had a Protestant origin; and earnestly may we hope that the immense power which it wields may always be on the side of truth. It is now the purest and, therefore, the most powerful in the world. This first English newspaper, as it has been termed, is now preserved in the library of the British Museum. It certainly does not bear all the marks of genuineness one would like to see; but, whether genuine or spurious, it is an interesting document. It is headed, "*The English Mercury*, Published by Authority, for the Prevention of False Reports," and dated "Whitehall, July 23, 1588." It consists of four quarto pages. The first page announces the appearance of the Spanish fleet on the Devon coast. The second page gives a description of the first engagement. The third recounts the Spanish preparations; and the fourth relates an interview between the City authorities and the Queen. ✓

While the military and political preparations were going on, the Government did not think it beneath its calling to commit the case to the benediction and interposition of Heaven. "The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord." It is the height of folly to attribute victory to merely human causes, and it is the height of wisdom to acknowledge all that is good as the gift of God. Prayers suited to the occasion were prepared and used throughout the

nation. Public fasts were enjoined, and in the Queen's chapel special intercession was offered on her behalf, as well as for her subjects.

To inspire the army with fresh heroism, her Majesty resolved, though contrary to the advice of the Secretary, to visit Tilbury, where part of the troops were stationed under the Earl of Leicester. Her presence had the desired effect. Wherever she went, accompanied by the officers, she was received with enthusiasm. She assumed the orator as well as the soldier. Her energetic speech well-nigh drove her warriors mad; and in their ungovernable excitement they pledged themselves to death or victory. Sitting upon a richly caparisoned war-horse, and holding a marshal's truncheon in her hand, while Essex on one side and Leicester on the other held the bridle-reins, she said: "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you that I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself, that (under God) I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all—to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king

of England too; and think fine scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm—to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field; not doubting we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people.”

A schedule is preserved, showing the number of men which each County furnished. There is also a financial statement as to the daily expense of this army. The lieutenant-general received six pounds per day; but most of the other officers were put on short commons. The judge-general had only two shillings and eightpence, the gaoler one shilling and eightpence, while the trumpeter, the clerk, and the surgeon were put on a level—one shilling and sixpence each.

A Council of War was held as to the plan of operations. The course to be pursued on land has been already stated; and it was agreed that the admiral's policy should be defensive—not to engage in a regular sea-fight, but to follow up any advantage which Providence might offer for harassing and dividing the Spanish fleet.

It was on the 29th of May, that the Armada sailed from the port of Lisbon, the Tagus having been appointed as the rendezvous of the whole fleet. But from the very day of sailing, and even before, disaster befell it. The ablest seaman of Spain, who had been appointed to the chief command, was seized with fever, and died, just as the preparations were completed. By a singular concurrence, the Vice-Admiral was at the

same time carried away by death. An officer was then appointed, who had no recommendation but the nobility of his birth, and when opposed to British sagacity and valour, this did not go for much.

On the day after leaving the port, a violent storm arose, which did great damage ; so much so, that several vessels were lost altogether, and the rest were glad to take refuge in the Corunna harbour. When the news of this first casualty reached England, the Secretary of State wrote to Admiral Howard, saying that the storm had doubtless prevented the Armada coming that year, and therefore he must send into port, for the autumn and winter, four of his largest ships. But he was not so credulous as the Secretary ; and begged, even though it were at his own cost, that the fleet might remain as it was, till the truth was known. He would not wait for a reply ; but, taking advantage of a favourable breeze, resolved to see for himself. He sailed within a few miles of the Spanish coast, when the wind came directly about to the South ; and, knowing that that wind might bring the enemy to our shores, he wisely turned round and made his way to Plymouth.

Just as he supposed, the Spanish Admiral set sail. He soon came up with a small fishing-boat, the master of which told him that the English Admiral had been at sea, had heard of the storm which had overtaken the Armada, and, believing that the enterprise must be abandoned for a year, he had laid up his vessels, and discharged his seamen. This false intelligence led him to break his orders ; and, instead of joining the Duke of Parma, he resolved to sail to Plymouth,

and, as he supposed, quietly take possession of the English shipping, and proclaim King Philip all over the Country. About sunset on July 19th, the Armada made the Lizard Point. The Spanish Admiral was not well up in his Geography, and took it for the Ram Head, near Plymouth. He therefore bore out into the sea for the night, resolving next morning to take the prize.

An English pirate, Thomas Fleming, had fallen in with the Armada, but had escaped, and run into Plymouth, with the intelligence that the Spaniards were coming. For this service he received his pardon and a pension for life. When Lord Howard returned from the Spanish coast, he permitted many of his men to go ashore; but, as soon as the news arrived, all hands were summoned. As an illustration of the coolness and courage of the British tar, it is said that at this moment the officers were on the Hoe playing at bowls. When the call was sounded, there was a rush to the boats; but Sir F. Drake insisted that the match should be played out, for there was time enough, he said, both to finish the game and to beat the Spaniards. It had been arranged that, on the first appearance of the enemy, beacon-fires should be raised on the coast; so that, being extended from one hill to another, the tidings might speedily flame through the land. This was done, and in an incredibly short time all England was in arms:—

“ It was about the lovely close of a warm summer-day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the Market Cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the Royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair
maids :

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious *Semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to East, and swift to West, the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each Southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the Royal City woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring
street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers
forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill
to hill :

Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stony hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

During that first night, the wind blew heavily into the mouth of Plymouth harbour, so that the utmost exertion was required to get the ships out of the Sound ; but the Admiral worked hand to hand with the humblest sailor, and before daylight every vessel was in its proper place. As the morning broke on the horizon, the magnificent fleet of the enemy was seen, "disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles, from the extremity of one

division to that of the other." Seeing the English vessels in battle array, the Spanish Admiral made for the Channel. He was allowed to pass by; and then Howard sent his pinnace-boat, the *Disdain*, to fire the first shot. The little vessel seemed proud of the honour, and gallantly did her duty. The Admiral, supported by Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, followed; and the result of the first encounter was the capture of the great galleon belonging to the commander of the Andalusian squadron, Don Pedro; and four hundred men were made prisoners. Five thousand ducats, found in the vessel, were distributed among the English seamen.

Nothing was done by our fleet against the enemy the next day; but a Dutch gunner belonging to the Armada revenged an insult offered to his wife and daughter by firing the gunpowder in the ship which carried the King's treasurer. There was an engagement on the 23rd, but with little result to either side. Intelligence of the first battle had been widely circulated, and many of the nobility came and begged permission to join the fleet. The Lord Admiral conferred the honour of knighthood on five officers for their distinguished valour. On the 24th and two following days, there was a calm, which prevented any action. The Spanish Admiral was at anchor off Calais, waiting for the Duke of Parma; but that officer refused to leave the harbour. He did, however, promise to send ten thousand men, if they could be got upon the Spanish ships. The English Admiral saw the importance of preventing this; and, in a Council of War, resolved upon a singular stratagem.

He filled eight of the oldest ships under his command with combustible material; and in the dead of night fired them, and sent them before the wind, which had just sprung up, into the midst of the Armada. The success of this scheme was extraordinary, for the Spaniards thought they were the "infernial machines" which had recently been used at the siege of Antwerp. Several captains, therefore, cut their cables, and let the vessels drive; others slipped their anchors and took to flight; one huge ship fell foul of another, and struck upon the sands. Early the next morning, while the Armada was in confusion, the English attacked in great force; and twelve of the largest vessels were destroyed or compelled to surrender. One of the capital ships of the enemy, having been long battered by an English captain of the name of Cross, was sunk during the engagement. Only a few of the crew were saved, who stated that one of the officers had proposed to surrender, but that he was killed by another, who was enraged at his proposal; that this other was killed by the brother of the first, and that it was in the midst of this bloody scene that the ship went to the bottom.

It was, however, diligently reported in France that the Armada had succeeded, and that England was taken. The Queen was made prisoner and sent to Rome, it was stated; and there, barefoot, she must make her humble confession to the Pope. The Spanish Ambassador in Paris was in ecstasies. He ran breathless to the Cathedral, and, flourishing his rapier, cried, "Victoire, Victoire!" But, next day, when the truth was known, he was in sad disgrace. Many insulted him

in the streets, and sarcastically begged him to bestow on them a few old ruined towns and villages, such as London, Canterbury, Bristol, and York.

But while the Spanish Ambassador in Paris was shouting victory, the Spanish Admiral in the Channel was not so jubilant. He saw that the enterprise was a gigantic failure, and that the whole fleet would be destroyed, unless he could soon get home. Indeed, he had resolved to surrender; but his father-confessor dissuaded him. He took to flight instead. Orders were then given to throw overboard the horses and mules, to save water and lighten the ships, and to make all possible sail. The English followed them to the Firth of Forth; and then gave up the chase, well knowing that the stormy weather in those narrow seas would do more execution than their own guns. And so it proved; for a violent storm overtook them as they passed the Orkneys. "The ships had already lost their anchors and were obliged to keep to sea; the mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm."

It is said that eighty-one ships were lost, and nearly fourteen thousand men; while on the side of the English, only one small vessel was taken, and the Country scarcely mourned the loss of a sailor.

"Destruction follows where her flag is seen,
And haughty Spaniards stoop to Britain's Queen."

Many of the Spanish vessels were cast upon the coast of Scotland. It is right to say here, that the King of Scots acted a wise part throughout this

struggle. It is true he resented, as might be expected, his mother's execution; but he plainly saw that if Philip succeeded in England, his own Country could not long survive. He was, therefore, in the habit of saying that the only favour he could hope for from his Catholic Majesty, would be that granted by Polyphemus to Ulysses, viz. that, after all the rest were devoured, he should be swallowed the last.

These calamities produced an overwhelming effect on Spain. Scarcely was there a noble family whose mansion was not darkened by death, and a universal wail was heard through the land; so much so, that the King became alarmed for his own throne; and, imitating the conduct of the Roman government after the battle of Cannæ, he issued a proclamation to shorten the time of public mourning.

It is true the accounts differ as to the temper in which Philip received intelligence of the disaster. Some assert that he was writing a letter at the moment, and heard the announcement with heroic coolness, saying that he sent his fleet to fight against the English, and not against the winds; and that he even fell down upon his knees, and gave thanks that the calamity was no greater. This, however, looks too good; and, considering his haughty spirit, is very improbable. We rather believe the other version, given on the authority of a Spanish writer, that the King was at mass in his private Chapel, when he heard the tidings; and was so enraged that, taking a fearful oath, he swore he would waste and consume his crown, even to the value of a candlestick (pointing to one on the altar), and utterly ruin Elizabeth and

England; or else he and all Spain would become tributary to her.

As to the Pope's bearing on this occasion, he was greatly mortified that his enemies were not crushed, but thankful that he had not to pay the million of crowns towards the expenses, and he chuckled no little over his diplomatic foresight. He did, however, send a letter of sympathy to the King, who smartly replied, that "the loss concerned the Pontiff as much as himself, as it had been undertaken by his direction; and that in the next attempt the Church must lead the way, and he would follow."

For several weeks, the Spanish and Italians announced that the enterprise had succeeded admirably. A pamphlet and many letters were published, stating the particulars of the victory. The Queen was made prisoner, and carried into Italy. Drake was either slain or captured; only one of the Spanish vessels was lost, while forty of the English had been sunk at one encounter, and the few which had escaped had run into a Scottish port; and all Scotland had risen up in arms against England. So thoroughly were the people imposed upon, that a grand banquet was got up in Rome, to celebrate the conquest.

When, however, the truth became known, there was sad recrimination and angry feeling. The Spanish navy blamed the Duke of Parma. The Duke of Parma blamed the Spanish Admiral. The Admiral blamed his orders. And, finally, the priests, who had been blessing the Armada ever since it started, suddenly discovered that the reason why Providence had not prospered it, was that the Moors had not been expelled from Spain.

It is impossible to describe the transports of joy into which England was thrown by this deliverance. It was not merely a mutiny crushed, as in India; nor a victory gained against fearful odds, as at Inkerman; nor a glorious display of courage in the face of death, as at Balaclava; nor a long-beleaguered city stormed and breached and taken, as at Sebastopol; nor a world-wide ambition checked, as at Waterloo: but it was the mercy of all these deliverances concentrated together. The whole Country saved, home saved, liberty saved, the British Constitution saved, the Queen saved, sanctuary saved, the Bible saved, and, to consummate and crown the whole, the Protestant religion, which makes nations great and peoples happy, is saved by one of the most extraordinary interpositions of Providence which the history of our world records. Give God the glory: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul: then the proud waters had gone over our soul." How gratefully ought we to respond: "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

It is pleasing to know that the first thoughts of the Country were directed to Heaven. Immediately on the arrival of the tidings, the people crowded into the sanctuaries and to St. Paul's Cross to express their gratitude. There the captured banners were displayed on the Sabbath; and on the week days they were hung

upon London Bridge. November 17th, the anniversary of the Queen's accession, was a joyous day in London, in celebration of the two events. Tuesday the 19th was the national holiday; but Sunday the 24th was *the* day on which a nation's Thanksgiving was offered to Heaven. The Queen, in all the pomp of state, proceeded in a splendid chariot from Whitehall to St. Paul's Cathedral. Arriving there, she fell on her knees upon the pavement, and loudly offered praise to God. At the conclusion of the service, she addressed a few words to the crowd, beseeching them not to forget this signal deliverance. A form of thanksgiving was prepared for this occasion, properly expressing joy and humiliation.

Addresses of congratulation were sent to the palace from all parts of the Country. It is true, though all these were sincere and hearty, some of them were not distinguished by the refinement of expression which befits a Court. It is said that the Mayor of Coventry was deputed by that ancient town to convey its loyal thanksgivings. His lordship assured her Majesty in strong language—language more suggestive than polite—that the King of Spain, in waging war with her, “had taken the wrong sow by the ear!”

The Queen testified her admiration of the officers and navy by pensions and promotions. Medals were struck with appropriate inscriptions. On one there was represented a weather-beaten fleet, with the motto, “*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*,”—God blew, and they were scattered. On another there were vessels flying with full sail, and the words, “*Venit, Vidit, Fugit*.” Another, in special honour of the Queen, represented

the fire-ships, and a fleet in confusion, with the inscription, "*Dux fœmina facti.*" Upon another, floating and sinking ships were stamped on one side, and on the other were supplicants on their knees, with the motto, "*Man proposeth—God disposeth.*" Several others were circulated in England; and in Holland, where the joy was only second to our own, there was one representing the Pope, Cardinals, and Princes sitting in council blindfold, and treading on iron spikes, with the motto, "It is hard to kick against the pricks;" and another, bearing the arms of their Country, and the words, "Glory to God alone." All the Protestants of Europe felt the deliverance, and ascribed salvation to the Lord of hosts.

Triumphal poems, in several languages, celebrated this event. King James I. tried his hand at poetizing as well as government. His lines are neither Miltonic nor Shakespearian, but, coming from the throne, they are worth repeating:—

"The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
Prepared a force and set them to the way;
Mars dressed himself in such an awful plight,
The like whereof was never seene, they say:
They forward came in monstrous array;
Both sea and land beset us everywhere;
Bragges threatened us a ruinous decay.
What came of that? The issue did declare.
The winds began to toss them here and there,
The seas began in foaming waves to swell.
The number that escaped, it fell them faire;
The rest were swallowed up in gulphs of hell.
But how were all these things miraculous done?
God laught at them out of his heavenly throne."

Cowper was not of royal birth, but he was born a

poet. His lines on the overthrow of the Armada are nervous and beautiful :—

“ His power secured thee when presumptuous Spain
Baptized her fleet Invincible in vain :
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful, and resigned
To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
Asked of the waves that broke upon his coast,
What tidings ? And the surge replied, ‘ All lost ! ’ ”

I close with a brief but earnest appeal to the members of this Association. My fellow-warriors in the world's great battle ! it is our lot to be in the midst of the conflict between truth and error. The privilege of living in these days is united with heavy responsibility. Our fathers have not only left us an inheritance of truth, but an example of courage. Many of them fought long, and some of them died, to secure for us the Bible and the right to read it. The enemy is again pressing hard for a surrender. In some places is he seeking covertly to destroy *THE BOOK*; and, like a vampire, would suck its life away, by denying its inspiration. In other places, more openly does the war of persecution rage ; and at this moment there are hundreds of good men and women in prison on the Continent of Europe, for the sake of conscience. The battle waxes hot. We exhort you to prepare yourselves for the fight, by a personal devotion to the Great King. You will not struggle, and bleed, and die for the truth, unless you love it. To battle bravely and successfully, you must confederate together. This Association is not designed to supersede, but it rather presupposes, Church fellowship. Here is one of the rallying-points, where, laying aside sectional peculiarities, you may

muster; and, bracing yourselves up by counsel and prayer, you may go forth to glorious war. Is there a straggler here, or one who hesitates to take the field? These are not the times either for parley or inactivity:

“ Arise ! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on ;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the field are gone.

“ Your place in the ranks awaits you ;
Each man has a part to play :
The *past* and the *future* are nothing,
In the face of the stern *to-day*.”

Let us all heartily give God thanks for the preservation to our Country of the Protestant Religion. It is this which has made England great, and will keep her still in the van of nations. It is this which has given to us our Constitution, and secured our liberties. It is this which has established among us the house of Brunswick, and vouchsafed to us our present noble and gracious and precious Queen. We may well be grateful that no Salic law ever obtained in England. Looking at some of the past occupants of the throne, we have no hesitation in saying that the British Crown has shone more brilliantly on queenly than on kingly brow. What a contrast does the present moral atmosphere of the Court exhibit with the time when the rotten and royal *débauché* had to be let down from his window into the coach, on an inclined plane, that he might breathe the fresh air! What a pattern does Queen Victoria present, in dress to the ladies, in condescension to the aristocracy, and in virtue to all! What a royal mother of a happy and loving family!

What a gracious friend, sympathizing with the meanest of her subjects in their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their joys ! What a Christian ruler, acknowledging God in her victories, and supplicating Heaven in her Country's peril ! May her reign be yet long and prosperous ; and may she still sway her sceptre over a great and free and Christian nation ! Our safety is in our Religion. This is Britain's bulwark ; and if we surrender our Bible, either to Popery or infidelity, the downfall of Old England will begin. But let us stand by the Bible, and honour God, and the combined forces of scepticism and superstition and despotism wage war in vain.

“ This, England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.”

III.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

WHEN James II. ascended the throne of England, the Country was approaching a crisis of its history. For some years, royal conduct had been alienating the people from the Court. The Reformation had been hailed with joy by the population; and its purer doctrines had produced a higher morality. The restoration of the monarchy gave general satisfaction; and had the Sovereign and subject advanced side by side in intelligence and piety, the house of Stuart would have become as dear to the nation as is the house of Brunswick at this day. But within the entire annals of profligacy, there is not a darker page than that which portrays the excesses of Charles II. and his abandoned courtiers. It is the honour of this kingdom that these palace immoralities were regarded with grief and alarm; and when it was whispered that the King, though professedly a Protestant, was holding secret communion with the Church of Rome, the alarm heightened into indignation. There was no great hope as to his successor; for the Duke of York made no secret of his attachment to Popery; and yet the thought was indulged that he would certainly profit by the past, and deal more honestly, and live more

decently, than his predecessor. At all events, the problem was now to be solved, as to whether the family of the Stuarts should continue to govern the rising little Country of the sea. James II. chose to tread in his brother's steps. The consequence was, that he was ignominiously ejected, and Providence gave to us the blessing of a bloodless Revolution.

James II. was always making promises, and always breaking them. The consequence was, that the people withdrew their confidence, and at length left him to his fate. But this conduct was not so much the result of weakness as of wickedness. His promises were broken, not because he was *unable* to keep them, but because he *never intended* to keep them. Notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary, he had formed the secret resolution to bring England again under the yoke of Rome. Even if there were no documentary evidence of this, you can account for his proceedings only on such a supposition. But the written evidence is abundant.

On the day of proclamation, he solemnly promised in the Privy Council Chamber to maintain and uphold the Protestant Religion. At the Coronation, the old oath was taken, and the promise repeated. When the Parliament assembled, he began his speech by using the words uttered to the Council; and gave, as a reason for the repetition, that they might look upon the promise not as given by chance, but formally and solemnly. So that within three months he took as many opportunities to set publicly before the nation his *pretensions*. But what were his *purposes*? His most intimate Minister was commissioned to tell the

French Ambassador in private, that he had nothing so much at heart as the establishment of the Catholic religion. He told this Ambassador, himself, that this was his object; and that if the King of France would assist him, he should succeed. A Jesuit Father says, that on one occasion he was admitted into the King's closet, and that to him the royal secret was committed. And when certain of the Popish nobility feared that he was going too far and fast, he rebuked them for their interference, and said, that as he was growing old, it was needful to take "large steps."

Let us now see how the King pursued his purpose. On the second Sabbath of his reign he went with great pomp to the celebration of the Mass, though directly contrary to law. It is said that the Duke of Norfolk, who bore before his Majesty the sword of state, would not venture beyond the threshold of the Queen's Chapel. The King angrily accosted him: "My lord, your Father would have gone further." The Duke sharply retorted, "Your Majesty's Father would not have gone so far."

James made an early effort to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act. He attempted the establishment of a large standing army, so that there might be a constant menace before the Country, if any obstacles were placed on the designs of the Court. He first requested the Parliament to abolish the Test Act; and on its refusal, he set it at nought. Officers were appointed in the army in defiance of law; and the King boldly told the House of Commons that he should act without them. Two considerations had produced this rash resolve. The first was, that he had become a pensioner of France. Instead of throwing himself upon the resources of a

generous people, he meanly entered into this Continental alliance; and for the paltry sum of two millions of money he sold himself, and basely endeavoured to sell his Country, with its civil and religious liberties, to a foreign power. He hoped by this means to become independent of parliamentary supply.

In the second place, he was flushed with success. The two great rebellions had been quelled. Argyle's failure was followed by his execution. Monmouth had been beheaded. Jeffries and Kirke had traversed the Bloody Circuit, and judicially murdered many hundreds of their countrymen. The reign of terror was inaugurated, and the downfall of the country had begun.

The King now boldly claimed the dispensing power—*i.e.* the power to abrogate laws without the authority of Parliament. He required the Judges to support him, and cashiered all who would not yield. He did the same with the Privy Council, with the lord lieutenants, the deputy lieutenants, and even the magistrates. He set himself most resolutely to corrupt the army, and declared that he would raise all Fever-sham's troopers to the peerage rather than fail in his purpose. Popish priests were seen flaunting in their robes on their proselyting mission; though for the most part they met with but indifferent success. The Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Mulgrave, who in early life was inclined to Atheism, but afterwards embraced Christianity, was politely requested to change his religion. Several priests were sent to argue the question with him. The topic selected for discussion was Transubstantiation. He listened to their

eloquence, and then said, "I have taken great pains to convince myself that there is a God, and that He made man; but I cannot believe that man can make God." That same Colonel Kirke, who had ruthlessly butchered the poor people at Taunton, met the King's demand by sarcastically saying that he was previously engaged, and had promised the Emperor of Morocco that, if ever he changed his religion, he would turn Mahometan. Even Jeffries refused to become a Papist, and the Princess Anne remained firm to Protestantism.

But the greatest difficulty was found in the clergy. A few of these had yielded to temptation; and, as the reward of their apostasy, had been promoted by the King. Still the immense majority, both on the Bench and in the pulpit, were true to their ordination vows. The brightest luminaries that ever shone in the Church of England were shining then. They preached boldly against the practices of the Court; and James, resolving to put a stop to it, founded the *Ecclesiastical Commission*. The Bishop of London was at once brought before it, and suspended from his office. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was summoned and deposed, because he refused to admit a Benedictine monk as a member of the University, who on the King's authority demanded admission without the usual tests. The case of Oxford was even more serious. The President of Magdalene College died. A royal letter was sent requiring the Fellows to elect a man who was a rabid Papist and notoriously immoral. They refused, and elected Dr. Hough, a most worthy person. The Commission threatened, but the College remained firm. The con-

sequence was that the newly-appointed President and seventy-five Fellows were ejected from their places, and Roman Catholics were inducted.

We may break from the narrative for a moment, to say that this Dr. Hough deserves to live in the memory of posterity. He stood forth in one of those moments when great destinies are in the balance, and thus rendered immortal service to the Protestantism of our Country. He was educated in that College over which, in these trying circumstances, he was called to preside. At the Restoration, he was appointed to the office; afterwards was made Bishop of Oxford, then of Lichfield, and finally of Worcester. He is described as "pious, serene, meek, and patient, virtuous qualities that ensure firmness of character. His path to the grave was gently sloped and protracted. Extreme old age did not affect him with the petulance which is its frequent accompaniment. A few weeks before his death, a young clergyman awkwardly threw down the Bishop's favourite barometer. The offender was confounded with surprise and regret; but he was prevented from apologizing by the Bishop approaching him with his usual complacency, saying, 'Sir, do not be uneasy. I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years, and never saw it so *low* before!'"

The disagreement between the King and people was now ripening fast. All the old feeling against Popery was revived, and, if possible, increased. There was a general conviction of James's insincerity and real designs; and the controversy waxed hotter. It was not only carried on by the serious divine, but the

satirist and the lampooner entered warmly into it. Purgatory was a favourite topic among these lively polemics. Many verses were thrown off and circulated through the country. Here is a sample:—

“ When the Almighty had his palace framed,
That glorious shining place he Heaven named,
And when the first rebellious angels fell,
He damn'd them to a certain place called Hell.
There's Heaven and Hell confirmed in sacred story ;
Yet never do we read of purgatory.
This place of late years Popish priests have found
For sinning souls to rest in till they're sound.
O Rome! we'll own you for a learned nation,
To add a place, wanting in God's creation.”

The Monarch was chafed by this opposition. He resolved to change his ground, and to secure his purpose by what he considered a grand stroke of diplomacy. He published on April 4th, 1687, the memorable *Declaration of Indulgence*, in which, on his sole authority, he abrogated all penal laws, cancelled all religious tests, and claimed to manage at his uncontrollable pleasure the ecclesiastical affairs of the empire. He broke openly with the Church, and made overtures to the leading Dissenters.

But King James did not know the men with whom he had to deal. 'Tis true, these Nonconformists had been cruelly treated. All had been hated, many persecuted, multitudes imprisoned, and some martyred. The Court thought they would hail the Declaration. The immortal Baxter, the gigantic-minded Home, the noble Bates, and the brave Bedford tinker,—all had been malignantly pursued; but they saw that the Declaration was worthless; for it was both illegal and

insincere. They refused to join in any address of thanksgiving, and became heartily united with the Church of England against the common foe.

Thus the opposition to the King became far more formidable; and, with that utter recklessness which characterized his reign, he rushed on to ruin. Under a mad infatuation, he issued a *Second Declaration of Indulgence*, on the 27th April, 1688. He bitterly lamented the inefficacy of the former one; but as angrily declared that his purposes were unchanged, and that he was determined to make everything bend to his royal will. He then proceeded another step, and published the following *Order* to the Bishops and clergy on the 4th of May:—

“At the Court at Whitehall: It is this day ordered by his Majesty in Council, that his Majesty’s late Gracious Declaration, bearing date the 27th of April last, be read at the usual time of divine service, on the 20th and 27th of this month, in all the Churches and Chapels within the Cities of London and Westminster, and ten miles thereabout; and upon the 3rd and 10th of June next, in all other Churches and Chapels throughout the kingdom: And it is hereby further ordered, that the Right Reverend the Bishops cause the said Declaration to be sent and distributed throughout their several and respective dioceses, to be read accordingly.”

The course of the narrative here introduces us to the *seven noble men*, in whose Trial the Protestant World was interested, and the benefits of which all civilised nations have so largely shared. Concerning some of them little only is known. But with reference

to that great event at which we are about to look, their names and deeds will never die. Let us just glance at the biographies.

William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born on 30th January, 1617, at Freshingfield, Suffolk. His early education was received at Bury St. Edmunds, where he gave many indications of future eminence. When eighteen years of age he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge; his uncle, Dr. William Sancroft, being Master of the College.

After taking his degrees, he continued at Cambridge, and obtained a Fellowship; from which, because he refused to take the oaths of the Covenant and the Engagement, he was ejected in 1651.

With most of the University Graduates, he espoused the Royal side, and published two or three popular tracts against the *Commonwealth*. Being obliged to leave the Country, he resided for some time in Holland; afterwards travelled through the South of Europe; and returned to England at the time of the Restoration.

He was soon required to take a prominent part in public affairs. With the Bishop of Winchester, he made an effort to recover the Duke of York, before he became King, from the errors of Popery; but the result was as might have been expected. He attended Charles II. in his death-chamber; but his exhortations were unheeded, and he was supplanted by a Popish priest, who was *privately* brought to the bedside, and administered to the dying monarch the last offices of Romanism.

The Archbishop officiated at James' coronation. He has been censured for this; because he knew that the

King would not receive the sacrament at the hands of a Protestant minister. James soon gave him to understand that if he intended to live in royal favour, he must not be troubled with great scrupulosity of conscience. When the *Ecclesiastical Commission* was appointed, he was made a member, but refused to sit on it; and, in a petition to his Majesty, begged to be excused on account of age and growing infirmity. The real reason, however, was that the Commission was illegal; and it would have been better had he so told the King.

It was confidently expected that the Archbishop himself would have been cited before the Commission for refusing to attend it; but the King's anger was appeased by forbidding him henceforth to appear at Court. He would not support the royal claims in the *Charterhouse* appointment. And when the Declaration of Indulgence was issued, and the order to read was sent to himself and the Bishops, he boldly stepped forward, and bore the brunt of the battle; and by this act entitled himself to the respect and honour of future generations.

Thomas Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was another of the seven. He received his early training at the famous school of Winchester, and in 1669 was made Prebend of that Cathedral. His piety was of a high order, as may be gathered from his devotional works. It has been said of his three hymns—Morning, Evening, and Midnight—that had he endowed three hospitals, he might have been less a benefactor to posterity. But his *courage* was also remarkable. When Charles II., with his Court, came

to Winchester, accompanied by his mistress, the notorious *Nell Gwynn*, application was made to Kenn to admit her into his house; but he stoutly refused it. The King, however, instead of resenting his conduct, applauded his courage, and despatched him to Bath and Wells as Bishop.

In the beginning of James' reign, Kenn was zealous against Popery, and for pure religion; so that he is most appropriately found among the heroes of 1688.

Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, was another. He was by birth a Cornishman, and became the head of one of the first houses in that remarkable County. He is described as a man of great ability, "of polite manner, competent learning, and uncommon knowledge of the world." His very name in Cornwall was a charm; and the idea of their own Trelawney being in prison, because of his attachment to Protestantism, was what they could not understand, and would not endure. The ballad, which was widely and quickly circulated, shows how much esteemed was the Bishop by his countrymen, and what were their views of Courtly proceedings:—

- "A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.
- "And have they fixed the *where* and *when*?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
- "Out spake the Captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
Though London Tower were Michael's Hold,
We'd see Trelawney free!

“We'll cross the Tamer, land to land,
The Severn is no stay ;
And side by side, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

“And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view ;
'Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all :
Here are better men than you.'

“Trelawney he's in Keep and Hold ;
Trelawney he may die,—
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why !”

The other men who underwent this memorable trial were *Lloyd*, Bishop of St. Asaph ; *Turner*, Bishop of Ely, “the early and intimate friend of Kenn ;” *Lake*, of Chichester, and *White*, of Peterborough ; of whom it is not needful to say more than that their highest honour, next to the possession of God's favour, is that by their withstanding the encroachments of Popery, they live in the heart of a Protestant nation to this day—“their” very “memory is blessed.”

We now come to the facts immediately connected with the Trial. The order to read the Declaration was issued on the 4th May. The paper was to be read in the City Churches on the 20th and 27th ; so that there were only fifteen days for deliberation and decision. With all the locomotive facilities *we* possess, such a space of time would be regarded as small for such a work. It seems to have been the design of the Court to prevent consultation. It was thought that *resistance*, to be effectual, must be general. So that the Archbishop undertook no easy task, when he resolved to get up an opposition. But he entered upon it with

courage, prosecuted it with vigour, and completed it with success. He addressed a letter to those Bishops in whose opinions and judgment he confided, urging them to come to London.

On the 12th, a meeting was convened at Lambeth Palace, of those Bishops who had come to town, and a few clergy and laymen. The question was discussed, and the general opinion was that the Declaration ought not to be read; but the meeting was adjourned to the 18th, in hope that several other Prelates would by that time arrive.

During the week an influential meeting of the *London clergy* was held to consider the subject. A feeble *compromise* was proposed; but just at this juncture a letter was read to the meeting from the leading ministers and laymen of the London Non-conformists, beseeching the clergy not to judge them by a handful of their number who had yielded to the Court, but "to be assured that, instead of being alienated from the Church, they would be drawn closer to her, by her making a stand for religion and liberty."

Then stood up a noble man, a City Incumbent, and said, in allusion to their debates: "I must be plain. There has been argument enough. More will only heat us. Let every man now say yea or nay. I shall be sorry to give occasion to a schism, but I cannot in conscience read the Declaration, for that would be an exhortation to my people to obey commands which I deem unlawful." These words came with electric fire upon the meeting. The leading men present declared themselves to be of the same mind, and then the minority said: "Rather than divide the Church,

we won't read it either." A memorandum to this effect was at once drawn up, and signed by the members of the meeting, and afterwards by eighty-five Incumbents of London.

This decision was exceedingly grateful to the Archbishop, and he invited these clergy to join the Bishops at the adjourned meeting.

On the 18th the enlarged meeting assembled again, under the Archbishop's presidency. Prayers were read. A long and serious discussion followed.

The conclusion to which the meeting came was that a *Petition* should at once be prepared, signed by the Bishops present, and conveyed immediately to the King, asking to be relieved from the Order in Council.

"Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly beseech your Majesty that you will be graciously pleased not to insist upon their distributing and reading your Majesty's said Declaration.

"And your petitioners shall ever pray." The names of the seven dignitaries were attached.

There was no time to be lost. It was now late in the afternoon of Friday. Saturday, the King would be out hunting, and the next morning was *the Sabbath*. As the Archbishop had been forbidden the Court, he remained at Lambeth; but the six Bishops went at once to Whitehall. Five of them called at Lord Dartmouth's, while Asaph arranged with the President of the Council, Sunderland, as to the interview.

Cartwright, the Popish Bishop of Chester, having been wrongly informed, told the King that, with a few unimportant alterations, the Bishops would obey the Order. They were, therefore, at once admitted to the

royal closet. James accepted the petition graciously, saying, "This is my Lord of Canterbury's own hand." But soon a change came over him. Observing the character of the petition, he folded it up in deep mortification, and said: "This is a great surprise to me; here are strange words. I did not expect this from you. This is a standard of rebellion."

Some of the Prelates replied, "that they had ventured their lives for his Majesty, and would lose the last drop of their blood rather than lift up a finger against him."

The King repeated, "I tell you this is a standard of rebellion; I never saw such an address."

The Bishop of Bristol, falling on his knees, said: "Rebellion! Sir, I beseech your Majesty, do not say so hard a thing of us. For God's sake, do not believe we are or can be guilty of a rebellion. It is impossible that I or any of my family should be so. Your Majesty cannot but remember that you sent me down into Cornwall to quell Monmouth's rebellion; and I am as ready to do what I can to quell another, if there be occasion."

Bishop of Peterborough: "You allow liberty of conscience to all; the reading this Declaration is against our conscience."

The King then said: "I will keep this paper. It is the strangest address I ever saw; it tends to rebellion. Do you question my dispensing power?"

Peterborough replied: "Sir, what we say of the dispensing power refers only to what was declared in Parliament."

Again the King insisted upon the tendency of the

petition to rebellion, when the Bishop of Bath and Wells said courageously : " We are bound to fear God and honour the King. We desire to do both ; we will honour you ; we *must* fear God."

The Archbishop had been specially careful that the petition should not be made public. He would not allow even his clerk to see it, but wrote it himself. And yet, before the next morning, it was printed, and circulated by thousands. The general belief was, that some Jesuit about Court had published it, for a purpose which will hereafter appear.

Several of the Bishops, who could not get to London before its presentation, afterwards signed the petition. Out of the twenty-two members of the Bench, eighteen approved it. A powerful letter, which was said to be the composition of Halifax, was printed and stealthily sent to every clergyman in the kingdom. " If we read the Declaration," said the little broadside, " we fall to rise no more ; we fall unpitied and despised ; we fall amid the curses of a nation, whom our compliance will have ruined."

The Sabbath came which was to try the temper of the London clergy. There were about a hundred Churches in the City. Some accounts say that the Declaration was read in four ; none, more than seven. In one of these, the congregation rose when the reading began, and left the place in disgust. In another, the choristers and scholars only heard it. One clergyman told his congregation, that though he might be obliged to *read* it, they were not obliged to hear it. He waited till all had gone, and then announced it to the walls and benches. Even in the Royal Chapel, a chorister was

deputed to read it. Some of the clergy were not content with not reading it; they preached boldly against it. And I hope that you will hear the statement with as much satisfaction as I announce it, that Samuel Wesley, the honest and high-minded father of John and Charles, was among the number. Instead of obeying the order of the King, he stood up and preached from these words: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

The following are the son's lines on the stern refusal of his noble-minded sire to read the Declaration:—

"When zealous James, unhappy, sought the way
To establish Rome by arbitrary sway;
In vain were bribes showered by the guilty Crown:
He sought no favour as he feared no frown.
Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
He dared the Declaration to refuse:
Then from the sacred pulpit boldly showed
The dauntless Hebrews, true to Israel's God,
Who spake, regardless of their king's commands,
'The God we serve can save us from thy hands;
If not, O monarch, know, we choose to die;
Thy gods alike and threatenings we defy:
No power on earth our faith has e'er controlled;
We scorn to worship idols, though of gold.'
Resistless truth damped all the audience round,
The base informer sickened at the sound:
Attentive courtiers, conscious, stood amazed,
And soldiers, silent, trembled as they gazed.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose,
Abash'd and vanquish'd seemed the Church's foes.
So, when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The Jewish martyrs walked unhurt in fire."

The Court was now placed in difficulty. The feeling both of the Church and the Country had been unmis-

takably manifested; and yet to take no further step would be a sad confession of weakness. After nine days' deliberation it was resolved by the King in Council to prosecute the Bishops for libel upon his Majesty in presenting the petition. There is difficulty in ascertaining fully to whom belongs the blame of this decision; but whether the Council urged the prosecution or not, the responsibility of it is with the King.

On the evening of the second Sabbath, May 27th, the Archbishop was served with a summons to attend the Privy Council.

This document was addressed to Sir John Taylor, one of the King's messengers. The six Bishops were similarly treated; and on the appointed day, having meanwhile taken the best legal advice, all entered the Council Chamber as culprits. His Majesty professed to receive them graciously. "The Lord Chancellor took a paper then lying on the table, and showing it to the Archbishop, asked him in words to this effect:

"'Is this the petition that was written and signed by your Grace, and which these Bishops presented to his Majesty?'

"The Archbishop received the paper from the Lord Chancellor, and addressing himself to the King, spake thus:

"'Sir, I am called hither as a criminal, which I never was before in my life, and little thought I ever should be, especially before your Majesty; but, since it is my unhappiness to be so, I hope your Majesty will not be offended that I am cautious of answering questions. No man is obliged to answer questions that may tend to the accusing of himself.'"

The King said this was *chicanery*, and he hoped the Archbishop did not mean to deny his own hand.

The aged Prelate again urged that the question could be only designed to find ground for accusation, and begged to be excused answering it. Asaph said, with the coolness of an experienced casuist: "All divines are agreed in this, that no man in our circumstances is obliged to answer any such question." The King grew very impatient, and Canterbury then said: "Sir, though we are not obliged to give any answer to this question; yet, if your Majesty lays your *commands* upon us, we shall answer it, in trust, upon your Majesty's justice and generosity, that we shall not suffer for our obedience, as we *must*, if our answer should be brought in evidence against us." To this James petulantly replied: "No, I will not *command* you; if you will deny your own hands, I know not what to say to you."

They were now ordered to withdraw. Again they were summoned, and similar questions were proposed, which were similarly answered. A second time they left the chamber, and on re-admission the Lord Chancellor said: "His Majesty has commanded me to *require* you to answer this question, whether these be your hands which are set to this petition?" The King also said: "I *command* you to answer this question." The Archbishop then took it, read it, and acknowledged it. So did the Bishops.

Many questions were then put, which were answered very courteously, but guardedly. At length they were commanded to withdraw again. When called in, Jeffries said to them: "It is his Majesty's pleasure to

have you proceeded against for this petition ; but it shall be with all fairness, in Westminster Hall : there will be an information against you which you are to answer, and in order to that you are to enter into a recognisance." They had been specially prepared for this by legal opinion and warned against it. They were assured that, as peers, they were not obliged to enter into recognisances ; and, moreover, to do so might prejudice their cause. The Archbishop said that they would be quite ready to appear and answer whenever they were called, but that they objected to the proposal ; and he pleaded a precedent in support of their decision. The King pretended that it was out of respect for their character that he wished them to enter into recognisance, and said : " I offer you this as a *favour*, and I would not have you refuse it." The Bishop of St. Asaph, who entertained different views of royal favour from his Majesty, replied : " Whatsoever favour your Majesty vouchsafes to offer to any person, you are pleased to leave it to him whether he will accept it or not ; and you do not expect he should accept it to his own prejudice. We conceive that this entering into recognisance may be prejudicial to us ; and we hope your Majesty will not be offended at our declining it."

Again they left the Council, and a fourth time were called, when it was demanded whether they had altered their mind, and would now accept his Majesty's favour. The Archbishop said they were acting upon the best advice, and promising again to appear when required, he declined the overture. Once more they left the chamber, but not to return ; for about half an hour

afterwards, a *sergeant-at-arms* came forth with a warrant signed by fourteen members of the Privy Council, committing them to the Tower, and with another warrant to the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody.

The population was alive to what was going on. It was known through the city that the seven were summoned to the palace. Few really believed that the King would proceed to imprisonment, though some feared; and during the evening the streets were thronged with an excited people. It was now whispered that they were in custody. Preparations were then seen for their conveyance to the Tower; and when they were led forth, the excitement was intense. Hume, the historian, says that "the people were already aware of the danger to which the Prelates were exposed, and were raised to the highest pitch of anxiety and attention, with regard to the issue of this extraordinary affair. But when they beheld these Fathers of the Church brought from Court under the custody of a guard; when they saw them embarked in vessels on the river and conveyed towards the Tower,—all their affections for liberty, all their zeal for religion blazed up at once, and they flew to behold this affecting spectacle. The whole shore was covered with crowds of prostrate spectators, who at once implored the blessing of these holy pastors, and addressed their petitions towards Heaven for protection during the extreme danger to which their Country and their religion stood exposed. Even the soldiers, seized with the contagion of the same spirit, flung themselves on their knees before the distressed Prelates, and craved

the benediction of these criminals whom they were appointed to guard. Some persons ran into the water, that they might participate more nearly in those blessings which the Prelates were distributing on all around them. The Bishops themselves, during this triumphant suffering, augmented the general favour by the most lowly, submissive deportment; and they still exhorted the people to fear God, honour the King, and maintain their loyalty—expressions more animating than the most inflammatory speeches. And no sooner had they entered the precincts of the Tower, than they hurried to Chapel, in order to return thanks for those afflictions which Heaven, in defence of its holy cause, had thought them worthy to endure."

It was remarked that the second lesson that evening was 2 Cor. vi. And as the Chaplain read, "But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments," etc., its appropriateness was felt, and the noble prisoners found it a source of comfort.

During the following days, they were the objects of much affection. The nobility, gentry, and population vied with each other in acts of kindness. A deputation of Nonconformist ministers came to offer their sympathy, which so greatly provoked the King that he sent for four of them, and gave them a severe reprimand. But they nobly answered that "they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by those who stood by the Protestant religion."

On Friday, 15th June, *the Seven* were brought from

the Tower to the King's Bench. On coming into Court, the Bishops were accommodated with seats. The Attorney-General at once moved that the information be read. The Counsel for the accused took several objections, which were overruled.

Another attempt was then made to delay the proceedings on behalf of the Bishops; but the Counsel for the Crown and the Judges would not yield. The Chief Justice, however, said: "We have taken all the care we can to be satisfied of this matter, and we will take care that my lords the Bishops shall have all justice done them. Nay; they shall have all the favour, by my consent, that can be shown them without doing wrong to my master the King; but truly I cannot depart from the course of the Court in this matter, if the King's Counsel press it."

The Prelates then pleaded *Not Guilty*; and the Trial was fixed for that day fortnight. At first the law officers spoke of large bail, but they willingly yielded to a small sum; for it turned out that nearly thirty peers were there, ready to give bail to any amount, and a rich merchant of the city—a *Dissenter*—sent word that he should esteem it an honour to become surety for one of them.

As they retired from the Court, the most boisterous acclamations arose. Many who understood not the matter supposed that as they were now out of custody they were *acquitted*. While the people shouted, the bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and multitudes came for another blessing.

Fourteen days of anxious waiting preceded the day of Trial. A red-letter day in England's history is

Friday, 29th June, 1688. Westminster Hall had witnessed many an important gathering before, and has seen many an excited audience since. But never was a Trial conducted within its magnificent walls of deeper interest, and having more momentous issues. To say that the Hall was crowded, is saying little. To pronounce that audience *excited*, is very *tameness*. Every seat, every aisle, every avenue was occupied by human beings; who for ten long hours were alternately held in breathless suspense, and relieved by loudest bursts of pent-up, struggling feeling. Nearly forty peers of the realm were there to testify their regard for the accused; and all the Judges of the Court were on the Bench. In the centre chair sat the *Chief Justice Wright*, of whom it is sufficient to say that he was the *protégé* of Jeffries, and a man of notoriously unscrupulous character; but, on this occasion, he was kept somewhat in check by the presence and scrutiny of so many peers. He appeared to sit uncomfortably in such company, and was said to look as if all around him "had halters in their pockets." On one side of the Chief was *Allybone*, a professed Papist, and therefore sat there in virtue of that dispensing power which James had unlawfully claimed. On the other side were *Holloway* and *Powell*, who behaved with moderation and fairness.

Below the Bench, and at the Bar, sat the Counsel. For the Crown, there were *Powys*, the Attorney-General, and *Williams*, the Solicitor, who had been Speaker in two successive Parliaments, and a violent Whig advocate, but now, for the sake of place and pelf, the zealous champion of the dispensing power. With these were

the Recorder of London and Serjeant *Trinder*, a Roman Catholic. For the defence, there were *Sawyer* and *Finch*, who, when James ascended the throne, were Attorney and Solicitor Generals, but had been dismissed to make way for more pliant and worthless men. They were assisted by *Pemberton*, who in the preceding reign had been Chief Justice of that very Court; *Pollexfen*, whose name is unhappily associated with "the Bloody Assize;" *Irvine*, who had also been on the Bench; *Trely*, a quondam Recorder of the City; and *Somers*, then a young and unknown Barrister. If the Trial may be decided by legal ability, there is no question that the Bishops will be acquitted; for, with perhaps a single exception, the leading talent of the Bar is on their side.

The King made a strenuous effort to get a jury to his mind. It is said that he summoned into the royal closet the clerk of the Crown, and ordered him to select such names as would secure a verdict against the Prelates. But the lawyers for the defence did their duty well. Many servants at the Palace were put on the register, but they were removed. After this sifting of the list, the first twelve names were called, and, having been sworn, took their seats, with Sir Roger Langley, an honourable Baronet, as Foreman.

The information, including the Royal Declaration, was read. The crier made proclamation, after which the *Attorney-General* arose and opened the case for the Crown.

After his account of the law, and going over the facts of the case, the Attorney marked out the course he intended to pursue; but said not a word on the

King's claim to the dispensing power, where after all lay the *gist* of the whole matter.

The publication of the two Declarations and the Order in Council was proved; and then the Bishops' Petition—the *libel*—was brought into Court. The Attorney-General tried coaxingly to get the defendants to acknowledge their signatures; but their Counsel objected, and resolved to throw their opponents on their own resources. Several witnesses were called to prove the handwriting; but some failed altogether, others refused to answer, and others still contradicted themselves under cross-examination. The evidence was so meagre that the defence strenuously objected to the Petition being read; and after a severe contest between the opposing Counsel, a clerk from the Privy Council office was sworn. They brought this man very reluctantly; for it was known that under the cross-fire of lawyers he must make statements which the Attorney and Solicitor Generals wished to suppress. Still they were driven to it; and having sworn that the Prelates acknowledged to the King their signatures in his presence, he was subjected to one of the most searching cross-examinations which history records. With great unwillingness he confessed that though his Majesty had made no *express promise* to the Bishops that their acknowledgments should not be used to their prejudice, they *did* make it with this understanding.

But though the writing was thus proved, and the Petition was allowed to be read, another technical objection was raised, viz. that the indictment charged them with writing it in *Middlesex*, but it was well known to have been written at Lambeth. The Solicitor-General

fought extremely hard, but to no purpose, and the ground had to be changed. The issue was now made to rest on *the publication in Middlesex*. But here the prosecution failed, for no one saw the Bishops give the Petition to the King. *Presumptive* evidence was urged, but even the Chief Justice said: "I can *presume* nothing. . . . I will ask my brothers their opinion, but I must deal truly with you. I think it is not evidence against my lords the Bishops." *Mr. Justice Holloway* said: "Truly I think you have failed in your information; you have not proved anything . . . in the county of Middlesex . . . , and the jury must find them *not guilty*." Powell agreed with the other Judges. The Attorney-General petulantly asked: "But shall a man be permitted thus to affront the King, and there be no way to punish it?" To which the Chief Justice manfully replied: "Yes . . . ; but it will be a very strange thing if we should go and *presume* that these lords did it, when there is no sort of evidence of it."

The Clerk of the Council was recalled, and leading questions were put to him; but he was obliged to say that the defendants had not in his hearing acknowledged the delivery of the paper to the King. The people were delighted, and deafening applause rang through the hall of Westminster. Another witness was brought. The Solicitor-General examined him so improperly that the Judges publicly reprovved him. The Counsel for the defence fell now so unmercifully upon the Solicitor, that the Chief Justice said: "Pray, brothers, be quiet, or I'll turn him loose upon you again." Another clerk was called, but with no more

success; and another immense shout greeted the repeated failure. A last effort was put forth; and the Solicitor maintained, that though no *positive* proof could be given of publication, there was quite sufficient *presumptive* evidence to go to the jury. But the Judges thought differently. At this moment the face of the overwhelming assembly was radiant with hope. It seemed impossible to have a conviction. The Chief Justice began to direct the jury to acquit, when a circumstance occurred which at the moment seemed most calamitous. Finch, more zealous than discreet, interrupted his lordship, and said he had more evidence to offer in favour of the Bishops. The Judge stopped. The lawyers glared upon Finch with anger, and every Protestant in the place was filled with vexation. The Judge was exhorted to proceed. Finch himself begged that his interruption might be overlooked. But during this altercation, a message had been sent to Sunderland, the President of the Council; and when the Chief Justice resumed his charge, the Solicitor-General arose, and said he had that moment heard, that a person of great quality would be speedily in Court, who could give satisfactory evidence of the publication of the libel. The Judge resolved to wait. An ominous pause occurred for more than half an hour, and thousands of faces were elongated to an extraordinary degree. The Counsel for the defence begged his lordship to go on, but he stoutly refused; and another half-hour passed in silence. Then the crier was sworn, and declared his belief that other witnesses were coming. Another pause, and then a general excitement; for down the aisles of the hall there came a sedan chair,

containing the President. He was an apostate from Protestantism, and most odious to the crowds who gazed upon him. He was insulted on every side. Pale and trembling, he gave his evidence. He was asked about the Bishops' application to him to procure their interview with the King. He stated the facts of the case, and said that though he did not see them deliver the Petition to the King, they told him as they were going into the royal closet that they had the Petition, and that their object in seeking the audience was to present it.

• And now the trial assumed a new phase altogether. The crowded assembly was deeply mortified at the time; but we have no hesitation in saying that the cause of Protestant truth would have been immeasurably the loser, if a verdict of acquittal had been then given. Up to this moment, the defence had rested altogether upon *technicalities*, and had the Bishops been released, the verdict would have carried but little weight. But now came the question as to whether the dispensing power which the King claimed, and against which in fact the Bishops petitioned, was legal or illegal. Most boldly did the defence argue this matter, and stated the illegality of the claim so positively that the Chief Justice became alarmed.

But Sir Robert Sawyer was determined to proceed; and after citing that part of the Declaration which, without the authority of Parliament, annuls statutes and abolishes the tests, he said: "Now, my lord, this clause either is of legal effect and signification, or it is not. If the King's Counsel say it is of no effect in law . . . then this Petition does no ways impeach the

King's prerogative. . . . But if it have any effect in law, and these laws are suspended by virtue of this clause in the Declaration, then certainly it is of the most dismal consequence that can be thought of; and it behoved my lords, who are the Fathers of the Church, humbly to represent it to the King. For by this Declaration, and particularly by this clause in it, not only the laws of our Reformation, but all the laws for the preservation of the Christian religion in general, are suspended and become of no force."

Finch followed with an able speech on the same side; Pemberton was eloquent; Pollexfen and Irvine spoke well; and after some parole evidence had been offered, the defence closed with an address from Somers, the then young and unknown Barrister. In few words he disposed of the whole case with inimitable simplicity and power. "By the law of all civilised nations," he said, "if the Prince does require something to be done, which the person who is to do it takes to be unlawful, it is not only lawful, but his duty, *rescribere principi*; that is all that is done here; and that in the most humble manner that can be thought of. They did not interpose by giving their advice as peers; they never stirred till it was brought home to themselves; when they made their petition, all they begged was, that it might not be so far insisted upon by his Majesty as to oblige them to read it; whatever they thought of it, they did not take upon them to desire the Declaration to be revoked.

"My lord, as to the matters of fact alleged in the said Petition, that they are perfectly true, we have shown by the Journals of both Houses. There could

be no design to diminish the prerogative, because the King hath no such prerogative.

"*Seditious*, my lord, it could not be; nor could it possibly stir up sedition in the minds of the people, because it was presented to the King, private and alone. *False* it could not be, because the matter of it is true. There could be nothing of *malice*, for the occasion was not *sought*, the thing was pressed upon them. And a *libel* it could not be; because the intent was innocent, and they kept within the bounds set by the Act of Parliament, that gives the subject leave to apply to his Prince by petition when he is aggrieved."

Then came the reply for the Crown. The Attorney-General spoke with excessive feebleness. The Solicitor startled the Court, and enraged the audience, by his effrontery. Justice Powell repeatedly objected to his doctrine, and the Chief Justice called him to order. An unseemly reference to the Exclusion Bill brought upon him the hisses of the crowd; and when at length he boldly denied the right of petition, except by Parliament, he could be endured no longer. One loud burst of indignation forced him to resume his seat.

The other Counsel followed, and the Chief Justice summed up the evidence. There was difference of opinion on the Bench. Powell repudiated the dispensing power, and pronounced the Petition *not a libel*. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "this is a dispensation with a witness. It amounts to an abrogation and utter repeal of all the laws; for I can see no difference—nor know of none in law—between the King's power to dispense with laws ecclesiastical, and his power to

dispense with any other law whatsoever. If this be once allowed of, there will need be no Parliament; all the legislature will be in the King, which is a thing worth considering, and I leave the issue to God and your consciences."

Mr. Justice Holloway said the Petition was no libel. Allybone went all lengths with the King; and the Chief Justice maintained that the Petition *was* libellous.

With this difference of view, the issue was left with the jury. When they were about to retire, a circumstance occurred which would greatly shock our modern proprieties, and fill an honest teetotaler with righteous indignation. The Chief Justice said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, have you a mind to drink before you go?" One of them was bold enough to say, "Yes, my lord, if you please." Wine was sent for; and after this refecton, they retired for the night, to consider their verdict.

That was a solemn night in London. Everybody seemed under a great oppression. Protestant and Papist felt that the decisive moment had arrived. The Pope's Ambassador wrote thus to his Master: "It is now late in the evening, and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The Jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle." For some time after the Jury retired, there was disagreement among them, and loud altercation was heard during the night. The difficulty arose mainly with one Major Arnold, of Peter Street, Westminster. He sustained the lucrative office of Brewer to the palace. His position, he maintained,

was a very awkward one, and was sure to ruin him. If he voted not against the Bishops, he would lose his Major's place, for the King would employ him no longer; and if he voted not on the side of the Bishops, all his customers had declared he should brew no more for them. Balancing his difficulties, however, he clung to the palace, and the greater part of the night pleaded for a verdict of guilty. An able country gentleman was on the Jury, who wished to argue the matter with Arnold; but he was deaf to argument. He said he could not reason; but his conscience was not satisfied, and he meant to stand out. "Well, then," said the gentleman, "just look at me; I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a Petition as this a *libel*, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a *tobacco-pipe*." At six in the morning the Brewer yielded, and the Jury were unanimous.

There is a curious letter, written just at the hour of agreement by the Archbishop's solicitor, revealing some of the mysteries of those dark and venal days.

It is dated 6 o'clock in the morning, 30th June, 1688, at the Bell Tavern, King Street.

"May it please your Grace,—We have watched the Jury all night carefully, attending without the door on the stair head. They have by order been kept all night without fire or candle, bread, drink, tobacco, or any other refreshments whatever, save only basins of water and towels this morning about four.

"The officers and our own servants, and others hired by us to watch the officers, have and shall con-

stantly attend, but must be supplied with fresh men to relieve our guards, if need be.

"I am informed by my servant and Mr. Grange's that, about midnight, they were very loud one among another; and the like happened about three this morning, which makes me collect they are not yet agreed; they beg for a candle to light their pipes, but are denied.

"In case a verdict pass for us (which God grant in His own best time) the present consideration will be, how the Jury shall be treated. The course is, usually, each man so many guineas, and a common dinner for them all. The quantum is at your Grace's and my Lords' direction. But it seems to my poor understanding that the dinner might be spared, lest our watchful enemies interpret our entertainment of the Jury for public exultation and a seditious meeting; and so it may be ordered thus: Each man (so many) guineas for his trouble; and each man a guinea over for his own desire; with my Lords' order, that I or some other entreat them, in your names, not to dine together, for the reasons aforesaid. I conceive my Lords the Bishops will resolve how to direct me on this point before they come into Court. There were twenty-two of the Jury appeared, and no more; and they that did not serve will expect a reward as well as those who did.

"I beg your Grace's pardon for this trouble; it is only to enable my Lords to consult what is fit to do decently on our part, and all is submitted to your Grace's and my Lords' judgment by, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,
"JOHN INCE."

"P.S.—Just now the officer brings me word they are all agreed, and are sending to my Lord Chief Justice to know where he pleases to take their verdict. There must be 150 or 200 guineas provided."

An account of the expenses incurred by the Seven Bishops during the trial has been preserved. In addition to all the costs which the prosecution had to discharge, the defendants were charged £558, which, at the rate of 6 per cent. upon their respective incomes, was divided among them. Some of the items of cost are curious. To Mr. Pollexfen, *to second a motion*, £3, 4s. 6d. Now if every man who seconds a motion was to be paid at this rate, we should soon have fewer resolutions at our public meetings. *To the criers for their pains*, 40s. There is generally supposed to be pain in connection with crying, but we don't often hear of such a *pains tariff* as this. *To Sir Samuel Asty for striking the Jury*, £2, 3s. Here again one would have supposed that juries were ordinarily empanelled to try strikers for assault and battery; but in this case a man gets a fee for striking the very safeguard of English liberty—the *jury*. To cost for *chairs* for the Bishops in Court, 20s. first day, and again on Saturday 40s. Why the chairs should have been charged double on Saturday, one cannot divine.

Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for the delivery of the verdict. The Bench was again filled with the nobility and gentry; the area was crowded with an immense concourse; and every street leading to the Hall was thronged by an excited people. The accused were

there, and the Bar was crowded. The Jury were led into the box. Their names were called; the proclamation for silence was made; and the officer said: "Gentlemen, are you agreed on your verdict?" They answered, "Yes." "Who shall say for you?" was demanded; and the reply was, "Our Foreman." "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" The suspense of the Hall was breathless. The Foreman, with a good, loud, English, Protestant voice, said, "*Not guilty.*" The effect of these two words is described by a living orator as more than electric. "'Not guilty,' said the Foreman; and 'Not guilty,' shouted the dense crowd. 'Not guilty,' reverberated the roof, as if Westminster Hall had partaken of the joyful sound. 'Not guilty' issued out of the windows. 'Not guilty' ran along the streets. Hats, caps, bonnets, were thrown into the air; and as they arose they were followed by the sound of 'Not guilty.' The ready bonfires and fireworks showed the tone of the public mind, and the state of expectation they were in for this anticipated triumph. They blazed, they burst, and the very rockets seemed to explode to the tune of 'Not guilty.' Eye encountered eye, hand was grasped in hand. Men, women, and children ran, and shouted as they ran, 'Not guilty.' The sound rolling across the City, reached the inhabitants of Whitechapel; thence it reverberated to Kensington, and along the suburban road to Hounslow; where, caught up by the troops there encamped under their royal Master, it sounded like a knell of death in the ear of the affrighted King.

All England felt it. 'Not guilty:' our Protestant Church is safe! 'Not guilty:' our Popish King is beaten! 'Not guilty:' our laws are preserved; our Constitution has escaped; our noble Protestant defenders are. 'Not guilty!'"

The Prelates came forth from the Hall amid the benedictions of thousands, and the most extravagant manifestations of joy. As soon as they could free themselves from the crowd, they entered Whitehall Chapel, to join in the morning prayers. It was St. Peter's day; so that the lesson recorded St. Peter's miraculous deliverance from prison. Many of the Churches became thronged with a thankful people. Dissenters vied with Churchmen in expressions of gladness. A fearful load of anxiety had been removed by the simple deliverance of the Jury. Protestantism had triumphed, and Old England was free.

In the narrative which has been given, the preceding facts are traced to, and associated with, this memorable Trial. The *connection* between the Trial of the Bishops and the *great event which followed* must not be forgotten. How close that connection really is, cannot be determined with exactness; and every student will form his own conclusions. But that it hastened the English Revolution there can be no doubt.

The evil genius which seemed to influence King James through his public life was not yet expelled. Any man, possessing common prudence, would have felt that the time had come for moderation and concession. The feeling of the Country was now raised to such a pitch that the only chance of safety was in conciliation; but the monarch, exasperated by defeat,

urged on his course, and plunged into irretrievable ruin. He then discovered that he had mounted a steed which he was unable to control. For some years, impelled by a mad superstition, he had given up the reins. Mettlesome and unchecked, it dashed along, heedless of obstacles, and trampling down the liberties of the nation. But now there was danger to the rider. He was unmoved as he rode rough-shod over a once loyal and devoted people. Their complaints rather infuriated than restrained him. But in the midst of his onslaught, he was suddenly alarmed by the sight of a precipice which was just before him. He seized the bridle; but the curb was lost. He tried to pull the courser upon its haunches; but on it sped. He made an effort to vault out of the saddle; but the girth which had bound him would not give way. He cried lustily for help; but found himself forsaken. With a shriek of fear and revenge, the last plunge was taken; and the horse and his rider were thrown into the sea.

In review of these facts of history, it behoves us to be grateful for the preservation of the Protestant Religion. It has sometimes been objected that it is unfair to make the Trial of the Seven Bishops a religious question at all,—that Popery or no-Popery had nothing to do with it,—it was simply a political matter. We demur altogether to this. There is every reasonable probability that if these men had been convicted, the King would have carried his purpose, and England would have been thrown prostrate at the feet of Rome. But, thanks be to God, it was not so. The designs of darkness were defeated. An insincere and tyrant

King was driven before the storm he himself had raised. William and Mary, of blessed memory, took peaceful possession of the throne; the British Constitution was fixed upon a solid basis; and our own Victoria — virtuous, condescending, powerful, and beloved—lives and reigns in the warmest heart of a loving people.

IV.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY, AND "NO SURRENDER."

THERE are two considerations which will render the Siege of Derry ever memorable in the history of the United Kingdom. One is found in the simple facts of the siege, irrespective of its relation either to the national struggle in which it was so remarkable an episode, or to the interests of posterity.

Never in the annals of warfare were the virtues of courage and endurance more conspicuous. Think of eight long months of attack, and most of them of famine; of the tens of thousands of men, women, and children who had crowded as refugees into the City, but were able to render little or no help in the siege; of the small handful of military men whose experience was of any service in the defence; of the treachery of professed friends, and the malignity of avowed enemies; of the large and constantly recruited forces of the besiegers, many of them disciplined to warfare, and commanded by men who were supposed to be the ablest generals of the age; the sudden zeal of a few apprentice boys on the first approach of the foe; the wild enthusiasm of the crowded population; the pestilence and famine, in addition to the hundreds of

cannon balls, that desolated the streets, and well-nigh decimated the inhabitants,—and yet of the spirit of martyrdom which animated that garrison; the cry of “No Surrender” which daily sounded through Derry, and often made the very welkin ring; and the final success which crowned the gallantry and sufferings of the besieged: it seems impossible to exaggerate, or even to do anything like justice to such an event.

The second consideration which will render the “Siege of Derry” immortal, and has especially suggested it as the subject of a lecture, is the Protestant relationship which it bore to Ireland and England. It put an end to one of the greatest tyrannies which Britain ever knew, or the history of Christendom will ever record. The influence of the last of the ill-fated Stuarts had been growing “small by degrees, and beautifully less.” His whole course of conduct, prompted by some Ahithophels, inspired at Rome, had alienated his people; and at length he was compelled to abandon the throne and escape into France. But his Counsellors there were no better than those at home. He indulged the childish hope of regaining his position; and Londonderry became the theatre on which the final arbitrament should take place. The *Pope of Rome*, as well as James, was defeated there. Religious, as well as civil, liberty was secured by that fearful struggle; and now, while we shudder at the price, we may glory in our inheritance. Looking, as Protestants, at the vast importance of the Siege of Derry, we are surprised that no first-class poet has attempted to do it justice. There are references to it in abundance. One or two diaries have been published.

A few stirring ballads have been written, but nothing really equal to the occasion. Indeed, the most spirited lines to be found are simply an apology for poetic neglect :—

“ *Derriana ! lovely dame,
By many suitors courted ;
Thy beauty rare, and deeds of fame,
Have been but ill reported.*

“ *Seated in dignity serene,
Beside a crystal fountain ;
In radiant comeliness thou’rt seen,
O’ershadowed by a mountain.*

“ *Round thee are groves and villas bright,
And temples of devotion ;
Fair fields for plenty and delight,
And inlets of the ocean.*

“ *What was proud Troy compared to thee,
Though Hector did command her ?
How great thy Foyle would seem to be
Near Homer’s old Scamander !*

“ *Like thee, two sieges sharp she stood,
By timid friends forsaken ;
But, unlike thee, twice drenched in blood
She fainted and was taken.*

“ *What was her cause compared to thine ?
A harlot she protected ;
But thou for Liberty divine
All compromise rejected.*

“ *But Troy a bard of brilliant mind
Found out to sing her glory ;
While thou canst only dunces find
To mar thy greater story.”*

That fair City, whose deeds of daring and endurance we now celebrate, is “ beautiful for situation.” Stand-

ing on a considerable slope, the spire of its Cathedral, which well-nigh crowns the eminence, points towards heaven; while the rich waters of the Foyle never cease to wash its feet. In 1566, Derry passed into the hands of the English. In 1600, Queen Elizabeth despatched a large body of men to quell the disturbances excited by Roe O'Donnell and others, who, falling upon Derry, had slaughtered the inhabitants, and sacked the City. National assistance was given to rebuild it. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Council of London undertook the work. James I., who had now succeeded Elizabeth, granted to them a Charter of incorporation, including not only the site of the old town, but six thousand English acres of the surrounding country. With considerable taste and architectural skill, the new place was planned and erected. Because of its just-named connection with the capital of the Empire, it was called Londonderry; and because of its determined resistance to James' attempts upon the winsome young lady, either of wooing or violence, it was designated "THE MAIDEN CITY."

For, "crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came :
(The royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame) ;

"He showed the Pope's Commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused ;
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.

"In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still."

Before we enter upon the facts of the siege, a brief review of the preceding history is necessary; but the merest outline will suffice.

According to the oldest annals which Ireland possesses, that Country was originally peopled by the Celts, who were the first colonists of Western Europe. It was in the fifth century that Christianity was introduced to the island; which, for a while, was maintained in its purity and power; but at length "the fine gold became dim." The simplicity and spirituality of the Christian religion were gone, and the very worst features that Popery in any country ever assumed were seen in Ireland. The English invasion took place in the reign of Henry II., from which time almost down to the (happy, and, I hope, lasting) union of the two islands, history presents a long, cruel, constant struggle. Henry VIII. was the first English monarch who assumed the title of King of Ireland; and Catherine Howard, the fifth spouse of that royal polygamist and wife-killer, was the first Queen Consort. Sir Henry Domera, Elizabeth's celebrated officer, did much towards bringing the long-continued strife to an end. In 1608, the rebellion of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty hastened the crisis; and "with his death the struggle of 436 years between the English and Irish closed—a struggle which, for the period of its duration, is unexampled in history."

But now the work of colonization, especially in Ulster, was commenced in earnest. James I. offered many inducements to the English and Scotch to become settlers in Ireland; and Derry was made the centre of their operations. This introduced the Pro-

testant element into the city, which afterwards became both its strength and glory.

As the English and Protestant power increased in the Country, the native population, stimulated and even goaded by the priests of Rome, cherished the most deadly enmity and resolutions of revenge. Hence the fearful rebellion of 1641, when Ireland was reddened with the blood of nearly 200,000 Protestants—one of the blackest deeds that Rome ever instigated, or human hands ever accomplished. Derry was the special object of attack; but the resistance was determined, and not a single post was surrendered. In 1649, the city was again besieged; but it held out resolutely for four months, when the garrison, reduced to the last extremity, was happily relieved. The Charter, which had been granted by James I. and cancelled by his son, was now restored and enlarged by Cromwell; but in 1687, James II., then in the height of his tyranny, wrested the Charter altogether from "the maiden city."

This brings us to the war of the Revolution. The Stuart kings, instead of thinking that they had been upraised by Providence rightly and well to govern their subjects, reversed the thought, and supposed that all the people of these lands lived only for their pleasure and benefit. The vices of the family culminated in its last governing representative. James II. was impatient of control, relentless towards opponents, imperious in will, furious in temper, pedantic, false, awfully bigoted, and from the beginning to the end of his public life under the absolute dominion of

Popery. It could not be that a nation sound to Protestantism to the very core could long be governed by a King like this. Whether he foresaw the coming disasters, we cannot tell; but he seems early to have thought that Ireland would be his strength, if not his refuge. Always more faithful to the Pope than to his Coronation Oath, it was his policy to foster the bad feeling between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. It was his purpose to bring the whole of the United Kingdom under the yoke of Rome; but the first part of his plan was to make the conquest complete in Ireland. He therefore effected a revolution in all the State officers. He disbanded the Protestant portion of the army to the extent of six thousand men, whose places were supplied by the lowest ruffianism of the island. All the chief military posts were in the hands of the Papists, with Tyrconnel at their head. Of this man it is sufficient to say that he was known during his lifetime, and long after his death, as "lying Dick Talbot." This phrase gives us an insight into his character. The vice of lying is never isolated. He who will intentionally deceive, will steal if he have the chance. I would always fold my cloak closely around me, and grip my purse, in the presence of a liar. He simply lacks opportunity to filch your property, or blast your reputation. This was the man to whom was given the chief military command. The civil appointments were of much the same character. The greatest rascal that could be found in Westminster—a convicted forger—was made Lord Chancellor. A thorough-going Romanist became Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who made it his public

boast that he would "drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement." Sheriffs were appointed whose hands had been branded for theft; and all the Municipal Corporations were placed under the authority of the Crown.

The King supposed that his plans were progressing admirably; when just in the height of his tyranny, he was startled by the cry of what he called treason. The Revolution had actually commenced. William of Orange had been invited by the nobles of England to come and deliver their nation from oppression. His preparations were quickly and quietly made; and almost before the Court was aware of his approach, he had landed in Devonshire, and was hailed by the people with rapturous acclaim as their Country's Deliverer.

The Monarch was alternately pale and crimson with passion; but he had soon to realize the fate of the tyrant. He was quickly compelled to leave his throne and flee into France, where he was received with welcome by his royal Popish brother, who assured him that they had both the same interests, and that he would restore him to his kingdom. This restoration, it was believed, could only be effected by means of Ireland. It was therefore agreed that a large contingent should proceed from France, and join the Irish royalists in subduing the two Protestant strongholds of the country. By one of the basest acts that a public man ever committed, Tyrconnel deprived the Protestants of Ireland of their chief leader. He requested Lord Mountjoy to proceed to James as a deputation, imploring him for the sake of peace to make some concessions,

and he would then be welcomed back again by a devoted people. With great difficulty Mountjoy was persuaded to go. But he was accompanied by the Chief Baron, who was privately to tell the King that he was a traitor, and must not be allowed to return. Mountjoy was thrust into prison; and then Tyrconnel threw off the mask, and announced himself as the extirpator of the Protestants in Ireland. He called the whole nation to arms; gave the pass-word from Dublin Castle, "Now or never;" permitted the plunder or destruction of the Protestants without let or hindrance; and within a few weeks, a hundred thousand people were in arms.

The whole Protestant Community was in consternation. They called to mind that fearful massacre of 1641, and believed that they were about to witness a repetition. A report was circulated that on a particular night—the 9th of December—every English family was to be put to death. Many thousands of terrified people left their homes, and sought to reach England. To prevent so sudden a departure, Tyrconnel sent for many leading Protestants to the Castle, and assured them with oaths and curses, that the rumour was "a confounded lie." He even pulled off his hat and wig, and threw them into the fire, as a confirmation of the many oaths he had just uttered. But they remembered that his name was "Dick Talbot;" and his very denial assured them that the report was true. They therefore resolved to put themselves in a state of defence, and wait the issue. The historian says that "every large country house became a fortress. Every visitor who arrived after nightfall was challenged from a loophole, or from a barricaded window; and, if he attempted to

enter without pass-words and explanations, a blunderbus was presented to him. On the dreaded night of the 9th December, there was scarcely one Protestant mansion, from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay, in which armed men were not watching and lights burning from early sunset to the late sunrise."

It was now felt that the struggle between the two classes of Ireland's population was at hand. The Protestants, as if by general arrangement, rushed simultaneously to their strongholds in the North—Enniskillen and Derry. It was Tyrconnel's intention to have both these places well garrisoned by Popish troops; but that intention in each case was defeated. The Enniskilleners were not content to act merely on the defensive; but when they heard that the soldiers were at hand, they hastily arranged their little forces, darted out of the place, came dashing on the enemy, and put them to an utter and ignominious flight.

The Earl of Antrim, with 1,200 men (red-hot Papists) under his command, had been ordered with all despatch to Derry. He had already reached Coleraine, and was on full march to the City, when the tidings of his approach were received, through a special messenger, at the midnight hour. There was at once a sad scene of confusion. Some advised the closing of the gates and a resolute defence; others, including several members of the Corporation, pleaded for negotiations; and others still, for submission. The good old Bishop, Dr. Hopkins, a thorough disciple of non-resistance, exhorted the people to submit to their fate. In the midst of these City deliberations, Antrim's Redshanks, as his regiment was called, presented themselves

on the opposite side of the Foyle. Two companies at once crossed the ferry, commanded by a lieutenant and an ensign, who demanded admittance in the name of his Majesty. The authorities were still undecided, when thirteen or more youths, whose names ought to be preserved in letters of gold, and live in the memory of a grateful posterity, "ran to the main-guard, seized the keys after a slight opposition, came to the ferry, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate, Lord Antrim's soldiers having advanced within sixty yards of it. They then ran to the other three gates, and, having left guards at each of them, assembled in the market-place." "On this sudden and apparently unimportant movement," observes Dr. Reid, "the fate of the three kingdoms ultimately depended."

Derry was at once the scene of mad excitement. The Bishop remonstrated, and reminded them of their duty to their abdicated King; but his exhortations were cut short by a sharp, decided voice: "A very good sermon, my lord; a very good sermon; but we have not time to hear it just now." The deputy-mayor and the sheriffs, traitors to their city, resolved to throw open the gates; but the illustrious apprentice boys sent a party to prevent it, when one of their number was wounded by a Popish sentinel. The sight of Protestant blood produced an irresistible effect. Mackenzie drily observes that "the dull heads of the men of Londonderry could not comprehend how it could be a great crime to shut the gates against those whom they believed to have been sent to cut their throats." William of Orange was proclaimed King, the deputy-mayor was pronounced a traitor, Antrim's soldiers were

commanded to be gone; one, James Morrison, cried from the walls, "Bring a great gun here," when they were seized with fright and hastened across the river to their doughty companions. Messengers were despatched during the night to all the Protestant gentry of the neighbourhood, who came by hundreds, both on horse and on foot, to assist in the defence. A message most opportunely arrived next morning from London, announcing the successes of King William. A volley of artillery was at once fired in honour of the tidings. The Redshanks on the opposite side of the Foyle were alarmed at the thundering cannon, took to their heels, and were soon safe at Coleraine. This, then, was the actual commencement of the "Siege of Derry."

When Tyrconnel heard of the resistance, he was frantic with rage. According to custom, he began to wreak his fury upon his wig; but as the passion subsided, he assumed the diplomatist. He had just heard of William's successes, of the promise which London had given to help the Protestants of Ireland, and of the desertion of James' ablest generals. He therefore personated a character which was indeed very foreign to him, and proposed by clemency to bring back the North to submission. Several weeks were spent in fruitless negotiations, during which Derry made its preparations for defence.

James now became anxious to leave his asylum for Ireland, and was importunate for help. The French Ministers of State had a virulent controversy as to what help should be rendered, and who should accompany his Majesty. It was at length resolved that a

fleet, rather than an army, should be despatched, under the command of the Count of Rosen.

On the 15th February, James went to the royal palace to say good-bye to his benevolent host. Louis treated him with the most flattering attention, and said to him at parting, "I hope we are about to part, never to meet again in this world." The historian says that "James set out for Brest; and his wife, overcome with sickness and sorrow, shut herself up with her child to weep and pray."

He landed at Kinsale on the 12th March, where he was received with unbounded joy by the Roman Catholic population. It is said that "for the want of bells, the king was welcomed with the shouts and acclamations of the people; that a national dance, called the *Rinka fada*, was performed on the occasion, the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly."

He entered Dublin on Saturday, 24th March. His progress to the Castle was quite an ovation: flags were waved, flowers were scattered, women were dancing, priests were blessing, and all the pipers of the City were singing: "The King shall enjoy his own again."

James remained in Dublin for nearly three weeks, undecided as to the future. The City was divided into factions: some anxious to retain the King at the Castle, others as urgent for his progress Northward to subdue Derry, and then pass over to England. After much acrimonious discussion, James settled the question for himself; and as he always had a liking for military parade, when there was no personal danger, he put himself at the head of 12,000 men and set out for Ulster.

He made a hasty journey, overtook De Rosen within two miles of Derry, put himself in front of the forces, and at length halted on a hill, within cannon shot of the walls.

The place was at once surrounded by the troops, except on the water side. A messenger was sent from the camp to announce the arrival of his Majesty, and to summon the City to surrender, who returned with the tidings that an official reply would be given in an hour. James waited in confidence; when in a little while the promised reply came in the unexpected form of a shower of cannon and musket balls, which continued to fall with terrible effect, until "his Majesty," as he himself complacently says, "seeing that he gained nothing upon the minds of these obstinate wretches, who neither offered to surrender nor capitulate, drew off his troops, *on account of the bad weather*, to the quarters nearest the town, there to expect the arrival of the cannon and other things necessary for the forming of a siege or blockade, as should be found most expedient, and retired himself to St. Johnstone."

When the immortal apprentice boys had shut the gates, and the gauntlet had thus been thrown down to the royalist army, it became the first duty of the City to look after the defences. And, in truth, they needed it. "The fortifications," we are told, "consisted of a simple wall overgrown with grass and weeds. There was no ditch even before the gates; the drawbridges had long been neglected, the chains were rusty and could scarcely be used; the parapets and towers were built after a fashion which might well move the disciples of Vauban to laughter; and these feeble

defences were on almost every side commanded by heights."

But the Citizens soon discovered that the defence of the place was not the only thing requiring attention. They had unmistakable proof that all the enemies of Protestantism and liberty had not gone to Coleraine with Lord Antrim's Redshanks. There was first the whisper, and then the cry, of treachery within the walls. The traitor was no less a person than the Governor himself. When Tyrconnel committed the perfidy of sending Lord Mountjoy on the mission to France, that nobleman, who was then Governor of Derry, nominated Colonel Lundy as his successor, and left him in charge. This man, whose name to this day is justly said to be "held in execration by the Protestants of the North of Ireland," and whose "effigy was long, and perhaps still is, annually hung and burned by them with marks of abhorrence similar to those which in England are appropriated to Guy Faux," was professedly a Protestant; but it would be nearer the truth to designate him a "concealed Jacobite."

How a faithful recorder of the facts can come to any other conclusion than that he was a deeply-dyed traitor, we are at a loss to know. From the moment that Mountjoy left him in charge of the City, it was his policy to prepare the way for James' restoration. He brought four companies of soldiers into Londonderry, half of whom were Papists; but the Derry men, always awake, retained the Protestant half, and expelled the others. He wrote to Lord Kingston to quit the garrison at Sligo, and come at once to Derry's relief, telling him that the blood of all the Protestants of the

North would lie upon him if he hurried not to their rescue. But when Kingston drew near, he wrote him again to say that there was no provision for him at Derry, and he must remain where he was. Kingston, disgusted with such treatment, returned to Sligo, but found that meanwhile a Popish garrison had taken possession of the place. Lundy entered into secret correspondence with James' officers, engaging that when the proper moment came, he would surrender the City. On the 14th April, reinforcements from England anchored in the Bay. He dissuaded the officers from landing their men, exhorted them to go back to England; and the leal-hearted citizens had the mortification of seeing those two regiments of Englishmen carried away from their relief. He called a Council of War; but refused admission to those members who were true to William and Mary, who had been already proclaimed, and to whom Lundy himself had solemnly sworn allegiance. One brave soldier, however, saw through the treachery, and shouted energetically: "Understand this: to give up Londonderry is to give up Ireland." But Lundy treated the utterance with contempt. When the vanguard of James' army was in sight, he issued orders that there should be no firing. He sent a message stealthily to the Popish King, to say that the City was open to him; and he sternly rebuked the heroic deed of the apprentice boys.

But Lundy found that he had carried the game too far, and that he was now in danger of being torn limb from limb by an indignant, because betrayed, people. "Hang him!" cried one; "Shoot him!" roared another;

"Throw him into the Foyle!" shouted a third. He thought discretion the better part of valour, hid himself until nightfall in some secluded apartment, dressed himself up as a poor vagrant match-seller, threw a bundle of faggots over his shoulders, let himself down from a part of the wall where he was unobserved, and made his escape into obscurity, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

It has been already intimated that this Lundy was not the only traitor sheltered within the walls of Derry. The Council of War just referred to was composed of men for the most part the nominees of the Governor, so that we wonder not at their treachery. But the Town Council, on more than one occasion, was in guilty complicity with Lundy. When this fact was made known, the population became frantic. The cry of treachery ran round the walls like lightning; prayers for help were heard in some of the dwellings, and vows of vengeance in others. The streets echoed and re-echoed the sentiment: "We are betrayed and sold to our enemies." So frenzied, indeed, became the City, that the houses and persons of the Town Councillors were attacked. Some property was destroyed; one officer of rank was killed; and several parties were wounded in the struggle. All authority on the part of officials was lost, and the town was in the hands of the population.

Well was it for the interests of Protestantism and of humanity that that population was more loyal to truth and justice than the rulers they had driven out. It was not a disorderly mob, inflamed by impure passions, rising up against properly-constituted and

righteously-exercised authority, and in the spirit of rebellion destroying property and life with a fiendish thrill of satisfaction. The atrocities of Delhi and Cawnpore will be execrated to latest generations. But it was a large mass of sober, industrious, truthful, liberty-loving people, finding that their confidence had been misplaced, that their dearest birthright had been traitorously bartered, that a satanic intrigue was now on foot, for the selling of themselves and their wives and children into a slavery more horrible a thousand-fold than that of Egypt, resolving in the true spirit of manhood and of loyalty to claim for themselves and their posterity the rights which Heaven and their Country's Constitution had secured to them.

We believe that there was an especial Providence in the event which immediately succeeded the flight of the Governor. The excited population were not influenced by any lawless and vindictive feeling, or they would not have proceeded at once to the appointment of new authorities. Their choice, you will say, was a strange one; but the result proved its wisdom. Mere human sagacity pronounced it folly; but there is a Book which says that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

The election of Governors fell upon Major Baker, a military officer, and the Rev. George Walker, a Protestant clergyman. The former was chosen, as it

would seem, simply for the sake of form, and that the military element might appear associated with the office; but Walker to all intents and purposes became the Governor of Derry.

This justly celebrated man was of a Yorkshire family; but his father became a clergyman in the diocese of Derry in 1633. His first connection with the Siege of Derry was in January 1688, when he went to consult Lundy about the defence of Dungannon, and obtained some troops for the protection of that place. Early in March he again visited the City, to concert measures of safety with the Governor, who as yet was scarcely suspected of treachery. He raised a regiment of infantry in his own locality, and on the 17th April, he joined the forces which sought to stop the Irish army on its march to Derry. The attempt was unsuccessful, and he retreated to those walls within which his courage and prudence were afterwards so signally displayed. On reaching Bishop's Gate, he found it closed against him by Lundy's sentries. He remained with his men outside during the night, and next morning forced his way into the City. He soon found that the place was in deceitful hands. He watched the Governor with a suspicious eye; secured by his zeal and judgment the confidence both of the garrison and populace; and when Lundy was ignominiously ejected, all eyes were fixed on him as Derry's deliverer.

There can be no doubt as to the unanimity with which Walker was elected to his office; and the feeling through the City was general, that if it was possible to save the place at all, he, under God, was the man to

do it. An old ballad-writer, after enumerating the noble band who came from the surrounding districts to help in the defence, says :

“ And last, not least, from Donaghmore,
George Walker came to guide us,
To join our cause for evermore,
Let weal or woe betide us ;
When pressed with woe, in spirits low,
We heard his words endearing ;
When he said Go, we chased the foe,
His voice our spirits cheering.”

The new Governors soon found that the duties laid upon them were of no trifling character. Their first business was to ascertain exactly the condition of the place they had to govern. King James, when he retired to St. Johnstone, called a Council of War, in which it was determined that Derry should be taken by a slow siege ; so that the virtue of endurance, as well as of courage, would evidently be required. It turned out that there were 30,000 fugitives from the adjacent districts, who had crowded into the City for protection. These could render but little help ; and yet they, in addition to the garrison, had to be provided with food.

“ It was obvious enough,” says Walker, “ what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence amongst us on Almighty God, that He would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all these difficulties. And God was pleased to make us the happy instruments of preserving this place, and to Him we give the glory ; and no one need

go about to undervalue or lessen those He was pleased to choose for so great a work. We do allow ourselves to be as unfit for it as they can make us, and that God has only glorified Himself in working so great a wonder with His own right hand, and His holy arm getting Himself the victory."

One thing which contributed materially to the success of the defence, was the thorough oneness of the garrison and the populace as to their duty. All religious animosities among the Protestant sections of the Church, with the most trifling exceptions, were held in abeyance, if not destroyed; and in sooth, it was no time for bickering and distrust. There were about eighteen clergymen and eight Nonconforming ministers in the City when the siege began; but five of the former, and four of the latter, died before the siege was raised.

By general consent, "No surrender!" was made the watchword of the siege. Many, in token of the agreement, wore a badge upon their right arm, with these talismanic words embroidered on it; and so resolutely was the motto adopted, that they made a decree that no man should, under any temptation of hunger or danger, utter the word "surrender." Even the women of Derry—all honour to their memory—resolved to take part in this heroic contest. Some carried ammunition, and others food; some watched the shells falling from the enemy, and daringly drew the very fuse out of the touch-hole, to prevent an explosion; and others threw stones from the ramparts upon the grenadiers' heads below; while all joined with their husbands and brothers and lovers in the chorus of "No surrender!"

"With hearts like these, what blood could freeze?
The dangers gathered round us,
From morn till night, we stood the fight,
The foe could ne'er confound us;
No famine pale could aught avail,
No feelings keen or tender
Make us relent, or once consent
To say the word 'Surrender.'"

The work of slaughter now began in earnest. On the evening of April 19th, James sent a messenger to ask whether the engagements which Lundy had treacherously made would be fulfilled. The answer was, that the defenders of these walls repudiated the Governor's promises. On the 20th, he sent a peer of high distinction, holding a flag of truce, and offering a free pardon to all. Murray, who went out to meet the flag, bravely said, "The men of Londonderry have done nothing that requires a pardon, and own no Sovereign but King William and Queen Mary. It may not be safe for your lordship to stay longer, or to return on the same errand. Let me have the honour of seeing you through the lines." The next day, the besiegers, with a heavy cannonade, began to batter the town. Many roofs were broken in, and some citizens were killed. But this roused the spirit of Derry's sons the more, and towards evening Colonel Murray led out his troops into the valley, where a bloody fray took place. Two hundred of the royalist army were slain; while the French officer at the head of the cavalry and Murray are said to have entered into personal conflict, and Maumont was smitten to the ground a corpse.

This was at Pennybarn. In another sally, five hundred

men were either slain or wounded, and a second distinguished French general was shot to the ground. Several banners were captured, and displayed in the Cathedral, as trophies of that well-fought day.

James began to be ashamed of his army, and reproached them for their cowardice. They therefore resolved to attack the outworks, and a large number bound themselves either to succeed or die. The place selected was Windmill Hill, near the Southern gates. It was a fearful struggle; some of James' soldiers succeeded in reaching the wall, but they were either killed, or made prisoners. Four hundred of the Irish fell, and the living retreated to their camp. Walker's *Diary* says that "in their retreat they took the dead on their backs, and so preserved their own bodies from the remainder of our shot; which was more service than they did when alive."

The besiegers were now deterred from aggressive efforts. James, in angry mood, left the camp for Dublin, and eventually appointed Rosen as the Commander-in-chief. The siege was turned into a blockade, and Derry was to be forced by famine into a surrender. Large reinforcements both of men and material were sent to Rosen, who uttered threats of the most fearful kind to the defenders. "He would raze the City to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls nor the babes at the breast. The leaders he would rack; he would roast them alive." But no threat from such a quarter moved them. They had only one reply to either bribery or intimidation, "No surrender!" Men were dying, houses were falling, streets were being ploughed up; but the men

of Derry were still true to their oath and to one another.

The Garrison and City were feeling fearfully the effect of famine and consequent disease. "As early as the 8th of June, horse-flesh was almost the only food that could be bought; and the supply of this was scanty. Tallow and starch furnished the deficiency, and even these were doled out sparingly."

In the midst, however, of these dreary circumstances, a gleam of light appeared. The tidings had reached London. There was a sharp debate in the House of Commons. All parties there agreed to send immediate help; and on the 15th June, the sentinels on the roof of the Cathedral saw the sails of thirty vessels in the distance. There was great difficulty in conveying a message from the ships to the town; but a youth, fleet of foot, contrived to elude the enemy's watchers; and entering the City, handed a letter which had been tied in his garter to Governor Walker. This was from Major-General Kirk, announcing his arrival in the Lough, with a large supply of men, war material, and stores for their relief. The City was filled with joy, and all seemed to regard it as life from the dead. A boom had been thrown over the river by the enemy; and Kirk's fleet was narrowly watched. But he made no effort to relieve them; so that several weeks elapsed before the help, now within their sight, was brought within their reach; and all the while, gaunt famine and fever were killing men by thousands.

This conduct of Kirk was not only destitute of the heart of a British officer; it was treasonable. He knew the urgency with which he had been sent from

England; he knew the condition of the garrison. Letters reached him from Walker and Baker, saying that there was no human hope of sustaining the siege more than six days longer, and imploring him, in the name of 20,000 dying Protestants, to hasten their deliverance; and yet they had the mortification of seeing those sails fade away in the distance, and then it was that they gave themselves up to despair. But though dead to hope, and though the departure of Kirk had revived the expectations of the besieging army, these heroic men were still resolved, and as resolved as ever, to die rather than surrender. They agreed first to eat all the horses, then the prisoners, and then one another, sooner than betray that great Protestant cause to which they had solemnly pledged their lives.

The last day of June witnessed two events—the death of Baker, Walker's worthy colleague in the Governorship; and also a threat of one of the most villanous transactions ever recorded in the annals of war. General Rosen sent this message, that if the City was not delivered up by six o'clock the next afternoon, he would send his soldiers through the whole district, and they should drive before them all the Protestants, men, women, and children, protected or unprotected; and having forced them to the walls of Derry, they should lie and die there, under the eyes of the garrison.

Nor was this an idle threat. On the 2nd of July, a slow-rising cloud of dust announced to the sentinels on the ramparts the approach of a large body of people. The bugle sounded the alarm; for all supposed that the enemy was coming, none ever dreaming that Rosen's

threat was in course of execution. The garrison stood to arms; and, when the word was given, fired a volley into the distant crowd. A loud scream, more piercing than cannon, rent the skies. A light breeze sprang up, dispersing both the smoke and dust; and then there were presented to their horror-stricken sight "several thousands of Protestants, not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations."

When the first spasm of horror at the sight was past, the most furious cry of indignation and revenge that ever was heard in Derry arose in the streets and echoed from the walls. "A gallows! a gallows!" shouted first one and then a thousand voices; and almost as by magic there rose upon the walls, and in sight of the enemy's camp, that horrid machine of death; and a message was despatched, stating that if this helpless crowd were not at once removed, every prisoner in their hands should be immediately hanged—a threat, however, which happily was not fulfilled. It is but justice to say that the Irish soldiers obeyed the orders of their inhuman General with much hesitation; and the moment James heard of the shocking proposal, he sent a despatch to Rosen to forbid it; so that on the 4th July, this wretch, perceiving that his object was unaccomplished, and that his conduct was universally execrated, sulkily issued orders to disperse the crowd, and to recommence the bombardment.

The first day of July found the garrison reduced to 5,700 men. Famine and the siege lessened the soldiers at the rate of fifty per day; and, regarding the number of inhabitants, there must have been nearly

two hundred daily interments within that small City. The appearance of the two little graveyards was fearful. Material could scarcely be found even to cover the dead; and every now and then, a cannon ball from the enemy fell into the cemeteries, ploughing up the graves, and still more horribly mangling the bodies of the dead. It became at length an absolute necessity that those who died of famine or disease in their houses should be buried in the precincts of their own dwellings.

With still more fearful effect the bombardment was now carried on. Havoc was made with the gates and bastions; but the besieged repaired in the night what was destroyed in the daytime. Every hour witnessed the death of their comrades, and their store's diminution; until at length, about the 27th or 28th, an exact account of the provisions was taken, and it was found that two or three days at the most would bring them to the last morsel.

It is very surprising to find that even in their extremity they tried to rally each other's spirits, and still pledged themselves to "No surrender!" One is pleased to see that the grand old Governor was the first man to urge their holding out. Nay, there is a raciness about his diary which shows that even in this extremity he could be moved to laughter by the sight of the ridiculous. He gives a detailed account of the search of his own house, because some one had said that he had secreted food. He notes with gusto how the garrison, even with death before them, hotly debated whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France. He gives an amusing description of a sally made on July 25th, to capture some of

the enemy's cattle ; and he tells of a portly, fat-looking gentleman, who fancied that the hungry faces around were all fixed in earnest cannibal desire upon him, and who therefore hid himself in a garret for three days in succession.

But the sufferings of this devoted people were drawing towards a close. They had now sustained a siege of almost unexampled duration and severity. The morning of 30th July broke over the City, as many preceding days had done, revealing want and death. The hours of the day passed away heavily, each one of them closing the eyes of expiring sufferers. An affectionate invitation had been given to a special service for prayer in the Cathedral. At the appointed hour, many wended their way to the Sanctuary. The faithful minister spoke words of comfort ; he recounted the many interpositions of Heaven on their behalf ; told them of the testimony they were bearing before the world for truth ; prayed that confidence and constancy might be their portion, and pronounced upon their sorrowing hearts the evening benediction. That congregation dispersed. The women went to their homes, and the men to garrison duty. The calm of night was sitting on the place, when suddenly the sentinels on the tower cried out, "There are ships in the Lough." The message ran like lightning ; and almost immediately there was the answering cry from a thousand voices as of thunder, "There are ships in the Lough." Kirk had heard of the wrath which his conduct had excited in London, and had received a positive order from Schomberg to relieve Derry at all risks. In the convoy under his command, there

were two vessels, the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine. The Masters of these vessels, Browning and Douglas, had volunteered to go on this perilous and gallant duty. They were escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate. These were the three vessels seen in the river.

Crowds of excited people climbed the walls and eminences to look up the Lough ; while the discharge of eight cannons from the steeple of the Cathedral, and the slow waving of a crimson flag, signified to the vessels the City's distress. It is impossible to pourtray that hour's anxious suspense.

The setting sun was yet throwing his radiance upon the snow-white sails of the *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*. While the besieged were anxiously gazing upon their approach, the besiegers were preparing for their utter destruction. The boom across the river was made of chains and cables, and floated with timber, at each end of which redoubts were formed and supplied with cannon. Higher up, was the fort of Culmore, well prepared for a struggle. For miles along the water's edge, the royalist army was stationed, to annoy the vessels as they ascended the river. It is said "that the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous." None looking from those walls upon the vessels could say that the enterprise was without danger. Many an earnest prayer went up to heaven in that hour of peril and hope. The royal frigate led the way, nobly covering the two vessels with her guns. For a long time, down the river there was a running fight between the tiny squadron and the enemy ashore.

The Culmore fort opened its batteries with a fearful fire; but the vessels kept on their course. The fort was passed, and the great difficulty—the boom—was now approached. “Will they venture to pass it?” was the suppressed exclamation of the eager spectators. The minute-guns of the Cathedral kept tolling, and the crimson flag kept waving. The *Mountjoy* passed by the frigate, and took the lead. Browning, the Master, was a Derry man; his wife and children were now dying there. Eagerly he took his stand upon the deck, and made right for the boom. The tide and breeze were favourable. With a tremendous crash the boom was struck. It broke asunder. But oh, Heaven, the vessel is stranded! The terrific blow has caused a rebound; she rolls aside, and now lies aground. “All faces gather blackness” upon the walls; while a loud “hurrah” is heard from the enemy, who suppose the prize their own, and prepare the boats to board her. But stop: Browning the commander draws his sword, and leads on his men to the fight. As the vessel lies on her side, every gunner applies his match to the cannon. A tremendous broadside is poured into the enemy. The shock which the firing produces, aided by the rising tide, helps the vessel to right herself. There is a rolling motion for a moment, when she clears the bank, and moves on toward the City, though, alas! her gallant Master is no more; for a shot from the enemy’s battery lays him low in the very moment of victory. The other vessels follow; and, amid the unutterable feelings of the rescued, make their way to the quay; while multitudes of the ransomed pour out of the City gates to meet them, and

would seem, simply for the sake of form, and that the military element might appear associated with the office; but Walker to all intents and purposes became the Governor of Derry.

This justly celebrated man was of a Yorkshire family; but his father became a clergyman in the diocese of Derry in 1633. His first connection with the Siege of Derry was in January 1688, when he went to consult Lundy about the defence of Dungannon, and obtained some troops for the protection of that place. Early in March he again visited the City, to concert measures of safety with the Governor, who as yet was scarcely suspected of treachery. He raised a regiment of infantry in his own locality, and on the 17th April, he joined the forces which sought to stop the Irish army on its march to Derry. The attempt was unsuccessful, and he retreated to those walls within which his courage and prudence were afterwards so signally displayed. On reaching Bishop's Gate, he found it closed against him by Lundy's sentries. He remained with his men outside during the night, and next morning forced his way into the City. He soon found that the place was in deceitful hands. He watched the Governor with a suspicious eye; secured by his zeal and judgment the confidence both of the garrison and populace; and when Lundy was ignominiously ejected, all eyes were fixed on him as Derry's deliverer.

There can be no doubt as to the unanimity with which Walker was elected to his office; and the feeling through the City was general, that if it was possible to save the place at all, he, under God, was the man to

do it. An old ballad-writer, after enumerating the noble band who came from the surrounding districts to help in the defence, says :

“ And last, not least, from Donaghmore,
George Walker came to guide us,
To join our cause for evermore,
Let weal or woe betide us ;
When pressed with woe, in spirits low,
We heard his words endearing ;
When he said Go, we chased the foe,
His voice our spirits cheering.”

The new Governors soon found that the duties laid upon them were of no trifling character. Their first business was to ascertain exactly the condition of the place they had to govern. King James, when he retired to St. Johnstone, called a Council of War, in which it was determined that Derry should be taken by a slow siege ; so that the virtue of endurance, as well as of courage, would evidently be required. It turned out that there were 30,000 fugitives from the adjacent districts, who had crowded into the City for protection. These could render but little help ; and yet they, in addition to the garrison, had to be provided with food.

“ It was obvious enough,” says Walker, “ what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence amongst us on Almighty God, that He would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all these difficulties. And God was pleased to make us the happy instruments of preserving this place, and to Him we give the glory ; and no one need

go about to undervalue or lessen those He was pleased to choose for so great a work. We do allow ourselves to be as unfit for it as they can make us, and that God has only glorified Himself in working so great a wonder with His own right hand, and His holy arm getting Himself the victory."

One thing which contributed materially to the success of the defence, was the thorough oneness of the garrison and the populace as to their duty. All religious animosities among the Protestant sections of the Church, with the most trifling exceptions, were held in abeyance, if not destroyed; and in sooth, it was no time for bickering and distrust. There were about eighteen clergymen and eight Nonconforming ministers in the City when the siege began; but five of the former, and four of the latter, died before the siege was raised.

By general consent, "No surrender!" was made the watchword of the siege. Many, in token of the agreement, wore a badge upon their right arm, with these talismanic words embroidered on it; and so resolutely was the motto adopted, that they made a decree that no man should, under any temptation of hunger or danger, utter the word "surrender." Even the women of Derry—all honour to their memory—resolved to take part in this heroic contest. Some carried ammunition, and others food; some watched the shells falling from the enemy, and daringly drew the very fuse out of the touch-hole, to prevent an explosion; and others threw stones from the ramparts upon the grenadiers' heads below; while all joined with their husbands and brothers and lovers in the chorus of "No surrender!"

"With hearts like these, what blood could freeze?
The dangers gathered round us,
From morn till night, we stood the fight,
The foe could ne'er confound us;
No famine pale could aught avail,
No feelings keen or tender
Make us relent, or once consent
To say the word 'Surrender.'"

The work of slaughter now began in earnest. On the evening of April 19th, James sent a messenger to ask whether the engagements which Lundy had treacherously made would be fulfilled. The answer was, that the defenders of these walls repudiated the Governor's promises. On the 20th, he sent a peer of high distinction, holding a flag of truce, and offering a free pardon to all. Murray, who went out to meet the flag, bravely said, "The men of Londonderry have done nothing that requires a pardon, and own no Sovereign but King William and Queen Mary. It may not be safe for your lordship to stay longer, or to return on the same errand. Let me have the honour of seeing you through the lines." The next day, the besiegers, with a heavy cannonade, began to batter the town. Many roofs were broken in, and some citizens were killed. But this roused the spirit of Derry's sons the more, and towards evening Colonel Murray led out his troops into the valley, where a bloody fray took place. Two hundred of the royalist army were slain; while the French officer at the head of the cavalry and Murray are said to have entered into personal conflict, and Maumont was smitten to the ground a corpse.

This was at Pennybarn. In another sally, five hundred

men were either slain or wounded, and a second distinguished French general was shot to the ground. Several banners were captured, and displayed in the Cathedral, as trophies of that well-fought day.

James began to be ashamed of his army, and reproached them for their cowardice. They therefore resolved to attack the outworks, and a large number bound themselves either to succeed or die. The place selected was Windmill Hill, near the Southern gates. It was a fearful struggle; some of James' soldiers succeeded in reaching the wall, but they were either killed, or made prisoners. Four hundred of the Irish fell, and the living retreated to their camp. Walker's *Diary* says that "in their retreat they took the dead on their backs, and so preserved their own bodies from the remainder of our shot; which was more service than they did when alive."

The besiegers were now deterred from aggressive efforts. James, in angry mood, left the camp for Dublin, and eventually appointed Rosen as the Commander-in-chief. The siege was turned into a blockade, and Derry was to be forced by famine into a surrender. Large reinforcements both of men and material were sent to Rosen, who uttered threats of the most fearful kind to the defenders. "He would raze the City to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls nor the babes at the breast. The leaders he would rack; he would roast them alive." But no threat from such a quarter moved them. They had only one reply to either bribery or intimidation, "No surrender!" Men were dying, houses were falling, streets were being ploughed up; but the men

of Derry were still true to their oath and to one another.

The Garrison and City were feeling fearfully the effect of famine and consequent disease. "As early as the 8th of June, horse-flesh was almost the only food that could be bought; and the supply of this was scanty. Tallow and starch furnished the deficiency, and even these were doled out sparingly."

In the midst, however, of these dreary circumstances, a gleam of light appeared. The tidings had reached London. There was a sharp debate in the House of Commons. All parties there agreed to send immediate help; and on the 15th June, the sentinels on the roof of the Cathedral saw the sails of thirty vessels in the distance. There was great difficulty in conveying a message from the ships to the town; but a youth, fleet of foot, contrived to elude the enemy's watchers; and entering the City, handed a letter which had been tied in his garter to Governor Walker. This was from Major-General Kirk, announcing his arrival in the Lough, with a large supply of men, war material, and stores for their relief. The City was filled with joy, and all seemed to regard it as life from the dead. A boom had been thrown over the river by the enemy; and Kirk's fleet was narrowly watched. But he made no effort to relieve them; so that several weeks elapsed before the help, now within their sight, was brought within their reach; and all the while, gaunt famine and fever were killing men by thousands.

This conduct of Kirk was not only destitute of the heart of a British officer; it was treasonable. He knew the urgency with which he had been sent from

England; he knew the condition of the garrison. Letters reached him from Walker and Baker, saying that there was no human hope of sustaining the siege more than six days longer, and imploring him, in the name of 20,000 dying Protestants, to hasten their deliverance; and yet they had the mortification of seeing those sails fade away in the distance, and then it was that they gave themselves up to despair. But though dead to hope, and though the departure of Kirk had revived the expectations of the besieging army, these heroic men were still resolved, and as resolved as ever, to die rather than surrender. They agreed first to eat all the horses, then the prisoners, and then one another, sooner than betray that great Protestant cause to which they had solemnly pledged their lives.

The last day of June witnessed two events—the death of Baker, Walker's worthy colleague in the Governorship; and also a threat of one of the most villanous transactions ever recorded in the annals of war. General Rosen sent this message, that if the City was not delivered up by six o'clock the next afternoon, he would send his soldiers through the whole district, and they should drive before them all the Protestants, men, women, and children, protected or unprotected; and having forced them to the walls of Derry, they should lie and die there, under the eyes of the garrison.

Nor was this an idle threat. On the 2nd of July, a slow-rising cloud of dust announced to the sentinels on the ramparts the approach of a large body of people. The bugle sounded the alarm; for all supposed that the enemy was coming, none ever dreaming that Rosen's

threat was in course of execution. The garrison stood to arms; and, when the word was given, fired a volley into the distant crowd. A loud scream, more piercing than cannon, rent the skies. A light breeze sprang up, dispersing both the smoke and dust; and then there were presented to their horror-stricken sight "several thousands of Protestants, not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations."

When the first spasm of horror at the sight was past, the most furious cry of indignation and revenge that ever was heard in Derry arose in the streets and echoed from the walls. "A gallows! a gallows!" shouted first one and then a thousand voices; and almost as by magic there rose upon the walls, and in sight of the enemy's camp, that horrid machine of death; and a message was despatched, stating that if this helpless crowd were not at once removed, every prisoner in their hands should be immediately hanged—a threat, however, which happily was not fulfilled. It is but justice to say that the Irish soldiers obeyed the orders of their inhuman General with much hesitation; and the moment James heard of the shocking proposal, he sent a despatch to Rosen to forbid it; so that on the 4th July, this wretch, perceiving that his object was unaccomplished, and that his conduct was universally execrated, sulkily issued orders to disperse the crowd, and to recommence the bombardment.

The first day of July found the garrison reduced to 5,700 men. Famine and the siege lessened the soldiers at the rate of fifty per day; and, regarding the number of inhabitants, there must have been nearly

two hundred daily interments within that small City. The appearance of the two little graveyards was fearful. Material could scarcely be found even to cover the dead ; and every now and then, a cannon ball from the enemy fell into the cemeteries, ploughing up the graves, and still more horribly mangling the bodies of the dead. It became at length an absolute necessity that those who died of famine or disease in their houses should be buried in the precincts of their own dwellings.

With still more fearful effect the bombardment was now carried on. Havoc was made with the gates and bastions ; but the besieged repaired in the night what was destroyed in the daytime. Every hour witnessed the death of their comrades, and their store's diminution ; until at length, about the 27th or 28th, an exact account of the provisions was taken, and it was found that two or three days at the most would bring them to the last morsel.

It is very surprising to find that even in their extremity they tried to rally each other's spirits, and still pledged themselves to "No surrender !" One is pleased to see that the grand old Governor was the first man to urge their holding out. Nay, there is a raciness about his diary which shows that even in this extremity he could be moved to laughter by the sight of the ridiculous. He gives a detailed account of the search of his own house, because some one had said that he had secreted food. He notes with gusto how the garrison, even with death before them, hotly debated whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France. He gives an amusing description of a sally made on July 25th, to capture some of

the enemy's cattle ; and he tells of a portly, fat-looking gentleman, who fancied that the hungry faces around were all fixed in earnest cannibal desire upon him, and who therefore hid himself in a garret for three days in succession.

But the sufferings of this devoted people were drawing towards a close. They had now sustained a siege of almost unexampled duration and severity. The morning of 30th July broke over the City, as many preceding days had done, revealing want and death. The hours of the day passed away heavily, each one of them closing the eyes of expiring sufferers. An affectionate invitation had been given to a special service for prayer in the Cathedral. At the appointed hour, many wended their way to the Sanctuary. The faithful minister spoke words of comfort ; he recounted the many interpositions of Heaven on their behalf ; told them of the testimony they were bearing before the world for truth ; prayed that confidence and constancy might be their portion, and pronounced upon their sorrowing hearts the evening benediction. That congregation dispersed. The women went to their homes, and the men to garrison duty. The calm of night was sitting on the place, when suddenly the sentinels on the tower cried out, "There are ships in the Lough." The message ran like lightning ; and almost immediately there was the answering cry from a thousand voices as of thunder, "There are ships in the Lough." Kirk had heard of the wrath which his conduct had excited in London, and had received a positive order from Schomberg to relieve Derry at all risks. In the convoy under his command, there

were two vessels, the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine. The Masters of these vessels, Browning and Douglas, had volunteered to go on this perilous and gallant duty. They were escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate. These were the three vessels seen in the river.

Crowds of excited people climbed the walls and eminences to look up the Lough ; while the discharge of eight cannons from the steeple of the Cathedral, and the slow waving of a crimson flag, signified to the vessels the City's distress. It is impossible to pourtray that hour's anxious suspense.

The setting sun was yet throwing his radiance upon the snow-white sails of the *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*. While the besieged were anxiously gazing upon their approach, the besiegers were preparing for their utter destruction. The boom across the river was made of chains and cables, and floated with timber, at each end of which redoubts were formed and supplied with cannon. Higher up, was the fort of Culmore, well prepared for a struggle. For miles along the water's edge, the royalist army was stationed, to annoy the vessels as they ascended the river. It is said "that the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous." None looking from those walls upon the vessels could say that the enterprise was without danger. Many an earnest prayer went up to heaven in that hour of peril and hope. The royal frigate led the way, nobly covering the two vessels with her guns. For a long time, down the river there was a running fight between the tiny squadron and the enemy ashore.

The Culmore fort opened its batteries with a fearful fire; but the vessels kept on their course. The fort was passed, and the great difficulty—the boom—was now approached. "Will they venture to pass it?" was the suppressed exclamation of the eager spectators. The minute-guns of the Cathedral kept tolling, and the crimson flag kept waving. The *Mountjoy* passed by the frigate, and took the lead. Browning, the Master, was a Derry man; his wife and children were now dying there. Eagerly he took his stand upon the deck, and made right for the boom. The tide and breeze were favourable. With a tremendous crash the boom was struck. It broke asunder. But oh, Heaven, the vessel is stranded! The terrific blow has caused a rebound; she rolls aside, and now lies aground. "All faces gather blackness" upon the walls; while a loud "hurrah" is heard from the enemy, who suppose the prize their own, and prepare the boats to board her. But stop: Browning the commander draws his sword, and leads on his men to the fight. As the vessel lies on her side, every gunner applies his match to the cannon. A tremendous broadside is poured into the enemy. The shock which the firing produces, aided by the rising tide, helps the vessel to right herself. There is a rolling motion for a moment, when she clears the bank, and moves on toward the City, though, alas! her gallant Master is no more; for a shot from the enemy's battery lays him low in the very moment of victory. The other vessels follow; and, amid the unutterable feelings of the rescued, make their way to the quay; while multitudes of the ransomed pour out of the City gates to meet them, and

unite in singing under heaven's high dome the song of deliverance: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory."

It is not needful to go into further detail; but you will be sure that was a night of little sleep in Derry. Bonfires were kindled along the wall; the Cathedral bells pealed forth their gladness; hearty congratulations were upon every lip. The enemy, now abandoning all hope of success, raised the siege, and started on their desolating march to Strabane.

"At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind Heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended.

"In one dark night, the foe took flight,
Left Patrick's old Church burning,
And ere 'twas day—all far away,
They thought not of returning."

The recollection of this memorable deliverance calls forth the enthusiasm not only of the sons of these illustrious sires, but of the whole Protestant world. The names and deeds of these Derry men will never die. The anniversary, both of the shutting of the gates on the 7th December, and the raising of the siege on the 1st of August, is yet celebrated.

By this terrible siege, which lasted one hundred and five days, many many thousands of people came to an untimely end. But, alas! for the sad realities of war, the cry of desolation was soon lost in the jubilant songs of deliverance and victory.

A loyal address to William and Mary was at once

prepared, which Walker, the proud old Governor, conveyed to London. He was received there with befitting attention. The thanks of the House of Commons were presented to him by the Speaker. The City gave him a public entertainment as the great Protestant Champion. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. The King made him a present of £5,000, and commanded Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint the picture, in which he is represented "with a Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist, in which a pistol is lodged." But Walker's most lasting memorial is Derry itself. His memory is yet cherished by a grateful posterity. Even the magnificent monument erected there to his honour was not necessary to preserve him from oblivion. As long as ever one stone of that City remains upon another, the name of George Walker will be undying.

"O men of Ireland, bless the God who gave you such a Prince,
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since.
The hero of your liberties, your honour, and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

"The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
The stalwart love of freedom, with religion well allied,
The trust in God for ever, and the hope in man for time,
These characters ye learnt of him, and stand like him sublime."

It is impossible to listen to such a tale of sadness and constancy as the Siege of Derry supplies, with stoical indifference. Well-nigh every emotion of the

human heart is set a-stirring; but we are anxious that some profit should be derived from so grand though melancholy a story. The motto of "No surrender!" which the Derry men adopted, may fitly form a text on which to hang a few concluding exhortations. We ask the Patriot, the Evangelical Christian, and the sound-hearted Protestant, to take this motto, and make it their own.

THE PATRIOT. If I were ever tempted to doubt the doctrine of *total* depravity, it would be on this point: the love of one's own country. It is surely a feeling very nearly akin to religion; and yet it is found in almost every man's heart. 'Tis true there is a sense in which patriotism looks over national boundaries and takes a world-wide sweep:

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Still, this does not satisfy our notion of the love of Country: it is our hearth, our homestead, our constitution, and our throne. The poor Jew has it: with all the scorn and contumely that you fling at him, as you listen to his money-getting groan in the street, or see his hankering after usury on the Exchange, he has in his heart a deep-seated love of Jerusalem. He sighs over its falls, and longs for its restoration. The down-trodden Italian has in him a quenchless love of fatherland. But is there a man in this world who has a deeper love of Country than a thorough-going English-

man? Certainly there is not one who ought to have. Let us think of our history, of the struggles of the past, which by the overruling providence of God were the high road to our present eminence; of our security, our liberty, our influence, our destiny; let us think of our simple-hearted and honest peasantry; of our horny-handed, hard-toiling artisans; of our princely merchants, our high-minded and generous nobility; our glorious Constitution; our brave and unconquerable defenders, both in the field and on the seas; and, above all, of our gentle, loving, pure-minded and gracious Queen; and we may well ask, with a gaze incredulous:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *own*, my native land?"

If our national privileges are worth the price we have paid for them, they are worth defending. Heaven forbid that we should foster a spirit of jealousy towards other nations, or provoke in them a warlike spirit towards us! But I presume that the greatest lovers of peace (and I put myself in that category) would not hesitate to tell a belligerent neighbour, who comes to us uninvited, that he was not wanted, and that he had better keep himself to himself. One of the most suggestive passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is that in which our good friend Phineas, who was a determined enemy of war, with his long arms pushed the burly slave-hunter from the rock into the chasm, with the significant intimation, "Friend, thee isn't wanted here!"

I need not say that there is the old John Bull spirit

men were either slain or wounded, and a second distinguished French general was shot to the ground. Several banners were captured, and displayed in the Cathedral, as trophies of that well-fought day.

James began to be ashamed of his army, and reproached them for their cowardice. They therefore resolved to attack the outworks, and a large number bound themselves either to succeed or die. The place selected was Windmill Hill, near the Southern gates. It was a fearful struggle; some of James' soldiers succeeded in reaching the wall, but they were either killed, or made prisoners. Four hundred of the Irish fell, and the living retreated to their camp. Walker's *Diary* says that "in their retreat they took the dead on their backs, and so preserved their own bodies from the remainder of our shot; which was more service than they did when alive."

The besiegers were now deterred from aggressive efforts. James, in angry mood, left the camp for Dublin, and eventually appointed Rosen as the Commander-in-chief. The siege was turned into a blockade, and Derry was to be forced by famine into a surrender. Large reinforcements both of men and material were sent to Rosen, who uttered threats of the most fearful kind to the defenders. "He would raze the City to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls nor the babes at the breast. The leaders he would rack; he would roast them alive." But no threat from such a quarter moved them. They had only one reply to either bribery or intimidation, "No surrender!" Men were dying, houses were falling, streets were being ploughed up; but the men

of Derry were still true to their oath and to one another.

The Garrison and City were feeling fearfully the effect of famine and consequent disease. "As early as the 8th of June, horse-flesh was almost the only food that could be bought; and the supply of this was scanty. Tallow and starch furnished the deficiency, and even these were doled out sparingly."

In the midst, however, of these dreary circumstances, a gleam of light appeared. The tidings had reached London. There was a sharp debate in the House of Commons. All parties there agreed to send immediate help; and on the 15th June, the sentinels on the roof of the Cathedral saw the sails of thirty vessels in the distance. There was great difficulty in conveying a message from the ships to the town; but a youth, fleet of foot, contrived to elude the enemy's watchers; and entering the City, handed a letter which had been tied in his garter to Governor Walker. This was from Major-General Kirk, announcing his arrival in the Lough, with a large supply of men, war material, and stores for their relief. The City was filled with joy, and all seemed to regard it as life from the dead. A boom had been thrown over the river by the enemy; and Kirk's fleet was narrowly watched. But he made no effort to relieve them; so that several weeks elapsed before the help, now within their sight, was brought within their reach; and all the while, gaunt famine and fever were killing men by thousands.

This conduct of Kirk was not only destitute of the heart of a British officer; it was treasonable. He knew the urgency with which he had been sent from

England; he knew the condition of the garrison. Letters reached him from Walker and Baker, saying that there was no human hope of sustaining the siege more than six days longer, and imploring him, in the name of 20,000 dying Protestants, to hasten their deliverance; and yet they had the mortification of seeing those sails fade away in the distance, and then it was that they gave themselves up to despair. But though dead to hope, and though the departure of Kirk had revived the expectations of the besieging army, these heroic men were still resolved, and as resolved as ever, to die rather than surrender. They agreed first to eat all the horses, then the prisoners, and then one another, sooner than betray that great Protestant cause to which they had solemnly pledged their lives.

The last day of June witnessed two events—the death of Baker, Walker's worthy colleague in the Governorship; and also a threat of one of the most villanous transactions ever recorded in the annals of war. General Rosen sent this message, that if the City was not delivered up by six o'clock the next afternoon, he would send his soldiers through the whole district, and they should drive before them all the Protestants, men, women, and children, protected or unprotected; and having forced them to the walls of Derry, they should lie and die there, under the eyes of the garrison.

Nor was this an idle threat. On the 2nd of July, a slow-rising cloud of dust announced to the sentinels on the ramparts the approach of a large body of people. The bugle sounded the alarm; for all supposed that the enemy was coming, none ever dreaming that Rosen's

threat was in course of execution. The garrison stood to arms; and, when the word was given, fired a volley into the distant crowd. A loud scream, more piercing than cannon, rent the skies. A light breeze sprang up, dispersing both the smoke and dust; and then there were presented to their horror-stricken sight “several thousands of Protestants, not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations.”

When the first spasm of horror at the sight was past, the most furious cry of indignation and revenge that ever was heard in Derry arose in the streets and echoed from the walls. “A gallows! a gallows!” shouted first one and then a thousand voices; and almost as by magic there rose upon the walls, and in sight of the enemy’s camp, that horrid machine of death; and a message was despatched, stating that if this helpless crowd were not at once removed, every prisoner in their hands should be immediately hanged—a threat, however, which happily was not fulfilled. It is but justice to say that the Irish soldiers obeyed the orders of their inhuman General with much hesitation; and the moment James heard of the shocking proposal, he sent a despatch to Rosen to forbid it; so that on the 4th July, this wretch, perceiving that his object was unaccomplished, and that his conduct was universally execrated, sulkily issued orders to disperse the crowd, and to recommence the bombardment.

The first day of July found the garrison reduced to 5,700 men. Famine and the siege lessened the soldiers at the rate of fifty per day; and, regarding the number of inhabitants, there must have been nearly

two hundred daily interments within that small City. The appearance of the two little graveyards was fearful. Material could scarcely be found even to cover the dead ; and every now and then, a cannon ball from the enemy fell into the cemeteries, ploughing up the graves, and still more horribly mangling the bodies of the dead. It became at length an absolute necessity that those who died of famine or disease in their houses should be buried in the precincts of their own dwellings.

With still more fearful effect the bombardment was now carried on. Havoc was made with the gates and bastions ; but the besieged repaired in the night what was destroyed in the daytime. Every hour witnessed the death of their comrades, and their store's diminution ; until at length, about the 27th or 28th, an exact account of the provisions was taken, and it was found that two or three days at the most would bring them to the last morsel.

It is very surprising to find that even in their extremity they tried to rally each other's spirits, and still pledged themselves to "No surrender !" One is pleased to see that the grand old Governor was the first man to urge their holding out. Nay, there is a raciness about his diary which shows that even in this extremity he could be moved to laughter by the sight of the ridiculous. He gives a detailed account of the search of his own house, because some one had said that he had secreted food. He notes with gusto how the garrison, even with death before them, hotly debated whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France. He gives an amusing description of a sally made on July 25th, to capture some of

the enemy's cattle ; and he tells of a portly, fat-looking gentleman, who fancied that the hungry faces around were all fixed in earnest cannibal desire upon him, and who therefore hid himself in a garret for three days in succession.

But the sufferings of this devoted people were drawing towards a close. They had now sustained a siege of almost unexampled duration and severity. The morning of 30th July broke over the City, as many preceding days had done, revealing want and death. The hours of the day passed away heavily, each one of them closing the eyes of expiring sufferers. An affectionate invitation had been given to a special service for prayer in the Cathedral. At the appointed hour, many wended their way to the Sanctuary. The faithful minister spoke words of comfort ; he recounted the many interpositions of Heaven on their behalf ; told them of the testimony they were bearing before the world for truth ; prayed that confidence and constancy might be their portion, and pronounced upon their sorrowing hearts the evening benediction. That congregation dispersed. The women went to their homes, and the men to garrison duty. The calm of night was sitting on the place, when suddenly the sentinels on the tower cried out, "There are ships in the Lough." The message ran like lightning ; and almost immediately there was the answering cry from a thousand voices as of thunder, "There are ships in the Lough." Kirk had heard of the wrath which his conduct had excited in London, and had received a positive order from Schomberg to relieve Derry at all risks. In the convoy under his command, there

were two vessels, the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine. The Masters of these vessels, Browning and Douglas, had volunteered to go on this perilous and gallant duty. They were escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate. These were the three vessels seen in the river.

Crowds of excited people climbed the walls and eminences to look up the Lough ; while the discharge of eight cannons from the steeple of the Cathedral, and the slow waving of a crimson flag, signified to the vessels the City's distress. It is impossible to pourtray that hour's anxious suspense.

The setting sun was yet throwing his radiance upon the snow-white sails of the *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*. While the besieged were anxiously gazing upon their approach, the besiegers were preparing for their utter destruction. The boom across the river was made of chains and cables, and floated with timber, at each end of which redoubts were formed and supplied with cannon. Higher up, was the fort of Culmore, well prepared for a struggle. For miles along the water's edge, the royalist army was stationed, to annoy the vessels as they ascended the river. It is said "that the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous." None looking from those walls upon the vessels could say that the enterprise was without danger. Many an earnest prayer went up to heaven in that hour of peril and hope. The royal frigate led the way, nobly covering the two vessels with her guns. For a long time, down the river there was a running fight between the tiny squadron and the enemy ashore.

The Culmore fort opened its batteries with a fearful fire; but the vessels kept on their course. The fort was passed, and the great difficulty—the boom—was now approached. "Will they venture to pass it?" was the suppressed exclamation of the eager spectators. The minute-guns of the Cathedral kept tolling, and the crimson flag kept waving. The *Mountjoy* passed by the frigate, and took the lead. Browning, the Master, was a Derry man; his wife and children were now dying there. Eagerly he took his stand upon the deck, and made right for the boom. The tide and breeze were favourable. With a tremendous crash the boom was struck. It broke asunder. But oh, Heaven, the vessel is stranded! The terrific blow has caused a rebound; she rolls aside, and now lies aground. "All faces gather blackness" upon the walls; while a loud "hurrah" is heard from the enemy, who suppose the prize their own, and prepare the boats to board her. But stop: Browning the commander draws his sword, and leads on his men to the fight. As the vessel lies on her side, every gunner applies his match to the cannon. A tremendous broadside is poured into the enemy. The shock which the firing produces, aided by the rising tide, helps the vessel to right herself. There is a rolling motion for a moment, when she clears the bank, and moves on toward the City, though, alas! her gallant Master is no more; for a shot from the enemy's battery lays him low in the very moment of victory. The other vessels follow; and, amid the unutterable feelings of the rescued, make their way to the quay; while multitudes of the ransomed pour out of the City gates to meet them, and

unite in singing under heaven's high dome the song of deliverance: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory."

It is not needful to go into further detail; but you will be sure that was a night of little sleep in Derry. Bonfires were kindled along the wall; the Cathedral bells pealed forth their gladness; hearty congratulations were upon every lip. The enemy, now abandoning all hope of success, raised the siege, and started on their desolating march to Strabane.

"At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind Heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended.

"In one dark night, the foe took flight,
Left Patrick's old Church burning,
And ere 'twas day—all far away,
They thought not of returning."

The recollection of this memorable deliverance calls forth the enthusiasm not only of the sons of these illustrious sires, but of the whole Protestant world. The names and deeds of these Derry men will never die. The anniversary, both of the shutting of the gates on the 7th December, and the raising of the siege on the 1st of August, is yet celebrated.

By this terrible siege, which lasted one hundred and five days, many many thousands of people came to an untimely end. But, alas! for the sad realities of war, the cry of desolation was soon lost in the jubilant songs of deliverance and victory.

A loyal address to William and Mary was at once

prepared, which Walker, the proud old Governor, conveyed to London. He was received there with befitting attention. The thanks of the House of Commons were presented to him by the Speaker. The City gave him a public entertainment as the great Protestant Champion. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. The King made him a present of £5,000, and commanded Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint the picture, in which he is represented "with a Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist, in which a pistol is lodged." But Walker's most lasting memorial is Derry itself. His memory is yet cherished by a grateful posterity. Even the magnificent monument erected there to his honour was not necessary to preserve him from oblivion. As long as ever one stone of that City remains upon another, the name of George Walker will be undying.

"O men of Ireland, bless the God who gave you such a Prince,
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since.
The hero of your liberties, your honour, and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

"The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
The stalwart love of freedom, with religion well allied,
The trust in God for ever, and the hope in man for time,
These characters ye learnt of him, and stand like him sublime."

It is impossible to listen to such a tale of sadness and constancy as the Siege of Derry supplies, with stoical indifference. Well-nigh every emotion of the

human heart is set a-stirring; but we are anxious that some profit should be derived from so grand though melancholy a story. The motto of "No surrender!" which the Derry men adopted, may fitly form a text on which to hang a few concluding exhortations. We ask the Patriot, the Evangelical Christian, and the sound-hearted Protestant, to take this motto, and make it their own.

THE PATRIOT. If I were ever tempted to doubt the doctrine of *total* depravity, it would be on this point: the love of one's own country. It is surely a feeling very nearly akin to religion; and yet it is found in almost every man's heart. 'Tis true there is a sense in which patriotism looks over national boundaries and takes a world-wide sweep:

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Still, this does not satisfy our notion of the love of Country: it is our hearth, our homestead, our constitution, and our throne. The poor Jew has it: with all the scorn and contumely that you fling at him, as you listen to his money-getting groan in the street, or see his hankering after usury on the Exchange, he has in his heart a deep-seated love of Jerusalem. He sighs over its falls, and longs for its restoration. The down-trodden Italian has in him a quenchless love of fatherland. But is there a man in this world who has a deeper love of Country than a thorough-going English-

man? Certainly there is not one who ought to have. Let us think of our history, of the struggles of the past, which by the overruling providence of God were the high road to our present eminence; of our security, our liberty, our influence, our destiny; let us think of our simple-hearted and honest peasantry; of our horny-handed, hard-toiling artisans; of our princely merchants, our high-minded and generous nobility; our glorious Constitution; our brave and unconquerable defenders, both in the field and on the seas; and, above all, of our gentle, loving, pure-minded and gracious Queen; and we may well ask, with a gaze incredulous:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *own*, my native land?"

If our national privileges are worth the price we have paid for them, they are worth defending. Heaven forbid that we should foster a spirit of jealousy towards other nations, or provoke in them a warlike spirit towards us! But I presume that the greatest lovers of peace (and I put myself in that category) would not hesitate to tell a belligerent neighbour, who comes to us uninvited, that he was not wanted, and that he had better keep himself to himself. One of the most suggestive passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is that in which our good friend Phineas, who was a determined enemy of war, with his long arms pushed the burly slave-hunter from the rock into the chasm, with the significant intimation, "Friend, thee isn't wanted here!"

I need not say that there is the old John Bull spirit

in full vigour yet. Heaven forbid it should ever be tested again. But our foes may depend upon it, it is here. Let them dare to threaten our Queen, and the 150,000 volunteers who rose up as if by magic would be doubled to-morrow; while our brave army and navy would go to the very death with the cry of "No surrender!" Englishmen love their liberty and Queen too dearly to surrender either of them to an earthly power, except with life. .

"How glorious is thy calling,
My happy fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling,
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving, thus
To rest in pastures green ;
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,
And—God preserve the Queen !

"How glorious is thy calling !
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars, —
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean ;
Then, God be praised who guards from ill,
And—God preserve the Queen !

"Within thy sacred border,
Amid the sounding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease ;
And if we lift this beacon bright,
Among the nations seen,
We bless the Lord who loves the right,
And—God preserve the Queen !

"Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress ;

For who so free as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been?
Then, God be thanked on our parts,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Though strife and fear and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground;
But not to us the praise,—to us,
Our glory is to lean
On Him who giveth freely thus,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"O nation greatly favoured,
If ever thou should'st bring
A sacrifice well savour'd
Of praise to God the King;
Now, let all thy children raise,
In faith and love serene,
Thy loyal patriot hymn of praise
Of—God preserve the Queen!"

THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN never needed more than now to be urged to firmness in the maintenance of truth. The very citadel is attacked; not merely by the outside adversary, who, in justice to him let us say, scorns to carry on a warfare under false colours, but also by treacherous friends, who, dwelling within the gates, seek to deliver the city to the foe. There is a legion of them whose name is Judas. They sacrilegiously kiss, and then betray the truth. Is it come to this, that men, eating Christian bread, may openly deny the inspiration of the Scriptures; say that Plato is as divine in his teaching as Moses and St. Paul; that the miracles are exaggerated incidents, if not positive falsehoods; and that the resurrection

of Jesus is a myth? May men high in office, and, because of their position, great in influence, write "essays and reviews," in which they deny the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and advance statements so much in harmony with full-blown Atheism, that infidel lecturers can tell their audience that their call is gone, and that, instead of their usual harangue, they will read a few pages from the "essays and reviews?"

I say that the enemy waxes insolent, because of the inactivity of the garrison. If we are not soon astir, the day is lost. "To arms," all Evangelical Christians; and as you love the truth, fight for your principles, and let your rallying cry be "No surrender!"

THE SOUND-HEARTED PROTESTANT has also need in these days of Ritualistic tendency to keep his armour bright. We have Popery, which is assuredly inimical to civil as well as religious liberty, in the Senate, at the Bar, in the Protestant pulpit, in the school, in the workhouse, in the prison, in the army, lately in the Record office, among the police. It has thrown a network over the Country's institutions. It is eating away the heart of our Country's glory. It is sapping the very foundation of our Constitution; and while in other lands it is becoming the thing of scorn, and will be by and by the laughing-stock of Europe, in our Protestant Country it is doing an insidious work, and our rulers seem to say that they would have it so.

Oh, for a second Luther, with a voice of thunder, to denounce the sin, and to summon the Lord's hosts to war! There is a battle before us. Let us prepare

for the conflict, and as we value our birthright, meet the adversary in the gate, and cry, “No surrender!” What would the great Reformer say if he beheld the coquetting with Rome which this age has witnessed?

“Couldst thou look down upon us from thy rest,
Where’er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
And note that persecuting horn of Rome
Waxing in subtle pow’r and pride unblest;
How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul!
Thy spurious children, who *should* still protest
Against a church apostate and impure,
Now bid her prosper, and insanelly call
The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
Cursèd is he that shall receive the mark.”

I implore the young people present to appropriate this motto, and make it theirs for life. You will find this earthly existence a long scene of conflict. Most of you have had the advantage of a religious training, either at home or in the schoolroom; but we ask you, beyond this, to make a full consecration of yourselves to Christ; and then in the enjoyment of religion, you will possess principles, which, by Divine grace, you must never surrender. When your love of the truth is assailed, and you are tempted to falsehood either for profit or protection, say, “No surrender!” If ungodly companions, with whom, because of business, you are compelled to associate, should pour ridicule on your profession, and, by banter, seek to do you mischief, say “No surrender!” If your belief in the great truths of Christianity should be attacked by the wily sceptic,

two hundred daily interments within that small City. The appearance of the two little graveyards was fearful. Material could scarcely be found even to cover the dead ; and every now and then, a cannon ball from the enemy fell into the cemeteries, ploughing up the graves, and still more horribly mangling the bodies of the dead. It became at length an absolute necessity that those who died of famine or disease in their houses should be buried in the precincts of their own dwellings.

With still more fearful effect the bombardment was now carried on. Havoc was made with the gates and bastions ; but the besieged repaired in the night what was destroyed in the daytime. Every hour witnessed the death of their comrades, and their store's diminution ; until at length, about the 27th or 28th, an exact account of the provisions was taken, and it was found that two or three days at the most would bring them to the last morsel.

It is very surprising to find that even in their extremity they tried to rally each other's spirits, and still pledged themselves to "No surrender !" One is pleased to see that the grand old Governor was the first man to urge their holding out. Nay, there is a raciness about his diary which shows that even in this extremity he could be moved to laughter by the sight of the ridiculous. He gives a detailed account of the search of his own house, because some one had said that he had secreted food. He notes with gusto how the garrison, even with death before them, hotly debated whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France. He gives an amusing description of a sally made on July 25th, to capture some of

the enemy's cattle ; and he tells of a portly, fat-looking gentleman, who fancied that the hungry faces around were all fixed in earnest cannibal desire upon him, and who therefore hid himself in a garret for three days in succession.

But the sufferings of this devoted people were drawing towards a close. They had now sustained a siege of almost unexampled duration and severity. The morning of 30th July broke over the City, as many preceding days had done, revealing want and death. The hours of the day passed away heavily, each one of them closing the eyes of expiring sufferers. An affectionate invitation had been given to a special service for prayer in the Cathedral. At the appointed hour, many wended their way to the Sanctuary. The faithful minister spoke words of comfort ; he recounted the many interpositions of Heaven on their behalf ; told them of the testimony they were bearing before the world for truth ; prayed that confidence and constancy might be their portion, and pronounced upon their sorrowing hearts the evening benediction. That congregation dispersed. The women went to their homes, and the men to garrison duty. The calm of night was sitting on the place, when suddenly the sentinels on the tower cried out, "There are ships in the Lough." The message ran like lightning ; and almost immediately there was the answering cry from a thousand voices as of thunder, "There are ships in the Lough." Kirk had heard of the wrath which his conduct had excited in London, and had received a positive order from Schomberg to relieve Derry at all risks. In the convoy under his command, there

were two vessels, the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine. The Masters of these vessels, Browning and Douglas, had volunteered to go on this perilous and gallant duty. They were escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate. These were the three vessels seen in the river.

Crowds of excited people climbed the walls and eminences to look up the Lough; while the discharge of eight cannons from the steeple of the Cathedral, and the slow waving of a crimson flag, signified to the vessels the City's distress. It is impossible to pourtray that hour's anxious suspense.

The setting sun was yet throwing his radiance upon the snow-white sails of the *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*. While the besieged were anxiously gazing upon their approach, the besiegers were preparing for their utter destruction. The boom across the river was made of chains and cables, and floated with timber, at each end of which redoubts were formed and supplied with cannon. Higher up, was the fort of Culmore, well prepared for a struggle. For miles along the water's edge, the royalist army was stationed, to annoy the vessels as they ascended the river. It is said "that the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous." None looking from those walls upon the vessels could say that the enterprise was without danger. Many an earnest prayer went up to heaven in that hour of peril and hope. The royal frigate led the way, nobly covering the two vessels with her guns. For a long time, down the river there was a running fight between the tiny squadron and the enemy ashore.

The Culmore fort opened its batteries with a fearful fire ; but the vessels kept on their course. The fort was passed, and the great difficulty—the boom—was now approached. "Will they venture to pass it?" was the suppressed exclamation of the eager spectators. The minute-guns of the Cathedral kept tolling, and the crimson flag kept waving. The *Mountjoy* passed by the frigate, and took the lead. Browning, the Master, was a Derry man ; his wife and children were now dying there. Eagerly he took his stand upon the deck, and made right for the boom. The tide and breeze were favourable. With a tremendous crash the boom was struck. It broke asunder. But oh, Heaven, the vessel is stranded ! The terrific blow has caused a rebound ; she rolls aside, and now lies aground. "All faces gather blackness" upon the walls ; while a loud "hurrah" is heard from the enemy, who suppose the prize their own, and prepare the boats to board her. But stop : Browning the commander draws his sword, and leads on his men to the fight. As the vessel lies on her side, every gunner applies his match to the cannon. A tremendous broadside is poured into the enemy. The shock which the firing produces, aided by the rising tide, helps the vessel to right herself. There is a rolling motion for a moment, when she clears the bank, and moves on toward the City, though, alas ! her gallant Master is no more ; for a shot from the enemy's battery lays him low in the very moment of victory. The other vessels follow ; and, amid the unutterable feelings of the rescued, make their way to the quay ; while multitudes of the ransomed pour out of the City gates to meet them, and

unite in singing under heaven's high dome the song of deliverance: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory."

It is not needful to go into further detail; but you will be sure that was a night of little sleep in Derry. Bonfires were kindled along the wall; the Cathedral bells pealed forth their gladness; hearty congratulations were upon every lip. The enemy, now abandoning all hope of success, raised the siege, and started on their desolating march to Strabane.

"At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind Heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended.

"In one dark night, the foe took flight,
Left Patrick's old Church burning,
And ere 'twas day—all far away,
They thought not of returning."

The recollection of this memorable deliverance calls forth the enthusiasm not only of the sons of these illustrious sires, but of the whole Protestant world. The names and deeds of these Derry men will never die. The anniversary, both of the shutting of the gates on the 7th December, and the raising of the siege on the 1st of August, is yet celebrated.

By this terrible siege, which lasted one hundred and five days, many many thousands of people came to an untimely end. But, alas! for the sad realities of war, the cry of desolation was soon lost in the jubilant songs of deliverance and victory.

A loyal address to William and Mary was at once

prepared, which Walker, the proud old Governor, conveyed to London. He was received there with befitting attention. The thanks of the House of Commons were presented to him by the Speaker. The City gave him a public entertainment as the great Protestant Champion. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. The King made him a present of £5,000, and commanded Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint the picture, in which he is represented "with a Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist, in which a pistol is lodged." But Walker's most lasting memorial is Derry itself. His memory is yet cherished by a grateful posterity. Even the magnificent monument erected there to his honour was not necessary to preserve him from oblivion. As long as ever one stone of that City remains upon another, the name of George Walker will be undying.

"O men of Ireland, bless the God who gave you such a Prince,
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since.
The hero of your liberties, your honour, and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

"The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
The stalwart love of freedom, with religion well allied,
The trust in God for ever, and the hope in man for time,
These characters ye learnt of him, and stand like him sublime."

It is impossible to listen to such a tale of sadness and constancy as the Siege of Derry supplies, with stoical indifference. Well-nigh every emotion of the

human heart is set a-stirring; but we are anxious that some profit should be derived from so grand though melancholy a story. The motto of "No surrender!" which the Derry men adopted, may fitly form a text on which to hang a few concluding exhortations. We ask the Patriot, the Evangelical Christian, and the sound-hearted Protestant, to take this motto, and make it their own.

THE PATRIOT. If I were ever tempted to doubt the doctrine of *total* depravity, it would be on this point: the love of one's own country. It is surely a feeling very nearly akin to religion; and yet it is found in almost every man's heart. 'Tis true there is a sense in which patriotism looks over national boundaries and takes a world-wide sweep:

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Still, this does not satisfy our notion of the love of Country: it is our hearth, our homestead, our constitution, and our throne. The poor Jew has it: with all the scorn and contumely that you fling at him, as you listen to his money-getting groan in the street, or see his hankering after usury on the Exchange, he has in his heart a deep-seated love of Jerusalem. He sighs over its falls, and longs for its restoration. The down-trodden Italian has in him a quenchless love of fatherland. But is there a man in this world who has a deeper love of Country than a thorough-going English-

man? Certainly there is not one who ought to have. Let us think of our history, of the struggles of the past, which by the overruling providence of God were the high road to our present eminence; of our security, our liberty, our influence, our destiny; let us think of our simple-hearted and honest peasantry; of our horny-handed, hard-toiling artisans; of our princely merchants, our high-minded and generous nobility; our glorious Constitution; our brave and unconquerable defenders, both in the field and on the seas; and, above all, of our gentle, loving, pure-minded and gracious Queen; and we may well ask, with a gaze incredulous:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *own*, my native land?"

If our national privileges are worth the price we have paid for them, they are worth defending. Heaven forbid that we should foster a spirit of jealousy towards other nations, or provoke in them a warlike spirit towards us! But I presume that the greatest lovers of peace (and I put myself in that category) would not hesitate to tell a belligerent neighbour, who comes to us uninvited, that he was not wanted, and that he had better keep himself to himself. One of the most suggestive passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is that in which our good friend Phineas, who was a determined enemy of war, with his long arms pushed the burly slave-hunter from the rock into the chasm, with the significant intimation, "Friend, thee isn't wanted here!"

I need not say that there is the old John Bull spirit

in full vigour yet. Heaven forbid it should ever be tested again. But our foes may depend upon it, it is here. Let them dare to threaten our Queen, and the 150,000 volunteers who rose up as if by magic would be doubled to-morrow; while our brave army and navy would go to the very death with the cry of "No surrender!" Englishmen love their liberty and Queen too dearly to surrender either of them to an earthly power, except with life.

"How glorious is thy calling,
My happy fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling,
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving, thus
To rest in pastures green;
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"How glorious is thy calling!
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean;
Then, God be praised who guards from ill,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Within thy sacred border,
Amid the sounding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease;
And if we lift this beacon bright,
Among the nations seen,
We bless the Lord who loves the right,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress;

For who so free as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been?
Then, God be thanked on our parts,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Though strife and fear and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground;
But not to us the praise,—to us,
Our glory is to lean
On Him who giveth freely thus,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"O nation greatly favoured,
If ever thou should'st bring
A sacrifice well savour'd
Of praise to God the King;
Now, let all thy children raise,
In faith and love serene,
Thy loyal patriot hymn of praise
Of—God preserve the Queen!"

THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN never needed more than now to be urged to firmness in the maintenance of truth. The very citadel is attacked; not merely by the outside adversary, who, in justice to him let us say, scorns to carry on a warfare under false colours, but also by treacherous friends, who, dwelling within the gates, seek to deliver the city to the foe. There is a legion of them whose name is Judas. They sacrilegiously kiss, and then betray the truth. Is it come to this, that men, eating Christian bread, may openly deny the inspiration of the Scriptures; say that Plato is as divine in his teaching as Moses and St. Paul; that the miracles are exaggerated incidents, if not positive falsehoods; and that the resurrection

of Jesus is a myth? May men high in office, and, because of their position, great in influence, write "essays and reviews," in which they deny the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and advance statements so much in harmony with full-blown Atheism, that infidel lecturers can tell their audience that their call is gone, and that, instead of their usual harangue, they will read a few pages from the "essays and reviews?"

I say that the enemy waxes insolent, because of the inactivity of the garrison. If we are not soon astir, the day is lost. "To arms," all Evangelical Christians; and as you love the truth, fight for your principles, and let your rallying cry be "No surrender!"

THE SOUND-HEARTED PROTESTANT has also need in these days of Ritualistic tendency to keep his armour bright. We have Popery, which is assuredly inimical to civil as well as religious liberty, in the Senate, at the Bar, in the Protestant pulpit, in the school, in the workhouse, in the prison, in the army, lately in the Record office, among the police. It has thrown a network over the Country's institutions. It is eating away the heart of our Country's glory. It is sapping the very foundation of our Constitution; and while in other lands it is becoming the thing of scorn, and will be by and by the laughing-stock of Europe, in our Protestant Country it is doing an insidious work, and our rulers seem to say that they would have it so.

Oh, for a second Luther, with a voice of thunder, to denounce the sin, and to summon the Lord's hosts to war! There is a battle before us. Let us prepare

for the conflict, and as we value our birthright, meet the adversary in the gate, and cry, “No surrender!” What would the great Reformer say if he beheld the coquetting with Rome which this age has witnessed?

“Couldst thou look down upon us from thy rest,
Where’er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
And note that persecuting horn of Rome
Waxing in subtle pow’r and pride unblest;
How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul!
Thy spurious children, who *should* still protest
Against a church apostate and impure,
Now bid her prosper, and insanelly call
The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
Cursèd is he that shall receive the mark.”

I implore the young people present to appropriate this motto, and make it theirs for life. You will find this earthly existence a long scene of conflict. Most of you have had the advantage of a religious training, either at home or in the schoolroom; but we ask you, beyond this, to make a full consecration of yourselves to Christ; and then in the enjoyment of religion, you will possess principles, which, by Divine grace, you must never surrender. When your love of the truth is assailed, and you are tempted to falsehood either for profit or protection, say, “No surrender!” If ungodly companions, with whom, because of business, you are compelled to associate, should pour ridicule on your profession, and, by banter, seek to do you mischief, say “No surrender!” If your belief in the great truths of Christianity should be attacked by the wily sceptic,

and he should exhort you to throw off the trammels of Creed and Sanctuary, and become an independent, free-thinking man, cry aloud, "No surrender!" If the sensualist, who knows as well as you do that Christianity does not forbid the socialities of life, tries to besiege you at this point, and asks you to join him in places of recreation, and then amusement, and then intemperance, and then debauchery; oh, thunder in his ears, so that he shall be startled by your decision, "No surrender!" And finally, if you are called to struggle hard with the world; if fortune has no smile for you; if in long and sad succession, sickness, and losses, and disappointments, and bereavements come, still, bravely battle on. It is dark now, but there's light in front. Confident of the good times coming, say to the present, "No surrender!"

NO SURRENDER!

"Ever constant, ever true;
Let the word be 'No surrender!'
Boldly dare, and greatly do,
This shall bring us bravely through:
'No surrender!' 'No surrender!'
And though fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic 'No surrender!'

"Nail the colours to the mast,
Shouting gladly, 'No surrender!'
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
'No surrender!' 'No surrender!'
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with, 'No surrender!'

"Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is 'No surrender !'
Battle though it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill ;
'No surrender !' 'No surrender !'
Hope, and thus your hope fulfil,
There's a way, where there's a will.
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them 'No surrender !' "

were two vessels, the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, and the *Phoenix*, of Coleraine. The Masters of these vessels, Browning and Douglas, had volunteered to go on this perilous and gallant duty. They were escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate. These were the three vessels seen in the river.

Crowds of excited people climbed the walls and eminences to look up the Lough; while the discharge of eight cannons from the steeple of the Cathedral, and the slow waving of a crimson flag, signified to the vessels the City's distress. It is impossible to pourtray that hour's anxious suspense.

The setting sun was yet throwing his radiance upon the snow-white sails of the *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*. While the besieged were anxiously gazing upon their approach, the besiegers were preparing for their utter destruction. The boom across the river was made of chains and cables, and floated with timber, at each end of which redoubts were formed and supplied with cannon. Higher up, was the fort of Culmore, well prepared for a struggle. For miles along the water's edge, the royalist army was stationed, to annoy the vessels as they ascended the river. It is said "that the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous." None looking from those walls upon the vessels could say that the enterprise was without danger. Many an earnest prayer went up to heaven in that hour of peril and hope. The royal frigate led the way, nobly covering the two vessels with her guns. For a long time, down the river there was a running fight between the tiny squadron and the enemy ashore.

The Culmore fort opened its batteries with a fearful fire; but the vessels kept on their course. The fort was passed, and the great difficulty—the boom—was now approached. "Will they venture to pass it?" was the suppressed exclamation of the eager spectators. The minute-guns of the Cathedral kept tolling, and the crimson flag kept waving. The *Mountjoy* passed by the frigate, and took the lead. Browning, the Master, was a Derry man; his wife and children were now dying there. Eagerly he took his stand upon the deck, and made right for the boom. The tide and breeze were favourable. With a tremendous crash the boom was struck. It broke asunder. But oh, Heaven, the vessel is stranded! The terrific blow has caused a rebound; she rolls aside, and now lies aground. "All faces gather blackness" upon the walls; while a loud "hurrah" is heard from the enemy, who suppose the prize their own, and prepare the boats to board her. But stop: Browning the commander draws his sword, and leads on his men to the fight. As the vessel lies on her side, every gunner applies his match to the cannon. A tremendous broadside is poured into the enemy. The shock which the firing produces, aided by the rising tide, helps the vessel to right herself. There is a rolling motion for a moment, when she clears the bank, and moves on toward the City, though, alas! her gallant Master is no more; for a shot from the enemy's battery lays him low in the very moment of victory. The other vessels follow; and, amid the unutterable feelings of the rescued, make their way to the quay; while multitudes of the ransomed pour out of the City gates to meet them, and

unite in singing under heaven's high dome the song of deliverance: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory."

It is not needful to go into further detail; but you will be sure that was a night of little sleep in Derry. Bonfires were kindled along the wall; the Cathedral bells pealed forth their gladness; hearty congratulations were upon every lip. The enemy, now abandoning all hope of success, raised the siege, and started on their desolating march to Strabane.

"At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind Heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended.

"In one dark night, the foe took flight,
Left Patrick's old Church burning,
And ere 'twas day—all far away,
They thought not of returning."

The recollection of this memorable deliverance calls forth the enthusiasm not only of the sons of these illustrious sires, but of the whole Protestant world. The names and deeds of these Derry men will never die. The anniversary, both of the shutting of the gates on the 7th December, and the raising of the siege on the 1st of August, is yet celebrated.

By this terrible siege, which lasted one hundred and five days, many many thousands of people came to an untimely end. But, alas! for the sad realities of war, the cry of desolation was soon lost in the jubilant songs of deliverance and victory.

A loyal address to William and Mary was at once

prepared, which Walker, the proud old Governor, conveyed to London. He was received there with befitting attention. The thanks of the House of Commons were presented to him by the Speaker. The City gave him a public entertainment as the great Protestant Champion. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. The King made him a present of £5,000, and commanded Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint the picture, in which he is represented “with a Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist, in which a pistol is lodged.” But Walker’s most lasting memorial is Derry itself. His memory is yet cherished by a grateful posterity. Even the magnificent monument erected there to his honour was not necessary to preserve him from oblivion. As long as ever one stone of that City remains upon another, the name of George Walker will be undying.

“O men of Ireland, bless the God who gave you such a Prince,
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since.
The hero of your liberties, your honour, and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

“The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
The stalwart love of freedom, with religion well allied,
The trust in God for ever, and the hope in man for time,
These characters ye learnt of him, and stand like him sublime.”

It is impossible to listen to such a tale of sadness and constancy as the Siege of Derry supplies, with stoical indifference. Well-nigh every emotion of the

human heart is set a-stirring; but we are anxious that some profit should be derived from so grand though melancholy a story. The motto of "No surrender!" which the Derry men adopted, may fitly form a text on which to hang a few concluding exhortations. We ask the Patriot, the Evangelical Christian, and the sound-hearted Protestant, to take this motto, and make it their own.

THE PATRIOT. If I were ever tempted to doubt the doctrine of *total* depravity, it would be on this point: the love of one's own country. It is surely a feeling very nearly akin to religion; and yet it is found in almost every man's heart. 'Tis true there is a sense in which patriotism looks over national boundaries and takes a world-wide sweep:

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Still, this does not satisfy our notion of the love of Country: it is our hearth, our homestead, our constitution, and our throne. The poor Jew has it: with all the scorn and contumely that you fling at him, as you listen to his money-getting groan in the street, or see his hankering after usury on the Exchange, he has in his heart a deep-seated love of Jerusalem. He sighs over its falls, and longs for its restoration. The down-trodden Italian has in him a quenchless love of fatherland. But is there a man in this world who has a deeper love of Country than a thorough-going English-

man? Certainly there is not one who ought to have. Let us think of our history, of the struggles of the past, which by the overruling providence of God were the high road to our present eminence; of our security, our liberty, our influence, our destiny; let us think of our simple-hearted and honest peasantry; of our horny-handed, hard-toiling artisans; of our princely merchants, our high-minded and generous nobility; our glorious Constitution; our brave and unconquerable defenders, both in the field and on the seas; and, above all, of our gentle, loving, pure-minded and gracious Queen; and we may well ask, with a gaze incredulous:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *own*, my native land?"

If our national privileges are worth the price we have paid for them, they are worth defending. Heaven forbid that we should foster a spirit of jealousy towards other nations, or provoke in them a warlike spirit towards us! But I presume that the greatest lovers of peace (and I put myself in that category) would not hesitate to tell a belligerent neighbour, who comes to us uninvited, that he was not wanted, and that he had better keep himself to himself. One of the most suggestive passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is that in which our good friend Phineas, who was a determined enemy of war, with his long arms pushed the burly slave-hunter from the rock into the chasm, with the significant intimation, "Friend, thee isn't wanted here!"

I need not say that there is the old John Bull spirit

in full vigour yet. Heaven forbid it should ever be tested again. But our foes may depend upon it, it is here. Let them dare to threaten our Queen, and the 150,000 volunteers who rose up as if by magic would be doubled to-morrow; while our brave army and navy would go to the very death with the cry of "No surrender!" Englishmen love their liberty and Queen too dearly to surrender either of them to an earthly power, except with life.

"How glorious is thy calling,
My happy fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling,
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving, thus
To rest in pastures green;
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"How glorious is thy calling!
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean;
Then, God be praised who guards from ill,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Within thy sacred border,
Amid the sounding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease;
And if we lift this beacon bright,
Among the nations seen,
We bless the Lord who loves the right,
And—God preserve the Queen!

"Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress;

For who so free as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been ?
Then, God be thanked on our parts,
And—God preserve the Queen !

"Though strife and fear and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground ;
But not to us the praise,—to us,
Our glory is to lean
On Him who giveth freely thus,
And—God preserve the Queen !

"O nation greatly favoured,
If ever thou should'st bring
A sacrifice well savour'd
Of praise to God the King ;
Now, let all thy children raise,
In faith and love serene,
Thy loyal patriot hymn of praise
Of—God preserve the Queen !"

THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN never needed more than now to be urged to firmness in the maintenance of truth. The very citadel is attacked ; not merely by the outside adversary, who, in justice to him let us say, scorns to carry on a warfare under false colours, but also by treacherous friends, who, dwelling within the gates, seek to deliver the city to the foe. There is a legion of them whose name is Judas. They sacrilegiously kiss, and then betray the truth. Is it come to this, that men, eating Christian bread, may openly deny the inspiration of the Scriptures ; say that Plato is as divine in his teaching as Moses and St. Paul ; that the miracles are exaggerated incidents, if not positive falsehoods ; and that the resurrection

of Jesus is a myth? May men high in office, and, because of their position, great in influence, write "essays and reviews," in which they deny the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and advance statements so much in harmony with full-blown Atheism, that infidel lecturers can tell their audience that their call is gone, and that, instead of their usual harangue, they will read a few pages from the "essays and reviews?"

I say that the enemy waxes insolent, because of the inactivity of the garrison. If we are not soon astir, the day is lost. "To arms," all Evangelical Christians; and as you love the truth, fight for your principles, and let your rallying cry be "No surrender!"

THE SOUND-HEARTED PROTESTANT has also need in these days of Ritualistic tendency to keep his armour bright. We have Popery, which is assuredly inimical to civil as well as religious liberty, in the Senate, at the Bar, in the Protestant pulpit, in the school, in the workhouse, in the prison, in the army, lately in the Record office, among the police. It has thrown a network over the Country's institutions. It is eating away the heart of our Country's glory. It is sapping the very foundation of our Constitution; and while in other lands it is becoming the thing of scorn, and will be by and by the laughing-stock of Europe, in our Protestant Country it is doing an insidious work, and our rulers seem to say that they would have it so.

Oh, for a second Luther, with a voice of thunder, to denounce the sin, and to summon the Lord's hosts to war! There is a battle before us. Let us prepare

for the conflict, and as we value our birthright, meet the adversary in the gate, and cry, "No surrender!" What would the great Reformer say if he beheld the coquetting with Rome which this age has witnessed?

"Couldst thou look down upon us from thy rest,
Where'er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
And note that persecuting horn of Rome
Waxing in subtle pow'r and pride unblest;
How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul!
Thy spurious children, who *should* still protest
Against a church apostate and impure,
Now bid her prosper, and insanelly call
The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
Cursèd is he that shall receive the mark."

I implore the young people present to appropriate this motto, and make it theirs for life. You will find this earthly existence a long scene of conflict. Most of you have had the advantage of a religious training, either at home or in the schoolroom; but we ask you, beyond this, to make a full consecration of yourselves to Christ; and then in the enjoyment of religion, you will possess principles, which, by Divine grace, you must never surrender. When your love of the truth is assailed, and you are tempted to falsehood either for profit or protection, say, "No surrender!" If ungodly companions, with whom, because of business, you are compelled to associate, should pour ridicule on your profession, and, by banter, seek to do you mischief, say "No surrender!" If your belief in the great truths of Christianity should be attacked by the wily sceptic,

and he should exhort you to throw off the trammels of Creed and Sanctuary, and become an independent, free-thinking man, cry aloud, "No surrender!" If the sensualist, who knows as well as you do that Christianity does not forbid the socialities of life, tries to besiege you at this point, and asks you to join him in places of recreation, and then amusement, and then intemperance, and then debauchery; oh, thunder in his ears, so that he shall be startled by your decision, "No surrender!" And finally, if you are called to struggle hard with the world; if fortune has no smile for you; if in long and sad succession, sickness, and losses, and disappointments, and bereavements come, still, bravely battle on. It is dark now, but there's light in front. Confident of the good times coming, say to the present, "No surrender!"

NO SURRENDER!

"Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be 'No surrender!'
Boldly dare, and greatly do,
This shall bring us bravely through:
'No surrender!' 'No surrender!'
And though fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic 'No surrender!'

"Nail the colours to the mast,
Shouting gladly, 'No surrender!'
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
'No surrender!' 'No surrender!'
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with, 'No surrender!'

"Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is 'No surrender !'
Battle though it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill ;
'No surrender !' 'No surrender !'
Hope, and thus your hope fulfil,
There's a way, where there's a will.
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them 'No surrender !' "

SPEECHES.

I.

SUBLIMITY OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

A CELEBRATED writer of antiquity, when treating of the emotion of sublimity, does not attempt to define it; for, being what is termed "a simple feeling," it is incapable of definition. He rather suggests to us the occasions on which the emotion is excited. "That alone is truly sublime," he says, "of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely, if ever, to be erased."

Now, taking the statement of this heathen to be correct, you cannot find in the world an instance of sublimity to be compared for a moment with the enterprise of its evangelization. As we look upon *nature* in a thousand of its aspects, the mind is overpowered with the thought of majesty, grandeur, sublimity. The vast range of *science*, embracing as it does all created objects, and putting the whole world, both of matter and mind, into its crucible, presents innumerable instances of greatness, and excites in its student the truly sublime. The pages of *history* are studded with facts upon which the mind loves to

linger, from which radiate the virtues of courage, dignity, benevolence, and around which are gathered the noblest emotions of the human heart. The world of *philanthropy* is rich in instances of moral dignity. As you fix your eye upon the man who lives for the welfare of his species, whose footsteps you track to the house of misery, whose heart heaves with pity, and whose hands are open to relieve the needy—as you see him throw off his native selfishness, and act for the benefit of others, your own hearts catch up something of his sympathy, your own soul becomes fired with resolve to join him in his work of benevolence, and your mind is filled with sublime sensations. All these, however, fade into insignificance when compared with the gigantic scheme of mercy in which the Missionary is engaged. Just as the interests of the soul are higher and more pressing and more momentous than those of the body, so the work before us is infinitely more sublime than all beside.

Their sublimity is seen in the *object* which these Missions contemplate. However Utopian and chimerical this may be considered by many, we rejoice in the thought that it is nothing less than the temporal and spiritual happiness of man—universal man—on earth, and his completeness of glory in the world to come. It embraces everything that the most noble heart of the most noble philanthropist could feel or desire; but his very highest flights of beneficence are left far behind. The soul of the Missionary rises above the alleviation of mere temporal misery; it soars into the heavens, where from God Himself, the Source of good, it obtains its holiest aspirations and sublime example.

We contemplate the salvation—and this word is used in its highest sense—the salvation of 270 millions of nominal Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 100 millions of Mahometans, 435 millions of Brahmins and Buddhists, and 160 millions of other idolaters. In Europe we claim for Christ 230 millions of human beings. A few of these have already acknowledged His authority; but we claim them all for Christ. The worldly and openly profane of our own Country, the infidel and demoralized population of France, the superstitious and priest-ridden Spaniards, the rationalistic and cold-souled people of Germany, the degraded serfs of Austria, and all the immense multitudes both of the European Continent and Islands; in the name of Christ, His servants claim them all.

Asia, with its 630 millions, comes within our range. Here the Mahometan delusion reigns almost unmolested at present; but the battering-ram of truth shall demolish the entire system; the crescent shall wane away.

We forget not the 60 millions of poor Africans, who, if misery should have a voice,—if deep, sordid, cold-blooded, and long-inflicted cruelty may demand consideration,—have claims upon us which have not yet been met, but which are surely registered against us.

Forty-seven millions in North and South America, and three millions in Australia and Polynesia, are not excluded from the Missionary operations of the Church. This then is our object. There are nearly ten hundred millions of dying though immortal men upon the earth. Almost twenty millions of heathen are dying annually. Our work is to fit them for their change, and make them burning seraphs in heaven for ever. The Mis-

sionary enterprise will not be sufficed by the conversion of a few islands, or even the Continents of the world. In the name of Christ, and at His bidding, it seeks to preach the Gospel to every creature. In full commanding light the motto is emblazoned upon its banners, "The world for Christ." If, then, *vastness* be an essential element in the emotion of sublimity, you have it in its highest perfection in the scheme of Missions.

Look also at the *means* by which the enterprise seeks to accomplish its object. It ought surely to be sufficient to say that these means are divinely appointed. And there is sublimity in the very contrast between these and those devised by finite man. It would seem as if men could accomplish nothing without noise and bustle. The whole Country is to be turned upside down, if anything great is to be accomplished. An immense complexity of instrumentality is brought to bear by man upon his work; but that which God employs is ineffably simple. If an architect undertakes a work of ordinary magnitude, for days and weeks and months you hear the voices of the workmen, and the sound of the hammer; the whole apparatus of machinery seems to indicate violent exertion. But see how God works. A tiny seed falls upon the ground. You put your foot upon it, and tread it into the soil. It by and by germinates, and through the power which God gives to it, it breaks the crust of earth above its head. No herald comes before it to tell the world it is coming. No pæan is sung to announce its birth. Apparently without effort, and silently, it works its way, forming its own stem and shooting out its branches, until in its maturity there

appears the majestic tree, and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of it. It is a sublime consummation! When hostile nations seek to obtain the mastery, what an arena of noise does the battle-field become. The shouts of the soldiers, the fire of the guns, the roar of the cannon, the shrieks of the wounded, and the hurrahs of victory, tell you that *men* are contending. But, oh, how does God get the victory? He commissions his spiritual forces to attack the citadel of the human heart. A divine power is levelled at the fortress, but not a sound is heard. The Holy Spirit takes a shaft and with an infinite energy throws it into the soul; but it strikes in silence, except now and then, when the sigh of penitence is heard. No parley is permitted. An unconditional surrender is demanded; and the attack goes on till, the rebel finding he can hold out no longer, the gates are opened, the arms are surrendered, mercy is implored, and God takes victorious possession of His own.

The means of our enterprise are all divine. Our business simply is to preach Jesus and Him crucified. In multitudes of instances this method has been stigmatized as weakness and folly, but it never yet failed. It would be no recommendation of it, if man approved it. Nay, the sneer of the philosopher, the pride of the ancient Greek, and the curled lip of the modern sceptic, are the proofs of its divinity. These cannot understand it—it transcends their thoughts—their imaginations cannot touch it. The method of salvation is sublime.

Look also at the *past* and *contemplated triumphs* of this enterprise. 'Tis true, there is no room to boast,

when we think of how much more might have been accomplished ; but in every direction we have more of success to tell than might have been expected : and though in some respects, in what has been done, we find the condemnation of our indolence and parsimony, we also find in it an all-powerful motive to increased exertion, and our guarantee of future triumph.

On *individuals* has it exerted its heaven-descended influence. And here we ground our argument for its universal spread. Whatever difference may be found in form or state or circumstances among the tribes of earth, there is the one grand feature through the species, that, whatever else the individual is or is not, he is a sinner. It is with this we have to do ; and if the Gospel can save one, it can save all. The Ceylonese has renounced his devil-worship, and now worships Him who is Lord of all. The Hindoo has abandoned the oppressiveness of his superstition—the suppurated arm outstretched in the forest is brought down—the raging fire, the heat of which was endured as a penance, is extinguished—the ceremony of the hook is given up, and the man sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. The New Zealander has been attacked in his stronghold of cruelty, and has yielded to the tender influences of Christ's religion. The Friendly Islander has lost his warlike spirit, and breathes forth thoughts and words of peace. The cannibal Fijian now hates the horrid system of baking and devouring human flesh. The ignorant and degraded Hottentot seems to have been introduced into new life. Spellbound in ignorance, his faculties were hidden, and this brought upon him

the charge of being less than man; but his intellect is raised, and his life has become a model for professing Christians. The manacled and lacerated negro has been made spiritually free. The red Indian of the woods has been introduced to all the blessings of civilisation. It matters not in what part of the world, or in what condition, the Gospel has found poor human nature; its ignorance has been dispelled—its manhood has been asserted—the gem of the soul has been brought forth to light, and now burns in all the brilliancy of its immortality.

A like effect has been produced upon *systems* as on individuals. In what position did the Missionary enterprise find African slavery, and what has been the result of the struggle? Africa was stained with blood. Villages were ravaged—families were scattered—the rich soil of the Country was laid waste—and the whole coast was under the terror of a lawless banditti. But Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their noble fellows, prompted by Missionary facts and motives, raised the voice and feeling of our land. The “Island Empress” spoke the word, and let the oppressed go free.

The horrid system of Sutteeism is done away, and the still more horrid system of Caste has received its death-blow. No longer does the widow shriek on the pile of her husband: that which has stringently shut up the sympathies of men against their fellows is no longer encouraged by legislative sanction; and their ears and hearts are pierced by the Scripture cry: “Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?”

With regard to the future, our hope is full. The past are only the first-fruits of the mighty harvest. Though many parts of the world are yet in darkness, they shall see the light. That monstrous iniquity which has its seat in the seven-hilled City, and whose superstitions are encouraged in our own Country, is doomed to die. The vast continents of the East shall be raised from their night of misery ; and to them the morning cometh. Japan, and Hindostan, and China shall be rescued from their Mahometan and Pagan curses. Tartary, and Persia, and Arabia shall welcome with loud acclaim that truth which alone can make their minds and spirits free. Judea and Egypt shall receive His salvation whose feet trod their slopes and vales. The Western Hemisphere shall catch the radiance of His glory. Jew and Gentile, bond and free—all, all of men shall shout the Saviour's praise. Our work will not be done till

“ One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
‘ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us ;’
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannahs round.”

Will even the most enthusiastic admirer of *nature* refuse to yield the palm of sublimity to this heaven-born scheme of mercy ? We do not deny that there are grand manifestations of the sublime in the world around. We rather rejoice to acknowledge the fact ; for “ our Father made them all.” But everything in its own order.

Take an instance of the sublime in nature. I have my thought fixed upon a scene on a summer's day, or perhaps a transition day between summer and autumn. There is great oppressiveness in the atmosphere. The sunshine is not so bright and piercing as it was yesterday. There is a sulky gleaminess about his rays, which seems to say that he is out of humour. His face at length is hidden by a cloud, that rolls in sullen majesty before him. From a distant part of the hemisphere there is another cloud careering, and as they approach each other it seems as if two armies were about to dispute the possession of the sky. The lightnings fly athwart the heavens, as though they are the messengers of the Eternal, and tell the world that He is about to speak. Men suspend their business. The merchant closes his book and paces the counting-house with indefinable sensations. The husbandman throws down his implement, and makes for the nearest cottages. The domestics, as though by some talismanic influence, quit their labours, to see if perchance they can throw off each other's fears. The very cattle herd together, as though some strange catastrophe is about to happen. You are not kept long in suspense. There is a rumbling sound, just like the artillery on some distant battle-field. Another fearful flash, and then the heavens are in confusion. One loud and long-continued peal of thunder is followed by another flash and another stroke. It would seem as if all nature had gone out of its course, and was falling with a ruinous crash. For some moments of indefinable sensation you tremble, and watch the conflict. Some immense drops of rain tell you that the flood is

coming. The fountains of the great deep seem broken up; and then, as though nature had spent her strength, the lightnings cease, the thunders recede, the sun bursts forth from behind the clouds. His light appears ten times brighter than ever, because of the temporary darkness. His rays fall upon the floods which have just come down; and heaven and earth, only a moment ago the scene of battle, seem to play together. Nature resumes her beauty, and the world goes on its course. This is sublimity.

Take another instance. The scene is in North America. The Canadian lakes, which are said to cover an area of 93,000 square miles, and contain nearly one-half of the fresh water on the surface of the globe, run into a river which is called Niagara. About a mile from a certain place, this river is three miles in breadth. During that one mile the bed is narrowed to one-third of the extent, and the fall of the river in that same distance is 52 feet; so that the velocity of the water both by compression and descent is fearfully great. When it comes to this particular place, it takes a prodigious leap into a chasm of 167 feet in depth. There is the scene. As you stand near the edge of the chasm, you take hold of a neighbouring tree to save you from falling, for the sight is such that the head is soon dizzy, and if unprotected, ruin is almost inevitable. One who gazed upon it with "irresistible fascination" says that "above the crest of the cataract, the water is of a yellow colour, but as it passes it is instantly changed into dazzling white. This brilliant and dazzling white is as pure and spotless as snow, and gives its character to the whole scene. The

descending waters do not retain a smooth, glassy, stream-like surface, but break into crystals as the dew-drops of the morning, and are made brilliant and sparkling like gems, by the illumination of the sun's beams. This magnificent expanse of crystals is next seen falling from the precipice in countless myriads; not in confused heaps, but in perfect order, as an immense roll of beautiful drapery studded with brilliants, and united by the force of some common element. The flow is perfectly regular; and the splendid sheet of white and dazzling fluid of gems falls in a regular and continued stream. See a rock, with a crest three parts of a mile in length and 170 feet above the level ground. Imagine some mysterious power everlastingly rolling from this crest a robe of hoar-frost, white, dazzling, pearly, descending like beautiful drapery, festooned and barred, yet regular in form, with a long train spread on the level plain below, and you will have the best idea of the Falls of Niagara. It is like beautiful robes falling from the shoulders of a goddess." None will doubt its sublimity, but let none presume to say that it equals the enterprise in which we are engaged.

The Missionary map embraces, not a mere promontory or island or continent, but a human world. This world is a desert, morally and spiritually—dreary as the wilderness—parched as the Arab sands—fruitless as the rock, and motionless as the region of death. Fable tells us of a wondrous winged horse, which was born in the ocean, and when it struck the earth with its foot, it instantly raised a fountain which irrigated the region round about. Now, what fable imagined, we

have realized. At a voice from heaven the well-spring of life started forth in the midst of this arid waste; and though, in the first instance, the supply was limited to a particular country, yet it was constant and diffusive. To such an extent did these rills increase, that the brook and the river began to flow. Judea was inundated; nor could its boundaries check its onward course. In all its majesty and beauty, it now rolls along, scattering its pearly riches, making the desert verdant, and the wilderness fragrant as the rose itself. A sublimity ten thousand times greater than that of Niagara will be the subject of angel song, for the spirits of universal man shall be washed pure in the blood of Christ.

History presents many instances of the truly sublime. Take one of them.

On one of the days of January, 1604, about twenty persons were convened in the interior Privy Chamber of Hampton Court, presided over by King James, to consider "the monster petition" which had been presented by the Puritans for the removal of sundry superstitions and abuses which had crept into the Church. The result of this Conference was the proclamation on March 5th, 1604, of the Act of Uniformity. This led to the suspension and ejection of nearly two thousand godly ministers, many of whom were treated with the utmost cruelty, and some were put to death. Those who were able to escape, for the most part fled to Holland, where there were English Churches. To prevent their flight, however, a decree was issued, forbidding them to go without a special licence from the King. Notwithstanding this decree, many made the

attempt. A large company had arranged to leave Boston for Holland ; but the captain betrayed them, and they were delivered up to the authorities. Another attempt was made between Grimsby and Hull, which only partially succeeded ; for only part of the fugitives had embarked, when the military came upon them. Families were divided. The men were in the vessel, and the women ashore. After a tempestuous voyage, they reached their destination ; and for eleven years did these English exiles dwell in Leyden, under the guidance of their leader and pastor. For the sake of their conscience, they had left their home and property and fatherland, and were now about to seek a Country where they might worship God according to their own views. Having made arrangements with the Plymouth company, by united prayer, they agreed that one part should go to New England first, and the other follow. They bought the vessel *Speedwell*, and hired the *Mayflower* for the purpose. The parting scene between these noble men was touching. Men, women, and children accompanied *the Pilgrim Fathers*—for these they were—to the port, and all spent the last night in friendly converse and prayer. “Brethren,” said their pastor, and these were his last words to them, “we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows ; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.” As the emigrants left, the others kneeled down by the sea-side, and commended them to the care of Heaven.

After many disasters, the *Speedwell* returned home, while the *Mayflower* breasted the Atlantic, "freighted with the destinies of a Continent." "On their heroic enterprise, the selectest influences of religion seemed descending visibly; while beyond their perilous path were hung the rainbow and the western star of empire." After a voyage of sixty-three days, they landed upon the shores of New England. Half of the first day was spent in prayer. In the name of God, they entered into a compact to serve Him and love one another. Through many years of hardship and danger, they were preserved. They rejoiced in their poverty, for God had given them rest of spirit. And while looking back upon Old England with the affection of children, they gloried in their deliverance from the oppression of a corrupt priesthood and a degraded Crown. This is a sublime passage in the world's history, and the Pilgrim Fathers will be venerated by the utmost posterity. But, confessedly grand as are these facts of modern history, we have facts and truths of far higher sublimity. In our history we read how God became a man to save man from hell—how heaven for a while lost part of its glory, and earth was honoured with the footsteps of the Messiah—how on the Cross He died for the human race, and then took His glorified body to heaven, as the pledge and first-fruits of universal man's salvation. It is, moreover, in our history, that this system of grace shall be triumphant. To Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Our history tells us that the day is coming, when men shall need no more to disinherit and expatriate themselves

for the sake of conscience—when divine truth, free as air, pure as the crystal stream, beautiful as the light, and immortal as the throne of God, shall be as extensive as the domain of heaven. Whatever may be the outward and relative condition of the nations of the earth, there shall be one great sublime feature of likeness in them all, “Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.”

The world of *philanthropy* is rich in instances of the sublime. Take the case of John Howard. Born in the heart of London, he was designed for the pursuits of commerce; but at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he retired into private life. There were two circumstances, however, which introduced him to that immortal career of toil and glory, which has led to the comfort of thousands and the moral elevation of his Country. The first was this: In 1756, when thirty years of age, he embarked in a Lisbon packet, in order to make the tour of Portugal, when the vessel was taken by a French privateer. His sufferings were extreme. For nearly two days, he was altogether without water, and almost without food. At the Brest Castle, he lay six nights upon straw. There, and at other places to which he was carried, he saw the cruelties inflicted upon his Countrymen. On one day, thirty-six, who had died of starvation, were buried in a hole. He himself intimates that what he then saw had a powerful influence on his future life.

The other circumstance was his being appointed to the office of Sheriff of Bedfordshire. This brought the

distress of the County prisoners under his immediate notice. His visits to the jail produced such an effect on his mind, as to the immorality of the inmates, that he inspected the prisons of the neighbouring Counties; and thenceforth devoted himself to the reformation of these horrid places. He journeyed through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, on his self-imposed and philanthropic mission. "He travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland: afterwards through the Prussian and Austrian dominions. He visited also the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some cities in Portugal and Spain." To some of these places, a second and a third time was he prompted by his benevolent heart. His objects were, to inquire into the number and condition of these European prisoners, to ameliorate their temporal lot, to remove disease, to elevate their morals. With these purposes solely in view, he spared neither advice nor reproof, where either was deemed necessary. The Crowned Monarch, as well as the humble jailor, listened with interest to his Christian enterprise, and in some cases entered effectually into his views. He nobly fell, a martyr to his work. Leaving again the land of his birth for Russia and Turkey, he left these words behind him: "Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." While visiting a Russian

hospital, a malignant fever seized him and carried him off in a few days. But he has his reward in heaven, as well as in the embalming of his memory in the bosom of a grateful Country. How forcible and true are the words of Burke. Howard "visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate MSS.; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain, to 'take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt;' to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all Countries."

That were a daring man, who could say that in all this there is nothing of sublimity. It perhaps may be considered the nearest approach to the greatness and grandeur of our enterprise; but oh, it falls far below it. Indeed, ours is the glowing picture, of which this is the humble imitation. We tell the story of a Being who saw the misery of a world, exposed to death eternal, and about to be visited with chains of damnation for ever—Who, to save it, bore all the weight of its guilt; and although men treated Him with indignity, and spurned His overtures, persisted to love them to the very death—Who came, not merely to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and give eyesight to the blind, and feet to the lame, and even to raise the bodies of dead men—Who came, not merely to instruct the ignorant, and soothe the disconsolate, and make happy

the wretched ; but to pluck the gem of the spirit from its burning, and make it brilliant in all the graces of the Christian here, and in all the glories of the seraph in the world to come.

Here, then, is the sublimity of our object. Angels gaze upon it with intensest interest. Spirits, glorified, bend over the battlements of heaven, to watch the progress of our movement. Devils tremble in anticipation of our final victory. Difficulties there are in the way ; but it is a part of the sublimity of our enterprise, that it scorns and overturns them all. We are joining hands with Heaven, in the most stupendous work which the history of eternity records. We have already as much of encouragement as the case *demands* ; and for the future we hang upon the word of Him who cannot lie : "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

the charge of being less than man ; but his intellect is raised, and his life has become a model for professing Christians. The manacled and lacerated negro has been made spiritually free. The red Indian of the woods has been introduced to all the blessings of civilisation. It matters not in what part of the world, or in what condition, the Gospel has found poor human nature ; its ignorance has been dispelled—its manhood has been asserted—the gem of the soul has been brought forth to light, and now burns in all the brilliancy of its immortality.

A like effect has been produced upon *systems* as on individuals. In what position did the Missionary enterprise find African slavery, and what has been the result of the struggle ? Africa was stained with blood. Villages were ravaged—families were scattered—the rich soil of the Country was laid waste—and the whole coast was under the terror of a lawless banditti. But Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their noble fellows, prompted by Missionary facts and motives, raised the voice and feeling of our land. The “Island Empress” spoke the word, and let the oppressed go free.

The horrid system of Sutteeism is done away, and the still more horrid system of Caste has received its death-blow. No longer does the widow shriek on the pile of her husband : that which has stringently shut up the sympathies of men against their fellows is no longer encouraged by legislative sanction ; and their ears and hearts are pierced by the Scripture cry : “Sirs, ye are brethren ; why do ye wrong one to another ?”

With regard to the future, our hope is full. The past are only the first-fruits of the mighty harvest. Though many parts of the world are yet in darkness, they shall see the light. That monstrous iniquity which has its seat in the seven-hilled City, and whose superstitions are encouraged in our own Country, is doomed to die. The vast continents of the East shall be raised from their night of misery; and to them the morning cometh. Japan, and Hindostan, and China shall be rescued from their Mahometan and Pagan curses. Tartary, and Persia, and Arabia shall welcome with loud acclaim that truth which alone can make their minds and spirits free. Judea and Egypt shall receive His salvation whose feet trod their slopes and vales. The Western Hemisphere shall catch the radiance of His glory. Jew and Gentile, bond and free—all, all of men shall shout the Saviour's praise. Our work will not be done till

“ One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
‘ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us ;’
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannahs round.”

Will even the most enthusiastic admirer of *nature* refuse to yield the palm of sublimity to this heaven-born scheme of mercy ? We do not deny that there are grand manifestations of the sublime in the world around. We rather rejoice to acknowledge the fact ; for “ our Father made them all.” But everything in its own order.

Take an instance of the sublime in nature. I have my thought fixed upon a scene on a summer's day, or perhaps a transition day between summer and autumn. There is great oppressiveness in the atmosphere. The sunshine is not so bright and piercing as it was yesterday. There is a sulky gleaminess about his rays, which seems to say that he is out of humour. His face at length is hidden by a cloud, that rolls in sullen majesty before him. From a distant part of the hemisphere there is another cloud careering, and as they approach each other it seems as if two armies were about to dispute the possession of the sky. The lightnings fly athwart the heavens, as though they are the messengers of the Eternal, and tell the world that He is about to speak. Men suspend their business. The merchant closes his book and paces the counting-house with indefinable sensations. The husbandman throws down his implement, and makes for the nearest cottages. The domestics, as though by some talismanic influence, quit their labours, to see if perchance they can throw off each other's fears. The very cattle herd together, as though some strange catastrophe is about to happen. You are not kept long in suspense. There is a rumbling sound, just like the artillery on some distant battle-field. Another fearful flash, and then the heavens are in confusion. One loud and long-continued peal of thunder is followed by another flash and another stroke. It would seem as if all nature had gone out of its course, and was falling with a ruinous crash. For some moments of indefinable sensation you tremble, and watch the conflict. Some immense drops of rain tell you that the flood is

coming. The fountains of the great deep seem broken up; and then, as though nature had spent her strength, the lightnings cease, the thunders recede, the sun bursts forth from behind the clouds. His light appears ten times brighter than ever, because of the temporary darkness. His rays fall upon the floods which have just come down; and heaven and earth, only a moment ago the scene of battle, seem to play together. Nature resumes her beauty, and the world goes on its course. This is sublimity.

Take another instance. The scene is in North America. The Canadian lakes, which are said to cover an area of 93,000 square miles, and contain nearly one-half of the fresh water on the surface of the globe, run into a river which is called Niagara. About a mile from a certain place, this river is three miles in breadth. During that one mile the bed is narrowed to one-third of the extent, and the fall of the river in that same distance is 52 feet; so that the velocity of the water both by compression and descent is fearfully great. When it comes to this particular place, it takes a prodigious leap into a chasm of 167 feet in depth. There is the scene. As you stand near the edge of the chasm, you take hold of a neighbouring tree to save you from falling, for the sight is such that the head is soon dizzy, and if unprotected, ruin is almost inevitable. One who gazed upon it with "irresistible fascination" says that "above the crest of the cataract, the water is of a yellow colour, but as it passes it is instantly changed into dazzling white. This brilliant and dazzling white is as pure and spotless as snow, and gives its character to the whole scene. The

descending waters do not retain a smooth, glassy, stream-like surface, but break into crystals as the dew-drops of the morning, and are made brilliant and sparkling like gems, by the illumination of the sun's beams. This magnificent expanse of crystals is next seen falling from the precipice in countless myriads; not in confused heaps, but in perfect order, as an immense roll of beautiful drapery studded with brilliants, and united by the force of some common element. The flow is perfectly regular; and the splendid sheet of white and dazzling fluid of gems falls in a regular and continued stream. See a rock, with a crest three parts of a mile in length and 170 feet above the level ground. . Imagine some mysterious power everlastingly rolling from this crest a robe of hoar-frost, white, dazzling, pearly, descending like beautiful drapery, festooned and barred, yet regular in form, with a long train spread on the level plain below, and you will have the best idea of the Falls of Niagara. It is like beautiful robes falling from the shoulders of a goddess." None will doubt its sublimity, but let none presume to say that it equals the enterprise in which we are engaged.

The Missionary map embraces, not a mere promontory or island or continent, but a human world. This world is a desert, morally and spiritually—dreary as the wilderness—parched as the Arab sands—fruitless as the rock, and motionless as the region of death. Fable tells us of a wondrous winged horse, which was born in the ocean, and when it struck the earth with its foot, it instantly raised a fountain which irrigated the region round about. Now, what fable imagined, we

have realized. At a voice from heaven the well-spring of life started forth in the midst of this arid waste ; and though, in the first instance, the supply was limited to a particular country, yet it was constant and diffusive. To such an extent did these rills increase, that the brook and the river began to flow. Judea was inundated ; nor could its boundaries check its onward course. In all its majesty and beauty, it now rolls along, scattering its pearly riches, making the desert verdant, and the wilderness fragrant as the rose itself. A sublimity ten thousand times greater than that of Niagara will be the subject of angel song, for the spirits of universal man shall be washed pure in the blood of Christ.

History presents many instances of the truly sublime. Take one of them.

On one of the days of January, 1604, about twenty persons were convened in the interior Privy Chamber of Hampton Court, presided over by King James, to consider "the monster petition" which had been presented by the Puritans for the removal of sundry superstitions and abuses which had crept into the Church. The result of this Conference was the proclamation on March 5th, 1604, of the Act of Uniformity. This led to the suspension and ejection of nearly two thousand godly ministers, many of whom were treated with the utmost cruelty, and some were put to death. Those who were able to escape, for the most part fled to Holland, where there were English Churches. To prevent their flight, however, a decree was issued, forbidding them to go without a special licence from the King. Notwithstanding this decree, many made the

attempt. A large company had arranged to leave Boston for Holland ; but the captain betrayed them, and they were delivered up to the authorities. Another attempt was made between Grimsby and Hull, which only partially succeeded ; for only part of the fugitives had embarked, when the military came upon them. Families were divided. The men were in the vessel, and the women ashore. After a tempestuous voyage, they reached their destination ; and for eleven years did these English exiles dwell in Leyden, under the guidance of their leader and pastor. For the sake of their conscience, they had left their home and property and fatherland, and were now about to seek a Country where they might worship God according to their own views. Having made arrangements with the Plymouth company, by united prayer, they agreed that one part should go to New England first, and the other follow. They bought the vessel *Speedwell*, and hired the *Mayflower* for the purpose. The parting scene between these noble men was touching. Men, women, and children accompanied *the Pilgrim Fathers*—for these they were—to the port, and all spent the last night in friendly converse and prayer. “Brethren,” said their pastor, and these were his last words to them, “we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows ; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.” As the emigrants left, the others kneeled down by the sea-side, and commended them to the care of Heaven.

After many disasters, the *Speedwell* returned home, while the *Mayflower* breasted the Atlantic, "freighted with the destinies of a Continent." "On their heroic enterprise, the selectest influences of religion seemed descending visibly; while beyond their perilous path were hung the rainbow and the western star of empire." After a voyage of sixty-three days, they landed upon the shores of New England. Half of the first day was spent in prayer. In the name of God, they entered into a compact to serve Him and love one another. Through many years of hardship and danger, they were preserved. They rejoiced in their poverty, for God had given them rest of spirit. And while looking back upon Old England with the affection of children, they gloried in their deliverance from the oppression of a corrupt priesthood and a degraded Crown. This is a sublime passage in the world's history, and the Pilgrim Fathers will be venerated by the utmost posterity. But, confessedly grand as are these facts of modern history, we have facts and truths of far higher sublimity. In our history we read how God became a man to save man from hell—how heaven for a while lost part of its glory, and earth was honoured with the footsteps of the Messiah—how on the Cross He died for the human race, and then took His glorified body to heaven, as the pledge and first-fruits of universal man's salvation. It is, moreover, in our history, that this system of grace shall be triumphant. To Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Our history tells us that the day is coming, when men shall need no more to disinherit and expatriate themselves

for the sake of conscience—when divine truth, free as air, pure as the crystal stream, beautiful as the light, and immortal as the throne of God, shall be as extensive as the domain of heaven. Whatever may be the outward and relative condition of the nations of the earth, there shall be one great sublime feature of likeness in them all, "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."

The world of *philanthropy* is rich in instances of the sublime. Take the case of John Howard. Born in the heart of London, he was designed for the pursuits of commerce; but at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he retired into private life. There were two circumstances, however, which introduced him to that immortal career of toil and glory, which has led to the comfort of thousands and the moral elevation of his Country. The first was this: In 1756, when thirty years of age, he embarked in a Lisbon packet, in order to make the tour of Portugal, when the vessel was taken by a French privateer. His sufferings were extreme. For nearly two days, he was altogether without water, and almost without food. At the Brest Castle, he lay six nights upon straw. There, and at other places to which he was carried, he saw the cruelties inflicted upon his Countrymen. On one day, thirty-six, who had died of starvation, were buried in a hole. He himself intimates that what he then saw had a powerful influence on his future life.

The other circumstance was his being appointed to the office of Sheriff of Bedfordshire. This brought the

distress of the County prisoners under his immediate notice. His visits to the jail produced such an effect on his mind, as to the immorality of the inmates, that he inspected the prisons of the neighbouring Counties; and thenceforth devoted himself to the reformation of these horrid places. He journeyed through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, on his self-imposed and philanthropic mission. "He travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland: afterwards through the Prussian and Austrian dominions. He visited also the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some cities in Portugal and Spain." To some of these places, a second and a third time was he prompted by his benevolent heart. His objects were, to inquire into the number and condition of these European prisoners, to ameliorate their temporal lot, to remove disease, to elevate their morals. With these purposes solely in view, he spared neither advice nor reproof, where either was deemed necessary. The Crowned Monarch, as well as the humble jailor, listened with interest to his Christian enterprise, and in some cases entered effectually into his views. He nobly fell, a martyr to his work. Leaving again the land of his birth for Russia and Turkey, he left these words behind him: "Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." While visiting a Russian

hospital, a malignant fever seized him and carried him off in a few days. But he has his reward in heaven, as well as in the embalming of his memory in the bosom of a grateful Country. How forcible and true are the words of Burke. Howard "visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate mss.; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain, to 'take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt;' to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all Countries."

That were a daring man, who could say that in all this there is nothing of sublimity. It perhaps may be considered the nearest approach to the greatness and grandeur of our enterprise; but oh, it falls far below it. Indeed, ours is the glowing picture, of which this is the humble imitation. We tell the story of a Being who saw the misery of a world, exposed to death eternal, and about to be visited with chains of damnation for ever—Who, to save it, bore all the weight of its guilt; and although men treated Him with indignity, and spurned His overtures, persisted to love them to the very death—Who came, not merely to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and give eyesight to the blind, and feet to the lame, and even to raise the bodies of dead men—Who came, not merely to instruct the ignorant, and soothe the disconsolate, and make happy

the wretched ; but to pluck the gem of the spirit from its burning, and make it brilliant in all the graces of the Christian here, and in all the glories of the seraph in the world to come.

Here, then, is the sublimity of our object. Angels gaze upon it with intensest interest. Spirits, glorified, bend over the battlements of heaven, to watch the progress of our movement. Devils tremble in anticipation of our final victory. Difficulties there are in the way ; but it is a part of the sublimity of our enterprise, that it scorns and overturns them all. We are joining hands with Heaven, in the most stupendous work which the history of eternity records. We have already as much of encouragement as the case *demands* ; and for the future we hang upon the word of Him who cannot lie : "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

II.

SPEECH ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

ANY man may well consider it an honour to take part in the proceedings of this Society, which seeks to bless the world. Founded at a most opportune period of our Country's history, its *origin* was a providence, and its *progress* has been a triumph. All honour to the noble-minded Welshman—and let the name of Thomas Charles never be forgotten—who in 1802 was so impressed with the spiritual ignorance of his parish, that he journeyed from his humble manse to London, to take counsel with some devoted Christians as to the propriety and possibility of establishing a Bible Society for his own little Country. Though the principality may be *now* regarded as a tiny spot, when compared with the vast superficies over which the Society's operations extend, it was a grand idea. I can conceive of this good Thomas Charles being startled by the boldness of his own thought, and fearing that the project might be regarded as chimerical and visionary. But he found in London men of kindred spirit, and of even larger heart; for his own proposition was met by the challenge: "If a Bible Society for Wales, why not have one for the *whole* world?" The good and zealous

Welshman saw no reason why, and hence arose the British and Foreign Bible Society.

I. It is no reflection on this institution to say that it had a *humble origin*. Nay, the very circumstance is itself an indication that it is in the right succession. Gigantic results have small beginnings. Where does the majestic river take its rise? Far away from its source, your eye can scarcely cross it. It bears more than a faint resemblance to the sea, as the bark lies gallantly on its bosom, or moves upon its swell into or out of port. Its rippling surge and constant flow whisper into your ear thoughts of silent power. Its waters wash the banks, and kiss the flowers which decorate its bounds; while the verdure and beauty of the neighbouring greensward proclaim its presence, and fertile inundations. As you gaze upon the waters you say to your companion, Where is the *source* of this noble river? And he says, "Come along with me." You board the vessel, draw up the anchor, spread the sails, catch the breeze, and you go on, and on, and on. You still see beauty on the banks, and hear the bird-chimes from the groves. But by and by, the crossing is perceptibly narrower; and the keel of the vessel shaves the bed of the river. You now drop anchor and lower your boat. You take the oars, and glide away again on the breast of the water, and you go up, and up, and up. You can now touch the margin. The branches of the trees on either side well-nigh meet in the centre; and thus embowered, as in some fairyland, you move on a little longer, until you come to a mountain gorge. You leave the boat, and ascend the acclivity, keeping as close as the brushwood will let

you to the narrowing stream ; another lesser gorge, and another, and another, until at length you can get up no farther, for you behold a little body of water gushing out of the mouth of a hollow glacier. You stand in dumb surprise for a moment ; then take off your hat, and, with a thrill of joy, turn round and throw your eye down the rugged glens, and along the smiling plains, and towards the spot from whence you started on your exploration.

Just so is it with this Society. In a little room connected with the London Tavern, a few good people met on the 7th March, 1804, to consider this proposition from Wales. The resolve was taken that that land should be supplied ; that England should as far as possible be flooded with Bibles ; that Christendom should be visited ; and that as this was the Book for the world, the whole world should have it. It was the most magnificent thought which had struggled into birth for eighteen centuries. We gaze with pleasurable excitement upon that little room, as the natal chamber and cradle of this the most lovely daughter of Christianity.

II. Then having such an *object*, what has *been done* for the attainment of it ? Those noble men did not content themselves with resolutions, but immediately set about the work. Fifty years ago, there were only four millions of copies of the Scriptures in the entire world, and about half that number were supposed to be in England. Now the issues of this Society alone are more than thirty millions ; while during the past year, in England and Wales there have been at work

3394 societies and associations; 2273 public meetings have been held; nearly half a million of copies have been issued from the depot in London; and the entire circulation of the year has reached nearly a million and a half. Then mark the sphere of this Society's operations in our own Country. It goes to the *palace*, and our noble Queen not only lends to it her illustrious name, but makes the royal household the centre of a large distribution, for it is well known that hundreds of Bibles are sent by the foreign residents at Court to their native lands. And while our gracious Sovereign condescends to patronize this Institution, she is the first to acknowledge, that to this Bible she is indebted for personal happiness, for domestic bliss, for the purity of her Court, for the loyalty of her people, and for the stability of her throne. It finds its way to the houses of the *aristocracy*, where the Bible is as much needed as in the lowliest cottages. It sheds a lustre upon noble birth; and never does Lord Shaftesbury look more noble, than when presiding over the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is enthroned in the houses of the business and working classes, who are the strength and safeguard of the British Constitution. The Bible is found on the counter of the merchant, in the hall of the exchange, in the hotel, in the waiting-room of the station, in the tent of the soldier and cabin of the sailor, in the court-house, the police office, the work-house, the ragged school, the prison cell. It is found in the bosom of the factory girl, and in the pocket of the ploughboy. England is the land of Bibles, the centre of light, the almoner of Jehovah, the

descending waters do not retain a smooth, glassy, stream-like surface, but break into crystals as the dew-drops of the morning, and are made brilliant and sparkling like gems, by the illumination of the sun's beams. This magnificent expanse of crystals is next seen falling from the precipice in countless myriads; not in confused heaps, but in perfect order, as an immense roll of beautiful drapery studded with brilliants, and united by the force of some common element. The flow is perfectly regular; and the splendid sheet of white and dazzling fluid of gems falls in a regular and continued stream. See a rock, with a crest three parts of a mile in length and 170 feet above the level ground. . Imagine some mysterious power everlastingly rolling from this crest a robe of hoar-frost, white, dazzling, pearly, descending like beautiful drapery, festooned and barred, yet regular in form, with a long train spread on the level plain below, and you will have the best idea of the Falls of Niagara. It is like beautiful robes falling from the shoulders of a goddess." None will doubt its sublimity, but let none presume to say that it equals the enterprise in which we are engaged.

The Missionary map embraces, not a mere promontory or island or continent, but a human world. This world is a desert, morally and spiritually—dreary as the wilderness—parched as the Arab sands—fruitless as the rock, and motionless as the region of death. Fable tells us of a wondrous winged horse, which was born in the ocean, and when it struck the earth with its foot, it instantly raised a fountain which irrigated the region round about. Now, what fable imagined, we

have realized. At a voice from heaven the well-spring of life started forth in the midst of this arid waste; and though, in the first instance, the supply was limited to a particular country, yet it was constant and diffusive. To such an extent did these rills increase, that the brook and the river began to flow. Judea was inundated; nor could its boundaries check its onward course. In all its majesty and beauty, it now rolls along, scattering its pearly riches, making the desert verdant, and the wilderness fragrant as the rose itself. A sublimity ten thousand times greater than that of Niagara will be the subject of angel song, for the spirits of universal man shall be washed pure in the blood of Christ.

History presents many instances of the truly sublime. Take one of them.

On one of the days of January, 1604, about twenty persons were convened in the interior Privy Chamber of Hampton Court, presided over by King James, to consider "the monster petition" which had been presented by the Puritans for the removal of sundry superstitions and abuses which had crept into the Church. The result of this Conference was the proclamation on March 5th, 1604, of the Act of Uniformity. This led to the suspension and ejection of nearly two thousand godly ministers, many of whom were treated with the utmost cruelty, and some were put to death. Those who were able to escape, for the most part fled to Holland, where there were English Churches. To prevent their flight, however, a decree was issued, forbidding them to go without a special licence from the King. Notwithstanding this decree, many made the

attempt. A large company had arranged to leave Boston for Holland ; but the captain betrayed them, and they were delivered up to the authorities. Another attempt was made between Grimsby and Hull, which only partially succeeded ; for only part of the fugitives had embarked, when the military came upon them. Families were divided. The men were in the vessel, and the women ashore. After a tempestuous voyage, they reached their destination ; and for eleven years did these English exiles dwell in Leyden, under the guidance of their leader and pastor. For the sake of their conscience, they had left their home and property and fatherland, and were now about to seek a Country where they might worship God according to their own views. Having made arrangements with the Plymouth company, by united prayer, they agreed that one part should go to New England first, and the other follow. They bought the vessel *Speedwell*, and hired the *Mayflower* for the purpose. The parting scene between these noble men was touching. Men, women, and children accompanied *the Pilgrim Fathers*—for these they were—to the port, and all spent the last night in friendly converse and prayer. “Brethren,” said their pastor, and these were his last words to them, “we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows ; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.” As the emigrants left, the others kneeled down by the sea-side, and commended them to the care of Heaven.

After many disasters, the *Speedwell* returned home, while the *Mayflower* breasted the Atlantic, "freighted with the destinies of a Continent." "On their heroic enterprise, the selectest influences of religion seemed descending visibly; while beyond their perilous path were hung the rainbow and the western star of empire." After a voyage of sixty-three days, they landed upon the shores of New England. Half of the first day was spent in prayer. In the name of God, they entered into a compact to serve Him and love one another. Through many years of hardship and danger, they were preserved. They rejoiced in their poverty, for God had given them rest of spirit. And while looking back upon Old England with the affection of children, they gloried in their deliverance from the oppression of a corrupt priesthood and a degraded Crown. This is a sublime passage in the world's history, and the Pilgrim Fathers will be venerated by the utmost posterity. But, confessedly grand as are these facts of modern history, we have facts and truths of far higher sublimity. In our history we read how God became a man to save man from hell—how heaven for a while lost part of its glory, and earth was honoured with the footsteps of the Messiah—how on the Cross He died for the human race, and then took His glorified body to heaven, as the pledge and first-fruits of universal man's salvation. It is, moreover, in our history, that this system of grace shall be triumphant. To Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Our history tells us that the day is coming, when men shall need no more to disinherit and expatriate themselves

for the sake of conscience—when divine truth, free as air, pure as the crystal stream, beautiful as the light, and immortal as the throne of God, shall be as extensive as the domain of heaven. Whatever may be the outward and relative condition of the nations of the earth, there shall be one great sublime feature of likeness in them all, “Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.”

The world of *philanthropy* is rich in instances of the sublime. Take the case of John Howard. Born in the heart of London, he was designed for the pursuits of commerce; but at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he retired into private life. There were two circumstances, however, which introduced him to that immortal career of toil and glory, which has led to the comfort of thousands and the moral elevation of his Country. The first was this: In 1756, when thirty years of age, he embarked in a Lisbon packet, in order to make the tour of Portugal, when the vessel was taken by a French privateer. His sufferings were extreme. For nearly two days, he was altogether without water, and almost without food. At the Brest Castle, he lay six nights upon straw. There, and at other places to which he was carried, he saw the cruelties inflicted upon his Countrymen. On one day, thirty-six, who had died of starvation, were buried in a hole. He himself intimates that what he then saw had a powerful influence on his future life.

The other circumstance was his being appointed to the office of Sheriff of Bedfordshire. This brought the

distress of the County prisoners under his immediate notice. His visits to the jail produced such an effect on his mind, as to the immorality of the inmates, that he inspected the prisons of the neighbouring Counties; and thenceforth devoted himself to the reformation of these horrid places. He journeyed through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, on his self-imposed and philanthropic mission. "He travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland: afterwards through the Prussian and Austrian dominions. He visited also the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some cities in Portugal and Spain." To some of these places, a second and a third time was he prompted by his benevolent heart. His objects were, to inquire into the number and condition of these European prisoners, to ameliorate their temporal lot, to remove disease, to elevate their morals. With these purposes solely in view, he spared neither advice nor reproof, where either was deemed necessary. The Crowned Monarch, as well as the humble jailor, listened with interest to his Christian enterprise, and in some cases entered effectually into his views. He nobly fell, a martyr to his work. Leaving again the land of his birth for Russia and Turkey, he left these words behind him: "Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." While visiting a Russian

hospital, a malignant fever seized him and carried him off in a few days. But he has his reward in heaven, as well as in the embalming of his memory in the bosom of a grateful Country. How forcible and true are the words of Burke. Howard "visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate MSS.; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain, to 'take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt;' to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all Countries."

That were a daring man, who could say that in all this there is nothing of sublimity. It perhaps may be considered the nearest approach to the greatness and grandeur of our enterprise; but oh, it falls far below it. Indeed, ours is the glowing picture, of which this is the humble imitation. We tell the story of a Being who saw the misery of a world, exposed to death eternal, and about to be visited with chains of damnation for ever—Who, to save it, bore all the weight of its guilt; and although men treated Him with indignity, and spurned His overtures, persisted to love them to the very death—Who came, not merely to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and give eyesight to the blind, and feet to the lame, and even to raise the bodies of dead men—Who came, not merely to instruct the ignorant, and soothe the disconsolate, and make happy

the wretched ; but to pluck the gem of the spirit from its burning, and make it brilliant in all the graces of the Christian here, and in all the glories of the seraph in the world to come.

Here, then, is the sublimity of our object. Angels gaze upon it with intensest interest. Spirits, glorified, bend over the battlements of heaven, to watch the progress of our movement. Devils tremble in anticipation of our final victory. Difficulties there are in the way ; but it is a part of the sublimity of our enterprise, that it scorns and overturns them all. We are joining hands with Heaven, in the most stupendous work which the history of eternity records. We have already as much of encouragement as the case *demand*s ; and for the future we hang upon the word of Him who cannot lie : "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

II.

SPEECH ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

A NY man may well consider it an honour to take part in the proceedings of this Society, which seeks to bless the world. Founded at a most opportune period of our Country's history, its *origin* was a providence, and its *progress* has been a triumph. All honour to the noble-minded Welshman—and let the name of Thomas Charles never be forgotten—who in 1802 was so impressed with the spiritual ignorance of his parish, that he journeyed from his humble manse to London, to take counsel with some devoted Christians as to the propriety and possibility of establishing a Bible Society for his own little Country. Though the principality may be *now* regarded as a tiny spot, when compared with the vast superficies over which the Society's operations extend, it was a grand idea. I can conceive of this good Thomas Charles being startled by the boldness of his own thought, and fearing that the project might be regarded as chimerical and visionary. But he found in London men of kindred spirit, and of even larger heart; for his own proposition was met by the challenge: "If a Bible Society for Wales, why not have one for the *whole* world?" The good and zealous

Welshman saw no reason why, and hence arose the British and Foreign Bible Society.

I. It is no reflection on this institution to say that it had a *humble origin*. Nay, the very circumstance is itself an indication that it is in the right succession. Gigantic results have small beginnings. Where does the majestic river take its rise? Far away from its source, your eye can scarcely cross it. It bears more than a faint resemblance to the sea, as the bark lies gallantly on its bosom, or moves upon its swell into or out of port. Its rippling surge and constant flow whisper into your ear thoughts of silent power. Its waters wash the banks, and kiss the flowers which decorate its bounds; while the verdure and beauty of the neighbouring greensward proclaim its presence, and fertile inundations. As you gaze upon the waters you say to your companion, Where is the *source* of this noble river? And he says, "Come along with me." You board the vessel, draw up the anchor, spread the sails, catch the breeze, and you go on, and on, and on. You still see beauty on the banks, and hear the bird-chimes from the groves. But by and by, the crossing is perceptibly narrower; and the keel of the vessel shaves the bed of the river. You now drop anchor and lower your boat. You take the oars, and glide away again on the breast of the water, and you go up, and up, and up. You can now touch the margin. The branches of the trees on either side well-nigh meet in the centre; and thus embowered, as in some fairyland, you move on a little longer, until you come to a mountain gorge. You leave the boat, and ascend the acclivity, keeping as close as the brushwood will let

you to the narrowing stream ; another lesser gorge, and another, and another, until at length you can get up no farther, for you behold a little body of water gushing out of the mouth of a hollow glacier. You stand in dumb surprise for a moment ; then take off your hat, and, with a thrill of joy, turn round and throw your eye down the rugged glens, and along the smiling plains, and towards the spot from whence you started on your exploration.

Just so is it with this Society. In a little room connected with the London Tavern, a few good people met on the 7th March, 1804, to consider this proposition from Wales. The resolve was taken that that land should be supplied ; that England should as far as possible be flooded with Bibles ; that Christendom should be visited ; and that as this was the Book for the world, the whole world should have it. It was the most magnificent thought which had struggled into birth for eighteen centuries. We gaze with pleasurable excitement upon that little room, as the natal chamber and cradle of this the most lovely daughter of Christianity.

II. Then having such an *object*, what has *been done* for the attainment of it ? Those noble men did not content themselves with resolutions, but immediately set about the work. Fifty years ago, there were only four millions of copies of the Scriptures in the entire world, and about half that number were supposed to be in England. Now the issues of this Society alone are more than thirty millions ; while during the past year, in England and Wales there have been at work

3394 societies and associations; 2273 public meetings have been held; nearly half a million of copies have been issued from the depot in London; and the entire circulation of the year has reached nearly a million and a half. Then mark the sphere of this Society's operations in our own Country. It goes to the *palace*, and our noble Queen not only lends to it her illustrious name, but makes the royal household the centre of a large distribution, for it is well known that hundreds of Bibles are sent by the foreign residents at Court to their native lands. And while our gracious Sovereign condescends to patronize this Institution, she is the first to acknowledge, that to this Bible she is indebted for personal happiness, for domestic bliss, for the purity of her Court, for the loyalty of her people, and for the stability of her throne. It finds its way to the houses of the *aristocracy*, where the Bible is as much needed as in the lowliest cottages. It sheds a lustre upon noble birth; and never does Lord Shaftesbury look more noble, than when presiding over the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is enthroned in the houses of the business and working classes, who are the strength and safeguard of the British Constitution. The Bible is found on the counter of the merchant, in the hall of the exchange, in the hotel, in the waiting-room of the station, in the tent of the soldier and cabin of the sailor, in the court-house, the police office, the work-house, the ragged school, the prison cell. It is found in the bosom of the factory girl, and in the pocket of the ploughboy. England is the land of Bibles, the centre of light, the almoner of Jehovah, the

lightning-rod of humanity, and the succourer of the world.

Then forget not what has been done for other Countries. This Society has thrown more than three millions of copies over France, more than two millions over Germany, and with the results secured by other kindred Institutions, there has been a Continental circulation of perhaps nine or ten millions.

There are more than 4000 Branch Societies abroad, all of which are doing a noble work. Between two and three millions of copies have been distributed in India. The American Bible Society has issued nearly ten millions. A hundred and fifty languages have been mastered, and into them has the Word of God been translated. The Scriptures have been made accessible to 600 millions of the human race.

III. What a powerful motive to action do we find in the *adaptation* of this Book to all those to whom we send it! The Koran of Mahomet is too contradictory and disgusting for even some of Mahomet's followers. The Shasters of India are read by the Brahmins, and in many cases disbelieved; but what other effect would they have upon an Englishman than either to excite his risibilities, or command his scorn? They lack adaptation. But what order of mind, or power of intellect, or shape of head, or shade of colour, or feature of condition, is not met by the inspired volume? Newton in philosophy, Locke in science, Milton in poetry, Peel in statesmanship, and Victoria in Queendom,—all bow in adoring admiration before the Book of God.

But look at another class—a class far, far down in the scale of humanity. See you that drunkard, staggering through your streets, and defiling the atmosphere by his impurity as he passes? Look at that bloodshot eye, those blanched and swollen cheeks, his dishevelled hair, and filthy, disordered dress. His very breath is poison. Reason is drowned; and you hear nothing from him, but either the song of the maniac, or the growl of the beast. He has brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and he is now moving towards a dwelling—not a home—to find a house full of misery, his children in rags, and his wife in tears.

Nay, I see a more pitiable spectacle than even this. By the side of the wall in that narrow lane, leading from the main street, there is lying apparently a lifeless body; but the hootings and jibes of half a hundred children tell you the woman is not dead, but stupefied. You go towards her, not knowing whether pity or indignation rises uppermost in your mind. The eyes are alternately closed and opened wide, rolling in burning madness; the head is uncovered, the dress is torn and dripping with the rain; and oh, heaven! there is an infant lying on her breast, drinking the poison of the dram-shop through its own parent. Oh, woman, a mother's heart has wrung for thee, and tears have chased themselves down a brother's cheek! But is the Bible adapted to such as these? Yes, blessed be God. Listen to its *warnings*: "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine

inflame them." Listen to its *exhortations*: "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The Bible offers mercy to the drunkard; leads him to the fountains of living waters; and can finally bring him to drink of the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal.

This inspired Book adapts itself to all the relationships of life. It teaches the duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, kings and subjects. It tells the merchant, that while he is not slothful in business, he must be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. It teaches the Senator wisdom, and declares to the Monarch that the throne is established in righteousness. It adapts itself to the national, as well as to the social and individual mind.

So with the inhabitants of other Countries.

IV. We claim for the Society a generous support, because of *the principles* on which it is founded, the first of which is this: "The wider circulation of the Scriptures, *without note or comment*." There was infinite wisdom displayed in the Catholic basis on which the Institution was reared. Any inkling of sectarianism would have been its ruin. And may the day never dawn upon it, which shall witness the removal of this broad foundation! The man who would attempt it, is as great an enemy to the world, as the designer of the Gunpowder Plot was an enemy to the Protestantism of England: he who conveyed the

gunpowder into the cellars under the House of Parliament was no greater a traitor to his Country, than he who could thus place combustible material under this goodly fabric is a traitor to the Bible. And I have a hope that if any Guy Fawkes should ever be bold enough to undertake so dangerous a business, the providence of God would bring his dark designs to light before they were consummated ; and most assuredly he would deserve, if it were not beneath so glorious an enterprise, to be burnt in effigy once every year, as an instruction and warning to posterity.

To maintain the Catholic character and the very existence of this Society, the Bible must go forth *without note or comment*. What effect the *millennium* may have upon the minds of good men, we do not know ; perhaps none at all. But it will be a wonderful thing, if in that happy period men should *see* all alike. If Episcopalian and Presbyterian and Independent should have precisely the same views of Church government ; if Calvinists and Arminians should believe alike ; if Baptist and pædo-baptist should attach the same meaning to the word *baptize* ; and if the Society of Friends should agree with all of them : that will be a memorable day, and we should like to see it. But certainly it has not dawned *yet*. We must deal with men and systems as we find them. To give up the principle of "without note or comment," would be to abandon our mooring ; and the vessel would soon be swallowed up in the whirlpool, or dashed to pieces upon the rock.

This is not to be regarded as a bar to the critical study of the Scriptures. We don't say to the Biblical

student, "You shall not give to the world the results of your patient and prayerful investigation:" we rather honour his zeal, and ask a blessing on his toil. We don't take the commentator by the throat, and treat him as an enemy, because he has consumed the midnight oil, and worn his knees bare in prayer, in trying to comprehend and teach others the meaning of that Book whose price is beyond rubies: we would rather lie at his feet, in grateful acknowledgment of the good which he has done to mankind. Nay, we do not say to the worthy medical doctor, "You shall not publish your twenty thousand *emendations*." We say, "Do as you like; but *we won't publish them*." Oh, we have unlimited confidence in the simple, full, perfect, inspired, self-interpreting Bible. "The Word of God is quick and powerful."

V. We honour this Society because of *the spirit* in which its operations are carried on—the spirit of dependence upon God. The last report *begins* with the bold and welcome sentence, "In the name of God will we set up our banners." And alas for us, if we trust in our machinery, and forget God! This thought is eloquently illustrated by a living author: "Here is a noble ship. Her masts are all in, and her canvas is all shaken out; yet no ripple runs by her side, nor foam flashes from her bows, nor motion has she but what she receives from the alternate swell and sinking of the wave. Her machinery is complete. The forests have masted her; in many a broad yard of canvas, a hundred looms have given her wings; her anchor has been weighed to the rude sea chant; the needle

trembles on her deck : with his eye on that friend—unlike worldly friends, true in storm as in calm—the helmsman stands impatient by the wheel ; and when, as men bound to a distant shore, the crew have said farewell to wives and children, why lies she there over the selfsame ground, rising with the flowing and falling with the ebbing tide ? The cause is plain. They want a wind to raise that drooping pennon and fill those empty sails. They look to heaven—and so they may—the skies only can help them here. At length their prayer is heard. The pennon flutters at the mast-head ; spirits of the air sing aloft upon the yards ; the winds whistle through the rattling cordage ; and now, like a steed touched by the rider's spur, she starts, bounds forward, plunges through the waves ; and, heaven's wind her moving power, is off and away, amid blessings and prayers, to the land she is chartered for."

"In the name of God will we set up our banners." The mighty conflict in which this Society occupies so distinguished a position is not between man and man ; the world's gory battle-field is not ours ; the weapons of our warfare are not carnal ; our victories are bloodless ; the Captain of our salvation is the Prince of Peace ; and, as port after port is taken, and every successive height is gained, we plant our standards on the eminence, give the banner to the breeze, and as it floats over our ransomed nature, the world may read its inscription : "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

Young men of this age, you are told by those who

discard the Bible to abandon the trammels of religion, to rise above all creeds, to assert your independency of mind, and get away to some far-off eminence, where you will breathe a purer atmosphere, and look down upon the fogs and mists of the religious world below. But we tell you there are no higher mountains than those of the Bible, and there are none so high. The men who give you this advice never climbed them; or if they have, they give themselves the lie. Try for yourselves; climb these steepes; ascend the acclivity; tug up the hill. You will be well repaid by and by. Let your watchword be "Excelsior!" Look at the noble spirits who are in advance of you. Strain every nerve; stretch every sinew; there's a glorious prospect before you. And having gained the summit, you shall revel for a while in its beauties; and then, like Moses, with your spiritual eye undimmed, and strength unabated, this Nebo shall be your death-mount; and from its light and glory, an angel-wing shall bear you upward, higher, higher, till caught in the Saviour's arms He seats you by His side, and shares His glory with you for ever.

III.

CHARGE TO NEWLY ORDAINED MINISTERS.

THE solemnities of to-day may be regarded both as the completion of your ministerial probation and your formal introduction to the work of your life. By a vote of the Conference, you have, after several years of varied trial, been brought into full connection with that Body. This Ordination Service has put the seal upon your call; and it is now my honour to bid you welcome to all the rights and privileges of the Wesleyan Methodist Ministry, and my duty to urge upon you its weighty responsibilities.

Permit me at the outset to say two things: First, that I make no pretence to originality of either thought or expression. It is my wish to put before you the wise counsels and examples of godly men, as well as the results of my own experience. I have not roamed the fields of sentiment and contemplation, that I might exhibit a few carefully culled flowers for your admiration. I have not traversed the shores of speculation, that I might present to you some of the prettier shells which have recently been thrown up from the depths of human thought. And though I have gone through some of the wards and chambers of the armoury of truth, it has not been merely to trace the history of past struggles, but to

gather up and put into your hands a few bright, sharp weapons, that you may be the better girded for "the battle of the great day of God Almighty." For be assured that it is no mere brilliant parade or review day on which you are entering. The stoutest warrior among you might well quail before the serried ranks of the enemy, were it not for the assurance that "greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world" (1 John iv. 4).

The second observation is, that I shall use great plainness of speech. It is far from my wish to grieve, either by word or act, any of those whom the Lord loveth. The old Methodist motto, "The friends of all, the enemies of none," is as dear to us to-day as it ever was. Without stint or hesitation, we offer to all Evangelical Churches, in this and in every land, the right hand of fellowship. Ecclesiastical controversy, except where duty calls for it, comes not within our purpose. Rather than employ our time and energies in defending our position as a section of the Christian Church, we should prefer to go on with the work which Providence and our honoured Fathers have committed to us—viz., to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land and throughout the world. But our conviction is, that the time has come when, while recognising the Scriptural claims of other Churches, we should, with calm and modest confidence, assert and defend our own. I feel as if it were due to you, who have sought admission into this Ministry, to assure you that, in our judgment, the orders which you have received are as valid and Scriptural as those of any of the Churches of Christendom.

And now with regard to the work to which you are called. You will find your duties both multiplied and onerous ; it may be that in moments of depression and temptation they will appear crushing. But you will never forget that the promise of the Divine presence runs alongside the Commission ; and though the command as to duty may press heavily upon you, the assurance that He who sends you is always with you will be your solace and strength.

Your pastoral relationships will demand constant care and prayerfulness ; and in them all you must seek to be examples of piety. The Church members committed to your care have a right to all the wealth of affection which you can give. In the Quarterly visitation of the Classes, you must fix your thought, as far as possible, upon every case, and not be content with general and commonplace advices. The families of your people will have constant claims upon you. Let your visits be those of Christian Pastors, and not of gossips. Let the parents feel that *you* have an interest in those in whom they are interested. Always have a smile for the little ones ; show to the young, that whoever may be friendless, they are not, if you are near them ; and do not forget the servants, either in your prayers or exhortations.

You will not suppose that your pastoral work is done, when you have visited the families of the Members. The congregations to which you will regularly minister are probably four times as many as the Church Members ; and who are their Pastors if you are not ? In one sense they claim even more attention than others ; for they especially need to be

urged to decision. You will find among them great respect for your office; and, for the most part, a willingness to receive personal instruction: and from this class you may reap a rich harvest. The children of the congregations will repay your toil: meet them in classes as circumstances may permit, and let them both see and feel that their happiness is yours. Look out and gather the young men; and feed them with mental and spiritual food. Do not suppose, because many of them are migratory, and will soon pass from your eye, that you cannot influence them for good. The seed sown in a brief and friendly conversation may take root, and—though you may never see them more—spring and bear rich, ripe fruit. One word from you may thus influence the destinies of thousands.

You will frequently be regarded as the confidential advisers of your people. They will pour into your ear their anxieties and wishes, and will look to you for genial sympathy and counsel. You must give particular attention to the sick and the dying. Bereaved families will expect condolence and sympathy, both at the funerals of their loved ones, and in the pastoral visits which you will afterwards make.

Cultivate heartily the affection of your Colleagues. Be frank and open-hearted, and give to them your confidence. Stand by the side of your Superintendent, and let no false notion of independence produce shyness and distrust. Seek to help him in the administration of discipline; and, always remembering the "Twelve Rules of a Helper," act as faithful sons in the gospel, until you shall yourselves be invested with the higher responsibilities of your office.

Some of you may have heavy public obligations to fulfil. In the carrying out of our connexional system, a few may be called to special service ; it may be, a few others to literary labour. But it will behove all of you to study with care our connexional documents, and to make yourselves masters of the general principles and polity of the Body.

Maintain friendly relations with other Christian churches. I know that the notion is abroad that we are too much shut up among ourselves, and care but little as to what is going on around us. Those who say this do not know the extent of your work. But, as far as circumstances will permit, take a friendly interest in, and give a friendly hand to, all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

And finally, here, it does not follow that, because you are Methodist preachers, you are to take no interest in public questions. If you accept my counsel, you will sedulously avoid all political confederations and party politics. They will eat into your soul "as doth a canker." But there are great Protestant and Evangelical subjects constantly rising up, with which you should be well acquainted, and concerning which you should seek to form a careful and upright judgment.

But there is one crowning subject which I desire to urge upon you. Whatever a candidate be or be not, if he is to be acceptable to the Methodist people and to the Conference, he must be able to PREACH. Amiability of disposition, personal godliness, high intellectual endowments, mental culture, great administrative powers, large gifts of eloquence, and encyclopedic stores of knowledge, are not sufficient. All these will help

the Minister in his work ; but if he cannot preach, he is not called to serve with us.

Prayer may never be restrained before God ; *praise* waiteth for the Lord in Zion ; *the reading of Holy Scripture* is essential ;—but, after all, the truth requires exposition and application ; and once more we repeat, “ that without the pulpit, the Gospel, unknown to the masses, would become a science, an archæology, a system, and no longer a worship.” Rightly is the pulpit designated “ the throne of truth.”

Without attempting any formal or succinct exposition of a text of Scripture, I will hang up before you a cluster of texts, which may secure your thought, and be your joy, your stimulus, and your strength, during the whole of your public life :—

Isa. lii. 7 : “ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth ! ”

Mark xvi. 15 : “ Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

Acts viii. 4 : “ Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.”

1 Cor. i. 17, 18, 21 : “ For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel : not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness ; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. . . . It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.”

2 Tim. iv. 2 : “ Preach the word ; be instant in

season, out of season ; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

Rev. xiv. 6 : " And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

There are three topics for consideration, which, in simple phrase, may be designated—

I. PREACHING.

II. METHODIST PREACHING.

III. YOUR PREACHING.

I. The first is PREACHING. By this word we mean, the oral proclamation of the truth—the public utterance by human lips to human listeners of the message from heaven. This is rightly said to be "an ordinance of God, rather than the performance of a man." And as "the ear has supremacy over the eye, as the organ of faith in this dispensation," so "preaching, put in its proper place, is the very first of Christian ordinances."

That it is to be so regarded is certain from the inspired records. An angel was sent to Cornelius, not to preach to him the gospel, but to give directions as to where the human preacher might be found. Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, was stricken to the ground. A voice from heaven was heard, telling the affrighted persecutor, not how the needed mercy might be secured, but to what human instructor he should go.

This ordination of preaching is a mystery. How it is "that a word should be the bridge across which

spirit passes to hold communion with spirit," unaided reason cannot understand.

✓ The history of preaching is almost as old as the race. In the days of Enoch there was prophesying. In patriarchal times, the worship of God was eminently a family service. Each patriarch took his place at the head of the household and led its devotions. But on certain public occasions, whole families were assembled for exhortation and prayer. Noah is emphatically called "a preacher of righteousness." Abraham commanded "his household after him," and secured thereby the divine benediction. Jacob publicly denounced idolatry, and exhorted the people to unite with him in the worship of the true God; while Melchisedec may be regarded as *the* preacher of his time, announcing in blessed prophecy the glad tidings of righteousness and peace. Moses stands forth as the next great figure in the history. He was raised up by God to be the expounder of the Law, and his public utterances were frequent and effective. Joshua was full of the spirit of wisdom; and under its influence he declared to the tribes at Shechem the will of God. Solomon, the prince, and Amos, the herdsman, both publicly protested against pagan vice and idolatry, and denounced in unmeasured terms the Jewish apostasy of their times.

Buildings for public instruction were reared in ✓ Naioth, Jericho, and Bethel. Elijah spent many of his Sabbaths at Bethel, and preached to the assembled multitudes. Schools of the prophets are said to have been established by Samuel. "The pupils were trained up in a knowledge of religion and habits of devotion. These schools were nurseries, and from

them God did choose, from time to time, his appointed instruments."

During the Babylonish captivity, preaching was extensively cultivated; and to the success which attended it "we may attribute the re-conversion of the Jews to the belief and worship of one God, a conversion that remains to this day." After the captivity, powerful preachers, such as Zerrubbabel, Haggai, Nehemiah, and Ezra, all filled with holy zeal, denounced sin, and enforced godliness, as they expounded the Scriptures. Numerous buildings for worship were erected. The sacrifice was still offered in the Temple; but the Synagogue became the place for public teaching. A new era in the history of preaching here began. Between the return from the captivity and the opening of the Christian dispensation, the service of the Synagogue assumed greater importance. Probably the first Christian congregations met in buildings which were so designated; and indeed the Apostle James uses the very word to define a Christian assembly (Jas. ii. 2). In these synagogues divine service—consisting chiefly of prayer, the reading and exposition of the Scriptures, the benediction of the priest and the loud Amen of the people—was regularly conducted. There was also preaching in the open air. The record of Ezra's celebrated sermon in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah is beautiful beyond description.

John the Baptist was one of the most vehement and powerful of human preachers. He was specially raised up to prepare the way for the Messiah Himself. The Divine Teacher proclaimed His own Gospel, and commissioned His Apostles publicly to preach it. The

early Fathers sustained and extended the power of the pulpit. For five centuries at least men were found, who in burning words proclaimed the truth as it is in Jesus. Chrysostom in the Greek Church, and Augustine in the Latin, occupied the first position of their age, as public teachers. For many years during and after their time, special attention was devoted to pulpit oratory. When, however, the Papacy arose in its hideous proportions, a sad change took place. The power of the pulpit gave way to stage mimicry and the follies of the Mass. Popery in its powerful days always frowned on preaching. It put the mighty preacher Savonarola to death; and even at this day the echoes of its blasphemies against, and curses upon, the faithful Heralds of the Gospel for many a century are only just dying away. Romanism has wielded an immense power at the altar, and exercised a fearful influence in the confessional, but until very recent times, it has never encouraged the Preacher.

The Reformation of the sixteenth Century was produced chiefly by the revived ordinance of preaching. Martin Luther became a Prince in the pulpit, and his powerful sermons shook the Papal throne. Perhaps John Wycliffe ought to be called the first great preacher in England; while Calvin took one of the foremost positions on the Continent of Europe. The English Church has produced a succession of glorious preachers. British Nonconformity has nobly maintained the ability of the pulpit; and Methodism, on both sides of the Atlantic, for more than a century, has been well represented in the ranks of powerful and successful preachers.

Among the varied MODES of preaching, two may be called generic. In former times these were ruggedly designated, declaring and postillating. In modern phraseology they are called *topical* and *expository*.

That which is termed the *topical* consists in the selection and treatment of a text as presenting a distinct subject which is often stated "in the form of a proposition; and then the text has no further part in the sermon, but the subject is divided and treated according to its own nature, just as it would be if not derived from a text" at all. Some writers on homiletics maintain that the advantages of this mode are important. "It ensures unity;" "it trains the preacher's mind to logical analysis;" "it is more convincing"—especially to the cultivated hearer; and "gives more manifest completeness" to the sermon.

The *expository* mode has sometimes been abused. A long text has been selected; word after word, and clause after clause, have been hurriedly expounded; and a very superficial production has been the result. This, however, is the abuse, and not the right use, of exposition. We believe that men are to be saved through Bible Truth. The business of a preacher, therefore, is to bring out, and present to the congregation, the mind of the Spirit. It is his work to reproduce, so far as he can ascertain it, the exact meaning which the Holy Ghost put into the word when it was inspired. Looking, then, at the facts of history and the necessities of men, we cannot but believe that expository preaching has decided advantages.

The Pulpit has always had cynical critics; and men are not now wanting, who bring heavy impeachments

against its ability and adaptation. Sometimes, no doubt, the complaint is well founded, and as far as there is truth in the charge, it behoves the minister to ponder, pray, and amend. But we cannot listen to these objections without an earnest protest. Our conviction is, that while there is much to deplore in the heretical *teaching* of many pulpits, there has not been a more effective ministry than there is now, since the days of the Apostles. It is felt, on all hands, that whether a preacher be learned or not, whether he be eloquent or not, whether his style be polished or rugged, whether he be an expositor or an essayist, he must be a living power.

In reviewing, then, the history of the pulpit, you will mark its close association with the destinies of the race. It has many sad confessions to make; but, with all its failings, it is the principal means of preserving and extending godliness. The weal of the world demands the maintenance of its purity and power. It has had its dangers, and never were they, with regard to doctrine, greater than at this moment. 'Tis true the flippant, gay, effeminate, otto-of-roses, soulless preacher of Cowper's time is becoming a thing of the past, and will by and by be a fossil. The coarse invective and vituperation of even a quarter of a century ago have well-nigh passed away. But the perils of the pulpit were never more imminent. Give it what name you please—philosophy, science, rationalism, scepticism, free-thought, independence—there are men who are making the Protestant pulpit the vehicle of downright infidelity. The spirituality of the Gospel is assailed, and the truth with which

during the past century it has been robed, is in many instances exchanged for falsehood. We should be sorry to see all Christian Ministers using the same manner, or wearing the same garb, or even employing the same forms of worship; but with friendly dissimilarities of style and order, we do intensely long that the same grand old Gospel should be proclaimed, and that every pulpit should be clothed with the power sent down from heaven.

II. METHODIST PREACHING. — Yours is a noble ancestry. I know that it has been the wont of many to cast reflections upon the early Methodist preachers and their successors, as unintelligent, uncultured, and illiterate men. Never in the history of the Churches was reflection more uncalled for or unjust. Let me, however, do an act of justice here. With a few notable exceptions, those who have brought this charge against our fathers are not the thoughtful and scholarly men either of the present or past generation. The writers who have been sufficiently cultured to take a broad and philosophic view of history, readily acknowledge that the circumstances of the times demanded precisely the class of labourers to which the early Methodist workers belonged. We give honour to some of the best authors of the nineteenth century, who have done homage to the strong-mindedness, zeal, and devotion of John Wesley's coadjutors and their successors; while we with difficulty repress our indignation at those who persistently repeat this charge of ignorance. We repel their railing accusation; and assert in the

light of history that no set of men could have been found better qualified than they were for the work they had to do.

Two preliminary observations are required—one having reference to the times themselves, and the other to the wisdom of God as seen in the adaptation of human instrumentalities. You know the religious condition of England, when the star of Wesley rose. The pulpits of the land were disfigured by absolute impurity of life, or dishonoured by a cold morality. Both in the Establishment and out of it, piety was probably at a lower ebb than it had been since the Reformation. The morals of the land were perfectly appalling. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* might with accuracy have been reproduced; while everything seemed to indicate that Britain had well-nigh filled up the measure of its iniquity.

Will you think for a moment, and tell me what sort of men Providence would be likely to use to rouse the slumbering nation and commence a great revival of religion? Would the men of polite literature, whose pulpit essays were both as clear and cold as an icicle, go to the very depths of the population's carelessness, and set the pulses of the nation a-stirring? Can you believe that men of very refined and cultivated taste would be the likeliest to secure the attention of the mentally and morally besotted crowds to be found both in town and country? To whom did the great Master Himself go for agents, when men were wanted to take the newly-formed system of Christianity throughout the towns and villages of Judea? Did He go to the learned men of the Sanhedrim, or doctors of the law? Did He

not rather, with a single exception, take men from among the common people, to preach to those with whom they had common sympathies? And were not these the men who overthrew Judaism, and shook the world? Without desiring to establish any strict analogy here, we may certainly learn a lesson.

It was not John Wesley's sagacity, so much as circumstances, which led him to employ the humble, earnest, and, we will say, grand men whom Providence brought within his reach. Are we still told that they were ignorant? Would that the men who make the charge knew as much as they did! The questions are, Did they know Christ? Did they know the Bible? Did they know human nature? We say that they were eminently godly men, and wherever they went could both sing and preach,—

“What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.”

It is true that they were but little acquainted with schools of philosophy; their scientific attainments were very limited; and they perhaps knew nothing of works of art. But they knew the Bible better than most of the preachers, or even the prelates, of their time. They could tell, with amazing power, the sad tale of ruin by sin, and the glowing story of redemption by Christ. With the Scriptures in their hand, they could always show a poor sinner the short way to the Cross; and thoroughly furnished out of this storehouse, they sowed the seed of the word of God broadcast over the land. And though in the ordinary sense of the word

they knew but little of metaphysics, they did study, and to a large extent understand, the *moral* condition of their neighbours, and they carried the truth right home to the heart. With it they seized the conscience, and by it they transformed the life.

Let it be known that we have never claimed for our Fathers great literary distinction. The work to be done did not require more than a few men of extensive mental culture. As much brain-power was probably exercised in the establishment of Methodism as in the founding of any Church in history; but only a small part of that power was required for authorship. All that *was* required was forthcoming. John Wesley, the Founder of the Societies, brought to bear upon his work a logical and thoroughly cultured mind, and made prodigious use of the press; giving to the world, within a period of fifty-eight years, more than 350 separate publications, chiefly original, of various sizes, and on a large range of topics — historical, theological, biographical, educational, and philanthropic. Charles Wesley was a man of great intellectual capacity, of vast preaching power, and the noblest hymnologist of the eighteenth century. John Fletcher's works will live as long as ever controversy is required; and after that will live, as a memorial of keen insight, logical acuteness, stern denunciation, and withal seraphic piety. Dr. Coke, with a heart as large as the world, possessed a cultivated taste and a ready pen. All these were men of renown, and gave to early Methodism the literature which it required. They were succeeded by giants in preaching, and authors of no mean reputation. Dr. Adam Clarke, for varied learning and extensive

scholarship, had few equals and scarcely any superiors in his generation. Joseph Benson, who was a profound thinker, a thorough theologian, and an overpowering preacher of saving truth, was an author whose valuable writings have done much to establish the theology of Methodism. Richard Watson, whose erect and noble form only partially represented the great soul within him, was one of the lights of his age; and his majestic thoughts, clothed in majestic words, will live as long as the English language.

Without further reference to particular names, let me say that the tabulated results of the literary labours of a century and a quarter are by no means insignificant. A few years ago a volume was published designated *Outlines of Wesleyan Bibliography; or, A Record of Methodist Literature from the Beginning*. This book does not profess to be an exhaustive catalogue, nor does it include the labours of the laymen of Methodism, which are far from being small or unimportant. It contains, however, the record of nearly 2700 separate works, some of which are at this moment text-books in our Universities, others are distinguished by profound learning and research, and nearly the whole of them have a directly religious aim.

We return now to the thought that Providence neither intended nor ordained that a large number of highly cultivated minds should be employed in the establishment of Methodism. A surplus of power was not expended in one direction, when it was needed in another. A larger number of *literates* and a less number of evangelists, would have been altogether out of harmony with the divine plan. Suppose now that

several of the first scholars of the Universities had been associated with Mr. Wesley, and every one of them had undertaken to prepare a large treatise on some branch of theology, we say without hesitation that they could not by labours of that description have done the service which the age required. I can conceive of a few of the *savants* of Oxford meeting in some college chamber, and seriously framing a scheme for the evangelization of the country. They agree to send the ablest of their number into different parts of the kingdom, to summon the people to a reformation of manners; and they separate in the hope of a speedy reunion to tell the story of their successes. But the first brick-bat thrown by a Kingswood collier at the learned classic, and the first shower of rotten eggs from the crowds at Newcastle upon the professor of philosophy, and the first howl of the Wednesbury rioters in the ears of the mathematical celebrity, would spoil their fine-spun theory, and send them home with a clearer apprehension of the text: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6).

The great Head of the Church knew better what the necessities of the case required than the men who now cavil at the instruments employed. History will show how comparatively humble agents have achieved mighty results, while others with greater educational advantages, but with ignoble souls, have lived to little purpose; and when the names of some of these objectors shall be lost in utter obscurity, the names of many, rudely called by them illiterate, shall shine conspicuously, high on the records of eternal fame.

We repeat, that the distinction of the Methodist Ministry from the first has been its preaching power. ✓ You have read how the crowds were swayed by the preaching of the Wesleys. Moorfields, Kennington Common, and other parts of London witnessed the mighty moving of thousands upon thousands, as these men thundered forth the law, and then "preached . . . Jesus and the resurrection." Nearly all the large towns of England, and several both in Scotland and Ireland, were regularly visited by the evangelists, and for many years, wherever they went, "the power of the Lord was present to heal."

Those whom they selected and appointed were no unworthy coadjutors and successors, so far as preaching is concerned. What a race of men do you find portrayed in *The Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers!* Let me, without further detail, commend these volumes to those who are in the habit of sneering at the ability of the men whose mighty labours ought rather to command their esteem.

After these immediate successors of the Wesleys, there came others of equal, if not of greater, pulpit power. Samuel Bradburn was a man mighty in the Scriptures, and sometimes of overmastering eloquence. Henry Moore possessed a mind of more than ordinary vigour, and in the robustness of his strength was a most successful preacher. The names of Alexander Mather, John Gaulter, William Bramwell, Richard Reece, Richard Treffry, and others, stand out prominently on this page of Methodist history.

Then we come to a generation of preachers, who, though gone to their reward, are yet remembered by

many living. Jonathan Edmonson was a minister who would have done honour to any pulpit in the Country. Jabez Bunting is a name which will endure, not merely because of his statesmanlike ability, but because of his preaching, which for many years was mighty beyond description. Robert Newton is a glowing memory yet: his noble build, his matchless voice, his majestic utterances, justify his world-wide fame, as one of the foremost preachers of his day. Thomas Jackson, uniting the simplicity of a child with the purity of a saint, during a long life preached the central truths of the Gospel, not only with acceptance, but with fidelity and power. James Dixon, with capacious mind, philosophic insight, and large sympathies, for years held spell-bound the congregations which crowded to hear him in every part of the Country. John Hannah, the beloved and revered tutor of many now in the Ministry, stood forth for well-nigh half a century, as the careful critic, the safe expositor, and the warm-hearted preacher of Bible truth.

Then come the names of Thomas Galland, John Anderson, William Atherton, Joseph Beaumont, John Bowers, John W. Etheridge, Francis A. West, William L. Thornton, Robert Young, Peter M'Owan, Thomas Aubrey, and others, all of whom exercised a powerful and successful ministry.

And finally, to come still closer to ourselves, we are all yet mourning the loss of such men as Thomas Vasey, Luke Hoult Wiseman, Charles Prest, and others, who have but just laid down their commissions, and will be long remembered as eminent, laborious, and faithful Ministers of the New Covenant.

We are right, therefore, in saying that yours is a

noble ancestry. The grace of God has been signally displayed in the history of the Methodist pulpit. Ever since the days of the Wesleys, have the leading doctrines of the Gospel been vigorously preached. Repentance, faith, and holiness have sounded through the land, as with a voice of thunder. Millions of people have listened to this message. From all parts of the civilised world, souls have been gathered to heaven by this instrumentality. We claim nothing for the Methodist pulpit to the disparagement of other Churches; and we are far from saying that our Fathers were perfect men, or that all their successors in the ministry have been faithful and effective. But we do say that they deserve not the epithets with which they have been branded. They were eminently fitted for the peculiarities of their position, and they deserve well of posterity for the work which they accomplished. On a review, therefore, of the past century, and marking the noble men, whose names and lives adorn the chronicles of our Churches, we are prepared with loving gratitude to exclaim: "What hath God wrought?"

III. YOUR PREACHING.—I now come to the most responsible, and, may I say, delicate part of my duty. The question is, What right have you to preach? I do not now refer to what is designated "the inward call;" for you have to-day declared your conviction that you are "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration." The question has special reference to the outward call. I have to repeat, in the face of this congregation and of this Country, our

belief that your orders are Scriptural, and therefore valid. Let me guard myself against misapprehension. Although your call is questioned by those who accept the figment of Apostolical Succession, and though I shall feel it right to withstand all such "to the face," I have not one word to utter against any of the Evangelical Churches of Christendom. A broad distinction must be made between Churches, as represented by their standards, and the conduct of individuals belonging to them. Further, let me say that some of the greatest lights that have ever shone in other Churches, and some of the brightest that are shining now, have protested against the arrogant claims of those who deny your orders; and have acknowledged, without grudging or reserve, your churchmanship and the validity of your call. I do not believe that the Pope himself can prove his own Apostolical descent, and am quite certain that no so-called Protestant Minister can prove his. The attempt which has recently been made to find another line of succession, apart from mediæval and modern Popery, is a poor subterfuge, and unworthy of the learning and reputation of some who have made it. They know, however, that if the whole chain *could* be distinctly traced, some of its links are of such a character that it is desirable to find another pathway to the times of the Apostles than that through Rome. But they cannot do it. We are therefore shut up to an examination of the old claim. I will present it to you in the language of one of its ablest modern exponents, who says:—

"The officer whom *we now* call a *Bishop* was at *first* called an *Apostle*, although afterwards it was thought

better to confine the title of Apostle to those who had seen the Lord Jesus, while their *successors*, exercising the *same rights and authority*, though unendowed with miraculous powers, *contented themselves* with the designation of Bishops. . . . Our ordinations descend in a direct *unbroken line* from Peter and Paul, the Apostles of the Circumcision and the Gentiles. These great Apostles successively ordained Linus, Cletus, and Clement, Bishops of Rome; and the Apostolic succession was regularly continued from them to Gregory and Vitalianus, who ordained Patrick Bishop for the Irish, and Augustine and Theodore for the English. And from these times an *uninterrupted series of valid ordinations* has carried down the *Apostolical Succession* to the present day."

How men of learning and historical research could make statements like these, passes all comprehension. One seems to be thrown into some fairy region, where facts are forgotten and imagination runs riot. Thomas Powell, one of our own Ministers, whose *Essay on Apostolical Succession* I shall have repeatedly to refer to,—an Essay which has never yet been answered,—stated the case clearly when he said:—

"This doctrine is the ROOT of all their errors and popish proceedings. By such a scheme as this they FORGE A CHAIN TO BIND HEAVEN AND EARTH, GOD AND MAN, TO THE ACTS OF PRIESTLY ARROGANCE."

The claim stands thus:—

"1. That *Bishops* are, by DIVINE RIGHT, an order superior to, distinct from, and having powers, authority, and rights incompatible with *Presbyters*, simply as Presbyters.

" 2. That the Bishops of this order are the SOLE SUCCESSORS of the Apostles, as ORDAINERS of other Ministers, and GOVERNORS both of pastors and people.

" 3. That this succession is a PERSONAL SUCCESSION, viz. that it is to be traced through an historical series of persons, validly ordained as Bishops, transmitting in an *unbroken line* this episcopal order and power to the latest generations.

" 4. That *no ministry* is VALID, except it have THIS *episcopal ordination*; and that ALL *ordinances* and *sacraments* are VAIN, except they be administered by such *episcopally* ordained Ministers."

We deny every one of these propositions, and assert,—

" 1. That *Bishops* and *Presbyters* are, by *divine right*, the SAME ORDER; and that *Presbyters*, by divine right, have the same power and authority as *Bishops*; that ORDINATION by *Presbyters* is *equally valid* with that of *Bishops*: and, consequently, that the *Ministry* of all the reformed Protestant Churches is *equally valid* with that of any other Church.

" 2. That *Presbyters* are as much the SUCCESSORS of the Apostles as *Bishops* are.

" 3. That a *succession* of the *Truth* of DOCTRINE, of *Faith*, and *Holiness*, of the *pure Word of God*, and of the *Sacraments* duly administered, is the ONLY ESSENTIAL succession necessary to a Christian Church.

" 4. That all are TRUE *Christian* CHURCHES, where such a *Ministry* and such ordinances are found."

In maintaining these propositions, our appeal is especially to the Bible. The immortal words of Chillingworth have been, still are, and will continue to be,

our watchword : "The religion of the Protestants—is the Bible. The Bible, I say, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants."

One of the chief arguments in favour of the divine right claim is taken from the Apostolical Commission : "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

We are told that this Commission belongs exclusively to Bishops: that they are the sole successors of the Apostles, and the *only* parties who can ordain other ministers. But can any statement be more fallacious? What letter or syllable is there in that passage, to indicate a distinction between the orders of Bishop and Presbyter? Most palpably, the contrary of this is intended. The Commission belongs equally to all Ministers of Christ. Not only does the great Teacher make no distinction, but He plainly warns others against doing so. He declares that even the highest of His Ministers shall assume no superiority, alleging as the reason for the injunction: "For one is your Master, even Christ." Again we read: "But Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise LORDSHIP over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." You cannot read

these passages without the conviction "that *all* Ministers of the Gospel are *equal* by divine authority, and that the only important distinctions before God will be those of deeper *piety*, more devoted *labours*, and greater *usefulness* to the Church of God."

As to the superiority of the Apostles to other Ministers, let us see in what it consisted; in other words, what were the prerogatives of the twelve Apostles, as possessed by them, to the exclusion of all other ministers whom the Lord had called? They were the five following:—

1. The Apostles were directly called by Christ, without human ordination.

2. They were "taught the Gospel" by *immediate* revelation from heaven.

3. They were enabled to teach it infallibly to others.

4. Universal authority as to the doctrine of faith and morals was committed to them.

5. And, finally, by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, they were not only the means of working miracles, but sometimes communicated miraculous power to others.

You will perceive that these prerogatives were distinct from the ordinary call and work of the Christian Ministry. Admission into the Christian Church, ordinations to the Ministry, and the preaching of the Gospel, belonged to the elders as much as to the Apostles. But in what sense has a modern Bishop succeeded to the prerogatives of the Apostles? Is his vocation from heaven, and without human appointment? Is he taught by *immediate* revelation? Is he *infallible* in his utterances? Has he a commission of universal

authority? And has he the power of communicating the miraculous gifts of the Spirit? These questions can only be answered in the negative.

I will not trouble you with the argument as to the *ecclesiastical* authority claimed for Bishops, under the divine right theory, much further than to say that it breaks down at every step. In the earliest Christian ages, the claim to Apostolical prerogatives was not even named, but it was gradually advanced afterwards. With regard to all matters of ordinary Ministerial authority, the elders are on a level with the Apostles. Ignatius is represented as saying: "Presbyters preside in the place of the Council of the Apostles." "Be ye subject to your *Presbyters*, as to the *Apostles* of Jesus Christ." "Let all reverence the *Presbyters*, as the Sanhedrim of God, and AS THE COLLEGE OF APOSTLES." "See that ye follow the *Presbyters*, as the *Apostles*."

In opposition to the high pretensions to Apostolic prerogative, we cite three brief testimonies. Dr. BARROW says: "The Apostolical office, as such, was *personal and temporary*; and therefore, according to its nature and design, NOT *successive*."

WHITAKER affirms that "the *office* of a *Bishop* has *nothing to do with the office of an Apostle*."

And even BELLARMINE, the redoubtable Popish champion, declares that "BISHOPS HAVE NO PART OF THE TRUE APOSTOLICAL AUTHORITY."

Further, there is "no sufficient historic evidence of a personal succession of valid episcopal ordinations." The very first links in the chain fall to pieces as you touch them. Eusebius, the authority constantly

quoted, confesses the uncertainty into which he had been thrown by his investigations.

Although Peter is called the first Bishop of Rome, it never can be proved that he was in Rome at all. But, supposing he *was* there, and was really the Bishop, who succeeded him? There is not a human being who knows. Some say Clement, and others Linus: one set of writers contradicts the other; and one of the greatest ecclesiastical authorities maintains that "upon the whole matter, there is *no certainty* who *was* Bishop of Rome next to the Apostles."

The farther we go, confusion becomes the worse confounded. There is more doubt about the third Bishop of Rome than about the second; and the fourth case is involved in still greater difficulty.

I am almost ashamed to ask you to look at the personal character of many of the Popes, after the succession is pretty fairly started; although *Arch-deacon Mason* goes the length of maintaining that "neither *heresy*, nor *degradation from the office* of a Bishop, nor *schism*, nor the MOST EXTREME WICKEDNESS, nor anything else, can deprive a person once made a Bishop of the *power* of giving TRUE ORDERS." Some of the Popes are designated "*a series of monsters*," who plunged themselves into the very abyss of impurity; and some of them were elected by the most debased men in existence. I dare not defile either my own lips or your ears, by citing facts proved by unquestionable evidence; but of what value can that succession be, which comes through such a channel?

If the "unbroken line" is to be maintained, how can we get over the *schisms* of the Popedom? And

there were more than twenty of them before the end of the fourteenth century, some of which continued for forty years. There have been at least four pretenders to the Popedom living at the same time. Through which of them did the succession run?

It will be admitted that a man who is made a Bishop must have been a priest; otherwise, surely he is merely a layman. But there have been several Popes who were never Presbyters, and who were never therefore ordained to the Christian Ministry; and if they had no orders themselves, how could they give them to others? We therefore assert that the historic evidence of an unbroken line of descent from the Apostles utterly fails.

In the course of theological reading, you have studied the venerable Thomas Jackson's *Institutions of Christianity*. You will remember that in his five chapters on the Ministerial Office he deals with this question; and that he summons some of the first scholars of the Church of England, as witnesses against the astounding claims of the succession party. The names of Dean Field, George Lawson, Bishop Stillingfleet, Dr. John Edwards, Dr. Frederick Nolan, Dean Milman, and Professor Lightfoot are adduced, and their testimonies quoted.

And now, in dismissing the absurd pretensions and unfounded claims of those who deny your orders, let me say that we share the "unspeakable grief and shame" with which one of our honoured Classical Tutors regards the recent utterance of the Dean of Manchester. That Dignitary stated that, while he would have Nonconformist "Teachers" to be treated

"courteously and kindly," it was the duty of all true Churchmen, "calmly," but "utterly," to deny their claim to be Ministers of Christ; for that would imply "a complete rejection of the grace of ordination."

I venture to think that "it is the duty of all true Churchmen" to bow the head in deepest humiliation at a statement like that from one of their own Ministers.

We ask, Will any man who is not prejudiced by a theory believe, God being what He is, and Christ and the Bible what we know them to be, that ordination by a diocesan Bishop determines the difference between the true and the false Minister; so that on the one hand a man, however ignorant, worldly, or wicked, if thus ordained, is an ambassador from heaven, while on the other hand a man whose character bears all "the signs of an Apostle," but who lacks such ordination, is at best an "honest and sincere" self-deceiver claiming our tolerance and compassion? The common sense of mankind revolts from the idea. It is as absurd as it is profane, and it is as mischievous as it is baseless. It throws a palpable slur upon the moral perfection of God. It does grievous wrong to the purity and charity of Christ. It degrades the Gospel into a system of ecclesiastical magic and legerdemain. It encourages narrowness, bigotry, and a troop of kindred evils. It reverses the poles of the Christian revelation, and throws the world back again upon its spiritual minority.

We now enter upon the question *as to what your orders are*. We say that to-day you are recognised as Ministers of the Christian Church. What is the OFFICE to which you are inducted?

There are at least five titles used in the New Testament to designate it. The first is that of PRESBYTER or ELDER; the second is that of BISHOP, signifying Overseer or Superintendent; the third is that of TEACHER; the fourth, that of PASTOR or SHEPHERD; and the last, that of RULER. To the two first of these we now more particularly refer. The identity of Presbyters and Bishops is with us beyond all dispute. The following evidence is believed to be conclusive.

"In the Acts (xx. 17), St. Paul is represented as summoning to Miletus the Elders or Presbyters of the Church of Ephesus. Yet, in addressing them immediately afterwards, he appeals to them as Bishops or Overseers of the Church (xx. 28).

"Similarly, St. Peter, appealing to the Presbyters of the Churches addressed by him, in the same breath urges them to fulfil the office of Bishops with disinterested zeal (1 Pet. v. 1, 2).

"Again, in the First Epistle to Timothy, St. Paul, after describing the qualifications for the office of a Bishop (iii. 1-7), goes on to say what is required of Deacons (iii. 8-13). He makes no mention of Presbyters. The term 'Presbyter,' however, is not unknown to him; for, having occasion in a later passage to speak of Christian Ministers, he calls these officers no longer 'Bishops,' but 'Presbyters' (v. 17-19).

"The same identification appears still more plainly from the Apostle's directions to Titus (i. 5-7): 'That thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain *elders* in every city, as I appointed thee; if any man be *blameless*, the husband of one wife,

having believing children, who are not charged with riotousness or unruly; for a *bishop* must be *blameless*, etc.

“Nor is it only in the Apostolic writings that this identity is found. St. Clement of Rome wrote, probably in the last decade of the first century, and in his language the terms are still convertible.”

Mr. Wesley thoroughly confirms this view of the question on at least five several occasions:—In his *Journal*; in his *Notes on the New Testament*; in his *Letter to Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and others*; addressing his brother Charles; and in his *dealing with the founding of the American Churches*.

Next, what are the REQUISITES of your office? First, *personal consecration to Christ*. “Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus” (2 Tim. ii. 1). Without this, all other gifts are vain. You may be men of great intellectual vigour, and of the highest culture; you may be profound in thought and quick in perception; you may be able to explore the regions of philosophy and to apprehend the constantly-increasing discoveries of science; but let me say with all earnestness that if you do not maintain personal godliness, your divine call is gone. You have to-day professed a living faith in Christ. You have expressed your belief in the attainment of personal purity. You have pledged yourselves to pursue and appropriate it, and to live in the exhibition of it. Believe me, nothing can compensate for the lack of this. You believe in the direct witness of the Spirit. Do not live a day without it. You believe in perfect love. Press into the possession of it. You are required in the very nature of your office, to obtain and exhibit

large experience in religion. Hear what St. Paul saith as to your character:—"A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous; one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?) Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Moreover he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil" (1 Tim. iii. 2-7). I will not dwell upon each of these clauses; but while all of them are important, some are specially so. You must be "blameless." Take care that nothing either in your character or conduct shall dishonour Christ, or bring discredit upon your profession. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord" (Isa. lii. 11). Be "vigilant," that is, be watchful; the moment that you are off your guard may be the moment of your ruin. Be "sober," both in bearing and conversation. Remember the words of St. Paul, and avoid the "foolish talking" and "jesting, which are not convenient" (Eph. v. 4). Your "business is with eternity," and trifling is no fitting exercise for you. Be "not given to wine." This caution is no more unnecessary now than in the days of St. Paul. There are few things more dangerous to a young Minister to-day than social customs. Let me warn you in all affection that the habit of intemperance may easily be formed; and who can tell the ruin which may

follow ? Without laying down abstinence as a positive duty, I have no hesitation in saying that, if it be consistent with your health, it may be made an abundant blessing to many, and by it you may earn a good degree.

Another requisite is *competent ability* for the ministerial work. You are not only to hold "sound doctrine," but you are by it to be able "both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers." You are to stop the mouths of vain talkers and deceivers ; in one word, you are to be "apt to teach."

The third characteristic is that of *faithful service* ; and this assuredly implies that you are to be in earnest. ✓ Zeal for Christ and for the salvation of souls is imperatively required. Indeed, you *must* be earnest in these days. It is scarcely necessary to exhort you to this ; for the fact is, if you be not in earnest, Circuits will refuse to receive you. Men cannot succeed in any undertaking without earnestness. The careless tradesman will soon find himself in the *Gazette*. No academical honours are within the reach of an indolent student. In every profession in this Country, a man must either put his soul into his calling, or be left far behind in the race for distinction. Bishop Hall says that "Gospel Ministers should not only be like dials on watches, or milestones upon the road ; but like clocks and larums, to sound the alarm to sinners. ✓ Aaron wore bells as well as pomegranates, and the prophets were divinely commanded to lift up their voice like a trumpet. A sleeping sentinel may be the loss of a City."

Lastly, the DUTIES of your office are chiefly three:

1 *Teaching, Watching, Ruling.* I wish to dwell especially on the first, and will therefore briefly touch the other two, in their inverted order.

1. *Ruling.*—The Apostle Peter thus puts it:—"The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder . . . Feed (or rule) the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind" (1 Pet. v. 1, 2). While your duty to the Church is thus enjoined, the Church's obligation to you is thus expressed:—"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief" (Heb. xiii. 17). Government is inherent in the Ministerial office, and the Lord will require from every one of you in this respect a strict account. But let me ask you not to make too much of your Ministerial prerogative. This ruling is rather to be regarded as a heavy responsibility, than as a privilege to be coveted. For the most part you will be associated with, and preside over, a willing people. They will generally render an affectionate and loyal homage to the claims of your office; but they will rebel against anything that looks like sacerdotalism. If you rule in love, you will rule effectively.

2. *Watching.*—We use this word to denote those other parts of your pastoral duty which are not included in government; such as attention to the sick, the care-
less and the lukewarm, the private administration of reproof where such is required, and all other duties that are included in the relation which, as a shepherd,

you sustain to the flock. "Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood" (Acts xx. 28).

3. But it is in harmony with my plan to say that your great work is *teaching* or *preaching*. Ordained to-day to the Methodist Ministry, you are called especially to preach. Our people abhor ritualism, and happily do not care for much of ritual in their services. Our modes of worship are very simple; and while our congregations are not unmindful of any of the parts of public worship, they look especially to the pulpit to be fed. You must therefore preach the Gospel. An old author says that "the Gospel is the heart of God in print." The very terms which are used to designate your message are full of instruction and comfort. "The Gospel;" "the Gospel of salvation;" "the Gospel of his grace;" "the Gospel of the kingdom;" "the Gospel of Christ;" "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" "the everlasting Gospel;" "the testimony of God;" "Christ crucified." What a wondrous collocation! and what a calling is yours!

What I want to urge upon you is, that your whole life and powers are committed to the preaching of the old, simple, glorious Gospel of Christ. You will study the Bible to little purpose, if you do not find Him everywhere: and you will but feebly fulfil your Ministry, if you do not preach Him always. It is not meant that you are continually to be preaching on the same subject, or that you are constantly to use the same illustrations. Imitate the bee, which wings itself in every direction to gather honey; but see that it is honey, and not poison, that you gather.

Do you ask, "Am I to preach Christ, where my text does not preach him?" My reply is, "I can't find such a text; and if I could, I would pass on to another." And let me say, here, that if the course of my own Ministry had again to be fulfilled, it should be more completely permeated and saturated with evangelical truth. Christ is the central figure of Bible revelation, and ought to be the central figure of our sermons.

As to the RESULTS of your preaching, let me say a word both of caution and encouragement. Nothing short of *saving* results must satisfy; but guard against depression. "Watch and pray against failures; but take heed of desponding under them." "Every failure may be a step to success." You may frequently have to fall down in humiliation, and say, "Who hath believed our report?" But this very experience will lead you to cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and that experience will bring you to this: "Our sufficiency is of God." Remember that in preaching the truth, as it is in Jesus, you wield an omnipotent power.

Here, then, is your encouragement. If you preach for souls, you shall have souls. And if you only cultivate the feeling, "I shall die, if men are not saved," the result is secured. h. h.

As to your preparation for the pulpit, I will trouble you with only a few sentences. Begin with prayer. Be assured that the most brilliant efforts, without this, will prove a failure; but that even ordinary gifts will succeed, if "sanctified by the word of God and prayer." If you bear this in mind, you will never be without a text. ✓

Get your sermon out of your text, and explain or elucidate, but never cover or hide it by high-sounding phraseology. Feed your mind and heart by careful reading: this is "the key of knowledge." And let me in one emphatic sentence, while adverting to your reading, warn you against the speculations and doubts which are just now raised, on the subjects of plenary inspiration, the Sabbath, the Atonement, and future punishments.

As to how far you should use your pen in preparation, I presume not to dictate; but however much you write, leave room for extemporaneous utterance. I have only further to say here, that you *must study*. Some young Ministers have a fatal fluency of expression. Scarcely any greater calamity could come upon you than that you should be able to talk without thinking. No matter what your gifts may be, they will never render hard study unnecessary. If you can preach well without study, you can preach better with it. Your people have an undoubted right to the best you can give them; and, considering that pulpit preparation presses less heavily on you than on the Ministers of most other Churches, your sermons ought to reach the highest standard of excellence.

It is not beneath the gravity of this occasion, to say a word as to your bearing in the pulpit. Let your action be natural, your demeanour devout, your manner earnest; and above everything else, let the congregation both see and feel that your sole object is to do them good. Think it not an unnecessary advice to be punctual. Do not "skip" up into the pulpit; and when the exercise is over "skip" down

again. Every part of your duty demands serious behaviour. If you take my advice, you will yourselves give out the Hymns, and read them so that they shall be understood. If you cannot render the meaning of a hymn by reading it, better than a choir can by chanting or singing it, it is high time that you made the Hymn Book a special study. Always conduct the devotional part of your service with fervour and solemnity. Give special attention to the reading of the Scriptures, and seek by your very tone ✓ and emphasis to bring out their signification. When you come to the sermon, remember Mr. Wesley's advice: "Do not speak too long or too loud." Utter every sentence under the conviction that unless the Holy Ghost help you, your word is powerless. Never forget your application, and always speak under the inspiration of our Founder's words: "You have nothing to do but to save souls."

And now I have nearly done. But my heart yearns over you with warm brotherly affection; and I cannot close without another word as to your future. What will become of you? Where will be your spheres of labour? What will be your career? And what will the end be? Will you become laborious and successful Ministers of Christ, and die triumphantly, leaving behind you precious memories and many souls as the crown of your rejoicing? Or, is it possible—I tremble to utter it—that any one of you will fall from grace, lose your call and character, die dishonoured, and be plunged into that deeper perdition which must be the lot of a faithless and recreant Minister?

Is there a sight on earth more appalling than that of the man who has perhaps for years sustained the Ministerial office with credit, and to whom the people looked with respect and even admiration, who from whatever cause—whether lack of spirituality, or indulgence of appetite, or greed of gain—has lost his position, and is now recognised and pointed at as a fallen Minister of the Gospel? Well might St. Chrysostom cry out: “If a man should speak fire, blood, and smoke; if flames should come out of his mouth instead of words; if he had a voice like thunder, and an eye like lightning, he could not sufficiently represent the dreadful account that an unfaithful Pastor shall make.”

And then what is to be said of this man's future? Is it possible to conceive a doom more fearful than his, who, having brought others into the way of life, has left the path himself; and having urged others to seek the preparation for heaven, himself becomes a castaway? Gurnall says: “It is shocking to fall into hell from under the pulpit; how much more so from out of the pulpit?” Oh, the gnawing of the worm that never dies! Oh, the inextinguishable fires which consume that soul for ever, “where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

But let me turn from this to a twofold contrast. I see a youth who, having passed through his educational course, is designated for a professional career. By the openings of his intellect and early culture, high expectations are excited. His path seems to be satisfactorily defined. But suddenly his whole nature undergoes a change: some word from the pulpit has

pierced his soul : he falls before the mercy-seat in penitential sorrow, and cries, "What must I do to be saved?" Light comes from heaven. The great change takes place. From that moment a new course opens. The love of Christ constrains him. One great thought takes possession of him : "I am the Lord's, and must work for him. Souls, precious souls, around me are dying. I must spend my life in preaching Christ to them." Everything now bends before this sublime resolution. He eagerly, and almost impatiently, pursues his studies, that he may be ready for his life-work ; and there is within him a holy chafing at everything which holds him back. Like the horse, eager for the battle, he pants to rush into the conflict ; but just in the completeness of his preparation, this plumed and youthful warrior is stricken by disease. The soul within him burns through and consumes the body, and the young soldier reaches the reward almost before the fight begins. The great Lord accepts the purpose, and, without exacting the service, confers the guerdon.

" I saw him first when his cultured mind
Was furrowed by thought of a higher kind
Than all that science could e'er attain
In the loftiest heights of her wide domain—
He drank from a fountain pure and high,
From the hallowed streams of Calvary.

" On the towers of Zion he longed to stand,
To point the way to a better land ;
But Heaven decreed a holier sphere,
And the chariot wheels are rolling near,
And the rush of the horses is heard on high,
In their viewless flight to eternity !

" The flickering lamp of an earthly fame
 Has changed to a brighter, holier flame ;
 And the midnight oil, with its feeble ray,
 Is hid in the light of eternal day,
 Where censers of gold, with odours sweet,
 Burn ever before the mercy-seat ! "

What say you to this sadly brief but noble career, which reminds one of the marble column in the cemetery, rudely broken at its centre ; as compared with the fallen and dishonoured man whom we just portrayed ? Would you not rather a thousand times sink into an early grave, with a character unsullied, and the white flower of holy thought and purpose lying on your breast, than after even a long life of service, lose your religion, and fall into the tomb unhonoured and unwept ?

But turn now to the other part of this picture. See the minister who has maintained his faithfulness. His religious life has been one of continued devotion and successful effort. Many by his Ministry have been turned from darkness to light, and many have gone to heaven, who are ready to greet him as the instrument of their salvation.

" I saw one man, armed simply with God's Word,
 Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
 And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword,
 While conscience echoed back his words again,
 Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
 Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
 So their hearts opened to the wholesome pain,
 And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod,
 One good man's earnest prayer the link 'twixt them and God."

There are not many sublimer sights on earth than the deathbed of a saintly Minister. It is said that

"the sun looks proudest in the evening; and the cause of his grandeur is, that ere he himself sinks to rest, a thousand clouds, which his light brightens into radiance and beauty, encircle and seem to escort him : so, when a great preacher draws to his rest, a thousand younger men, whose fire has been kindled by him, reflect his light, and testify his power."

Once more, observe the contrast between the unfaithful and the faithful ambassador of Christ. The one sinks into the grave, it may be, without a friend or mourner; unless some former colleague, urged by memories of the past, takes his stand by the corpse of his once honoured fellow-labourer, and, weeping over the wrecked life, exclaims with affectionate and regretful sorrow, "Alas, my brother!" The other finishes his course with joy; his chamber is felt by all present to be the very gate of heaven; his last hours are full of precious memories and bright anticipations; his spirit leaves the body amid the prayers and tears of loving friends; and his soul ascends to heaven upon the breath of those, his own children in the Lord, who cry with hallowed longing to follow him, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

The closing question is, What is your purpose to-day? Will you profit by the warning which I have ventured to offer; and will you follow the noble example which has just been adduced? Are your minds made up that, come what may, you will be the Lord's for ever? Will you be good men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost"? Will you preach Christ? Will you unceasingly offer and urge a free, a present,

and a full salvation? Will you give up your character and reputation, your talents, your health, your life to Him with whose commission you are now invested? And will you live and die, faithful, zealous, hard-toiling, successful Methodist preachers? You will, I believe you will.

Go forth, then, under the benediction which we now ask for you. You have our confidence. The day itself shall declare the purposes of this solemn moment. If you are true to your vows, when death comes, you shall be ready; and in the dread hour of judgment, each of you shall stand upright and honoured before the Divine Master, saying, as you point to multitudes, saved by your instrumentality: "Behold I and the children which God hath given me" (Heb. ii. 13). And at the same time, the Lord Himself, in recognition of your faithfulness, and as the reward of your labour, shall say before the assembled worlds: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. xxv. 21).

And "now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen" (Jude 24, 25).

SERMONS.

I.

CHRISTIANITY A SYSTEM OF POWER.

“BUT YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER, AFTER THAT THE HOLY GHOST IS COME UPON YOU : AND YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME BOTH IN JERUSALEM, AND IN ALL JUDEA, AND IN SAMARIA, AND UNTO THE UTTERMOST PART OF THE EARTH.”—ACTS i. 8.

THE first few verses of this chapter may be regarded both as an appendix to St. Luke's Gospel and a preface to the Acts of the Apostles. The two books were written by the same pen. The author was well qualified for his task by an intimate acquaintance with the Saviour, whose life he has portrayed in the one, and with the Apostles, whose labours he has narrated in the other. This chapter begins with a reference to the former work, and, indeed, by a short epitome of it (vers. 1–3). The writer then refers to a meeting which the disciples had with their Master after His resurrection, when He commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait there till a promise which He had previously given them should be fulfilled (John xiv. 26). They were then assured that this promise was within a few days of its fulfilment: “For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”

There was, at this time, a subject pressing heavily

upon the Apostles, on which they wanted information from their Lord. It would seem that they had some misgivings as to the propriety of bringing it before Him; for they did not venture to do so till the last opportunity. It is well known that they had not fully apprehended the nature of that kingdom which Christ came to set up. Notwithstanding His repeated teachings to the contrary, they clung to the notion of a temporal dominion. Nothing but His death could quench their hopes. They then despairingly said, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." His resurrection revived the unworthy groundless feeling, and they could not let Him go away without another word upon the subject. "When they therefore were come together"—probably to the Mount of Olives, where the last interview took place—one of them, in the name of all, "asked him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" The Saviour's reply is marked both by rebuke and comfort. He rebukes them for their curiosity and prejudice by saying, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." But He encourages them by the promise of the Spirit's help. They are assured that it will be far better to abandon their long-cherished unspiritual wishes, and devote themselves to the work, which as His Apostles they would have to fulfil. The purposes of Heaven concerning Israel's nationality were not to trouble them; but there was a kingdom of which He was the Head, the interests of which would demand their attention, and for the consummation of which they must pray and labour.

He therefore draws off their thoughts from the Jewish temporal to the Christian spiritual, by the promise of the text: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

This verse presents to us the opening up to the world of the Christian economy as a grand system of power; and while it unfolds the superiority of Christian privilege, it enforces the enlargement of Christian obligation.

We fix our attention on this ECONOMY—

I. IN ITS INAUGURATION; and,

II. ITS TWO CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS.

I. IN ITS INAUGURATION.

1. *What is the Christian economy*, which, when the Spirit was given, was opened to the world? The general meaning of the word *economy* is the regulation of things, or the due distribution of means to an end. When applied to the Christian religion, it denotes that system which acknowledges Christ as its Founder and Governor, and the spread of Christ's Gospel throughout the world as its object. But it is frequently used as synonymous with Christianity itself.

(1.) *It is an external system founded on fact*, presenting its own claims, unfolding its own evidences, teaching its own doctrines, inculcating its own precepts, making its own promises, and rearing its own institutions. Well is it said that "the lofty profession which Christianity makes as a religion, and the promises it holds forth to mankind, entitle it to the most serious

consideration of all ; for it may in truth be asserted that no other religion presents itself to the world under aspects so sublime, or such as are calculated to awaken desires and hopes so enlarged and magnificent."

The record of the institute is the New Testament. To this its disciples always appeal, both as to faith and practice. It declares that eighteen centuries ago a Divine Being became incarnate ; that in the mysterious union of the two natures, He passed through the successive stages of infancy and youth and manhood ; that about His thirtieth year, according to human computation, He stood before the men of His Country as the Messiah of God, and claimed to be the person so constantly referred to in their sacred books, and assured them that the purpose of His mission was chiefly three-fold : to put an end to former dispensations by introducing the perfect and therefore universal system of religion ; to present in His own life an example of all
1. that was great and good ; and especially to offer Him-
2. self as an atonement for the sins of men : that, in
3. support of these claims, He pointed to the fulfilment of prophecy, wrought the most stupendous miracles, and revealed a system of truth far beyond the intellectual grasp of created mind : that in the prosecution of this purpose He laboured with ceaseless activity, for three years of His maturer life, wandered up and down the land of His birth and strange adoption, sojourned in its cities and chief places of resort, mingled with the people in familiar converse, performed acts of kindness wherever He went, submitted to the contumely and cruelties of bad men and baser devils, and at length died upon the cross, not the death of a martyr,

but of a Saviour : that on the morning of the third day He rose from the dead, gave sufficient proof both to His disciples and the world of the reality of His rising, committed to His followers the solemn deposit of the Christian religion, and charged them to preach His Gospel to every creature : that having thus died for man and laid the foundations of the Church, He left the world and ascended "up where He was before," and has thus opened heaven to all believers : that amid all the pomp of regal glory He is now carrying on the work of mediation : and that by and by He will come again to judge the world, to reward His followers with everlasting glory, and to punish His enemies with eternal death.

All these verities are included in, and, for the most part, make up the Christian economy under which we live. It is a great fact, patent to the world ; it is divine in its origin ; it embodies the everlasting principles of truth ; it has no peer ; it allows of no rival ; its claims, like its offers, are universal ; and its destiny is to enlighten, and convert, and sanctify, and bless, and glorify the whole human race.

(2.) *Christianity is a living, personal, spiritual reality.* You are not to regard this economy as something merely external, nor is it chiefly a system of externalism. Its greatest glory is its internal and hidden life. The block of marble rudely taken from the quarry may, under the chisel of the statuary, be so shaped and wrought as to secure the appearance of the human frame. There may not only be a general representation of the body, but every feature of face, and every line of countenance, may be delicately and exquisitely portrayed. Still it is a piece of marble after all.

Touch it—it is cold ; speak to it—it is dumb ; call it—it cannot move. There is no life. See the lump of clay in the hands of the Divine Artificer. It was a piece of shapeless matter. But in the Creator's hand it becomes plastic, and is moulded according to a divine purpose. And now it assumes most beautiful proportions. The symmetry is perfect, the face divine, and there it lies upon the greensward of Eden, the first human body, and a fitting type of external Christianity. There is the form, but there is not the life. As, however, God “breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul ;” so Jesus has breathed into Christianity His own spiritual being. The Church is not composed of human bodies. It is not the clay—the flesh, and blood, and bones—which makes up membership in the Church, but the human soul. It is the spirit which animates the body—the seat and source of life. “Christ in you, the hope of glory.” When we speak of a living Christianity, we mean the Spirit of Christ dwelling in the heart and embodied in the life of a converted man. Men judge by the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart. “Is thy heart right ?” Does Jesus dwell and rule there ? and do the lips, and hands, and feet all move in harmony under this blessed impulse ? Religion, in the New Testament, is a living, personal thing. It is not offered to statues, and bodies, and systems, but to the man—the mind, the heart, the soul.

2. *When and how was this economy inaugurated ?*

The answer is found in the facts of that solemn day, when, in His promised plenitude, the Spirit was given to the world.

(1.) *Preceding events* may not be overlooked. You will not suppose that the Spirit's grace was altogether withheld before. Under every dispensation, His agency has been recognised. In the work of creation, He was there. In the work of providence, He has been always there. In the calling of the Jews, He was there. In the long government of that nation, He was there. During the Saviour's personal Ministry, He was there; but His further plenary influences were the subject of promise; and on the morning of the Pentecost, the promise was fulfilled. We fall into error as we speak of the Christian economy beginning at the birth or death of Christ. 'Tis true, during His sojourn, the transfer might be said to be going on; but it was not until the Holy Ghost was come, that it was completed. It was then that Christianity, freed from the swaddling clothes of childhood, and liberated from the restraints of youth, entered on its matured career of glory.

(2.) *The facts of the opening day* are recited with inimitable simplicity and power (Acts ii. 1-4). What a rush of recollections does the mind sustain as we read this passage! You think of the Saviour's promise; of the ascension from Mount Olivet; the disciples' return; the ten days of waiting; the prayer, the unity, the alternating hope and fear; and then the fulfilment. The early morn is ushered in by the mysterious sound, the encircling flame, the indwelling Spirit, and the gift of tongues. Hark at the loud Hallelujahs! Supplication is lost in song; and the diversity of language shows that this now inaugurated Christianity is the religion for all nations.

That all this is the fulfilment of the long-uttered

prophecy and the Redeemer's promise, is certain from the Apostle's statement: "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words: For these are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

(3.) The Spirit, whose outpouring we thus hail, was *then given to and embodied in the Christianity* which the great Teacher had already revealed. Indeed that system was not ready for its work till now. Like the disciples themselves, it was "waiting for the promise." You have seen the morning twilight give place to the rising sun. In these latitudes you may behold his rays long before you see his face. These rays are beautiful, and every moment increases their beauty. Brighter and more powerful do they become, until each one of them is itself radiant with promise, when the sun rises up in his majesty and illumines the hemisphere. So the light of truth, which had always been shining, though feebly and locally, increased in brilliancy and beauty, till on the Pentecostal morn the "Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings."

We are in some danger of forgetting that the gift of the Pentecost was not local and temporary, but to all people and to all times. The miraculous manifestations of the event were only its circumstances. The Pentecost was not the miracle, though there was miracle connected with it; so that the miracle may pass away, and yet the Pentecost remain. The sub-

stantiality of the Pentecost may be realized as long as the dispensation lasts. The Spirit was given then, and the Spirit is given now. We are now to pray and look, not for the miracle, but for the Holy Ghost. His grace is frequently compared to water; and on the day of Pentecost there was the flood. Through sin, the earth was dry, and parched, and barren. There was neither verdure nor fruit, because there was no life. But through the Covenant of grace, the Spirit was given to the world. The tiny rivulet told of the small beginning. Noiselessly and gently it moved along the patriarchal dispensation, never drying up, but rather gradually increasing; the rill widened its little bed, and forced itself into a stream, and prophecy sung of still future enlargement. In the Messiah's days, the stream was amplified into a river, assuming proportions of depth and majesty. But all this betokened the coming glory. The fulness was there; it only wanted teeming forth. It had been pent up for ages; and now that the flood-gates were opened, who can describe the rush? The waters take a bound, in proportion to their previous imprisonment. Fresh, and bright, and living, they spurn barrier and channel; sparkling in the sunbeam; leaping through the defile; pouring themselves from crag to crag; and after gushing and foaming their way, by gorge, and glen, and steep, they reach the thirsty plains. Each heaving wave carries life to the soil; the swell continues and advances, till every fissure is closed, and every nook is filled, and the whole plain is inundated; moisture takes the place of drought, verdure of blackness, richness of sterility, fruit of barrenness, life of death; the

primitive paradise comes back again: "the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The operations of the Spirit, which were thus given in their full-tidal glory, were not only *associated* with Christianity, but they were *embodied* in it, and really became a part of the Christian system. The original promise, therefore, which began to be fulfilled on the Pentecost, witnesses a further fulfilment in every age,—"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." The Church is never to be without the Spirit. His absence is death. Numerical strength merely will not keep Christianity alive. "The Church will derive
 ✓ no glory from accessions, unless they come to her baptized with the influences of the Holy Spirit. Nothing has so overpowered and enfeebled the Church as unholy accessions: accessions of men without the Spirit have always proved to her a Saul's armour—or rather a 'body of death,' dangling on her march, and giving an offensive odour to her best graces." Other means of impressing the heart are passed away. "The Shekinah is for ever quenched; the Urim and the Thummim have withdrawn their splendours; the *Bath Kol* is hushed; angelic visits are discontinued; dreams and visions are annulled; but the Holy Ghost shall abide with you for ever." We, therefore, mean that there can be no living Christianity without the Spirit. He it is who gives vigour to every movement, and success to every operation. There is the institution of the Christian Ministry: what would it be without the

h. B.

Spirit? A dry, perfunctory, deathly service. Christian fellowship; what is it without the Spirit? A cold, formal, repulsive arrangement. The Holy Eucharist, even, what would it be without the Spirit? A chilling, heartless, burdensome ceremony. As with the institutions, so with the privileges of Christianity. Song would have in it no music, and poetry no fire, if there were no divine influence. So also with the duties of Christianity: they would be regarded as an intolerable imposition. It is the Holy Ghost who gives energy to the word; soul to the fellowship; life to the sacrament. He it is who makes our duties privileges, and our privileges heaven. And under His sweeping and almighty agency, the Church goes forth to the discharge of its commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

II. TWO CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRISTIANITY— Internal power and external diffusion.

1. *Internal power.* "After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall receive power."

There is a wide distinction between the meaning of this word in the text, and of the same word in the preceding verse. When it is said that the times and the seasons "the Father hath put in his own power," the reference is to the infinite and uncontrollable authority which God exercises over all—to that eternal strength of purpose and action which is in Himself, and which none can move. But when the Saviour says to the Apostles, "Ye shall receive power," He assures them that energy, ability, should be given to them to fulfil their work, in harmony with His previous statement,

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

(1.) *What is power?* In ordinary language it signifies ability, influence. Mechanical power is that force which, applied to a machine, sets it in motion. Arithmetical power is the product of any quantity multiplied by itself any number of times. Power in law is the authority which one man gives another to act for him. Mental power is the act of volition. Spiritual power is the energy which is communicated by the Holy Ghost. God is the Source of all power. "There is no power, but of God." "God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God."

Christianity is a great system of spiritual power. An eloquent writer reminds us that in the sacred Scripture, the Holy Spirit everywhere shows that this "religion is always an active, influential, powerful, operative principle, bearing on the mind with an ever-pressing weight, and governing the heart with mighty and efficient control. The various representations and images employed suppose it to be a principle of power. Religion, according to the Scriptures, burns and glows like fire; penetrates and flavours like salt; sweeps and forces like the wind; struggles for development like 'a well of water springing up'; influences and transforms like leaven; and bids defiance to all the elements of darkness like the dayspring from on high. It is described, in action, as labouring with strenuous effort; as striving even to agony; as running in a contested race; as wrestling with every might of

bone and muscle; as fighting a deadly combat; as hungering and thirsting after righteousness; as panting for the living God. No mere form of religion can ever correspond to such representations and images as these. They all necessarily imply activity of principle and force of character. The name of being alive is not life; the painting of fire will not burn; the picture of bread will not satisfy the hungry; histrionic royalty is not kingly power; a statue is not a man; formality is not religion. The man who tries to support a religious character without an internal principle of vital power, is like the Spartan who tried to make a corpse to stand; and the confession of both will be the same,—‘It wants something within.’”

(2.) *On whom is this power bestowed?*

It was a special gift to the *Apostles*, who had a special work to do. They were to take this newly-formed system of Christianity into those places to which by the providence of God they were directed. Its institutions they were to fix and establish; its evidences they were to unfold and maintain; its doctrines they were to preach; and its precepts they were to inculcate and enforce. This commission subjected them to danger—to ridicule from one class and hatred from another; and, without superhuman help, success was impossible. But “power” was promised. The Holy Spirit clothed them with fortitude to endure persecution; patience under provocation; calmness of temper when assaulted by ribaldry and insult; ability for the discharge of duty; and the power of working miracles to attest their mission. Under this promise they went forth, “God also bearing them witness, both

—

with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost."

As far as the miraculous power given to these men is concerned, they have no successors. But in deep-toned piety, in consuming zeal, and in spiritual preaching ability, we hope in God that they have many. And let it never be forgotten, that it was not the power to work miracles which made the Apostles the men they were, but the power of the Holy Ghost, in their own experience and in their public ministrations. Here is one of them, who a few days ago trembled violently under the challenge of a servant maid, and was so frightened by the subordinates of a Court of Justice that he denied his Lord with oaths and curses. But when the Pentecost robed him with "power," he rose above the sneers, and opposition, and cruelties of a nation, and died a noble martyr's death. We say again that this was not the result of any miracle-working power, but because the promise of the text was fulfilled.

And here is what the modern pulpit requires. It is not scholastic parade, nor philological disquisition, nor scientific investigation; much less is it low witticism, or coarse invective, or a wretched familiarity, amounting in some cases well-nigh to blasphemy; but real, spiritual, saving power. Holy Ghost! whose office it is to guard and fill the sacred desk, clothe thy Messengers with power!

But it is not needful to prove that this promise of power is given, not only to the *Apostles*, but to *all Christians*, and to *all times*.

Christianity is spiritual power as it bears on

individual conversion. Indeed, the whole scheme of redeeming mercy is one of power.

In its provision:—Difficulties were in the way of restoration, which nothing but divine power could remove. Man was in the grasp of the destroyer; and none but “the Stronger One” could deliver him from “the strong man armed.”

In its application:—Christianity glories in the weapons which are of celestial temper, and seeks to achieve a victory over the strongholds of corruption, and sin, and hell. Fix your eye on the case of any poor sinner. Altogether under the power of Satan and depravity, he is strengthless to do good. He can neither think, nor feel, nor act, but as his manacles permit. The Holy Spirit comes upon him, and gives him power to repent of sin, and to believe in Christ. He is filled “with all joy and peace in believing, and abounds in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.” And if the power of Christianity be thus displayed in the beginnings of spiritual life, it does not become less potent as the life matures. In time of temptation despondency supervenes; but the Spirit gives power, and the Christian cries, “When I am weak, then am I strong.” When duty urges, and his heart is fainting, the promise is fulfilled; and striking at once into the path of labour, he exclaims, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” In the hour of affliction he is made strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; and in death’s fatal pang he sings triumphantly, “Thanks be to God, which giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

2. *External diffusion*: “And ye shall be witnesses

unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

(1.) *Who are the witnesses?* "Ye," *i.e.* the Apostles who were separated from the world, and invested by Christ with their Commission. They were to witness for Him in moral darkness, in reviling, in bonds, in martyrdom. They had witnessed His life and death, and their testimony was to be given to the world.

"Ye," *i.e.* ye Churches: "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." To you He has committed the deposit of truth. Placed in a dark and wretched world, you are to hold forth the torch of the gospel, and witness for Christ.

✓ "Ye," *i.e.* ye individual Christians. Ye are to be your Saviour's living epistles, in whom all may read His character and claims. The world will take its views of Christ and Christianity very much from your testimony. If they see in you the beauty, and simplicity, and power of religion, they will render homage to your Master; but if they behold anything short of entire consecration, they will believe neither you nor Him. We endorse the statement, that "the character of Christians should make upon the world as distinct and vivid an impression of the reality of religion, as the print of a man's foot in the sands of the desolate island made of the certainty that a human being had been there. . . . The world will ✓ never do as the Church says, but as the Church does. When Christians do better we shall have a better world."

(2.) *What is the testimony?* "Unto me," *i.e.* both of me and for me; witnesses of His wondrous life, of

His sacrificial death, of His resurrection from the grave, and of His entrance into glory. They were to witness for Him; for His honour, for His truth, for His claims, for His kingdom. And this they were to do by personal consecration, by incessant toil, by the endurance of trial, and by martyrdom itself.

Here is our example. Christians are called into the succession of Apostles. The Saviour looks to you as His testimonials. He asks you to work, and speak, and think for Him. And He urges you to a nobler devotion, and sublimer attestation, by saying: "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

(3.) *How wide is the sweep which the testimony must have?* "Both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." In the days of Messias, the world's population was divided into three classes. The Jews, who dwelt chiefly in Judea, and kept close in their religious ordinances to the Mosaic ritual: the Samaritans, who for long had been distinct from, and at enmity with, the Jews, but were not in pagan darkness: and the Gentiles, embracing all the lands and people of heathendom.

This Commission, therefore, included all. "In Jerusalem," where the sad tragedy had taken place, and the Spirit's bestowment was so soon to take place. "And in all Judea," including the Southern division of the Holy Land, where the Apostles had hitherto laboured with little success. "And in Samaria," where, until this day, they had been forbidden to go. "And unto the uttermost part of the earth," that is, the whole Gentile world. Here, then, was the demolition

of the old Church boundaries, and the wider Commission given to the new. Christianity as a great spiritual system was to have universal scope, and realize a universal conquest.

Is it, then, adapted to the wants of the world? Is there in it that which you would expect to find in a scheme of universal application? In answer to these questions, we point to its spirituality, and say, that while every system which is distinguished by its materialism must decay and die, this, which is pre-eminently spiritual, must live and spread. One of the attributes of matter is decay. Everything material is perishable. The granite block is sometimes called everlasting, but it is a dying thing, and is mouldering every moment. The mountain proudly rears its head, as though it bade defiance to all time and influence; but it is imperceptibly sinking, and will one day be crumbled into dust. The forest rises to maturity; but the process of decay begins, and the once powerful oak now lies a heap of dead vegetable matter. The human frame is full of life, while the soul is in it; but take the spirit away, and what is there left, but "corruption, earth, and worms"? So with religious systems. If there is nothing but the material and human, there is nothing but corruption. Nay, if, as in the case of Judaism, the material should predominate, it must eventually die. But if, as in Christianity, the human is subordinated to the divine, and spirituality is its great characteristic, it must live and spread. One of the properties of spirit is life. That which is spiritual does not die. It is not subject to the laws or power of death. Like its own great Source, it is undying,

death having no dominion over it. Another property of spirit is extension. Matter cannot move. A stone cannot burst its trammels, and get away from its cramped dimensions. But spirituality spurns all bounds, and despises land-marks. No fetters can check it, no chains can bind it, no wall can encircle it. Free, ærial, immaterial, it careers its way through space and matter. Earth cannot hold it, worlds cannot satisfy it, the universe cannot compass it. It sports with suns, and stars, and spheres, and is only lost in God's own infinity.

If, then, Christianity be a spiritual system, the theory of its universal adaptation is sound. But try the theory by fact. Paganism has been upheld for many ages by temporal authority; but even this can no longer keep it up, and its very votaries now pronounce it to be *effete*. Mohammedanism gained an extended footing by the sword, and has been maintained for centuries by the scimitar; but the Crescent wanes, and the mosque is crumbling into ruins. Christianity began its course in the most unpromising corner of the globe. It had no human patron. Nor man, nor government lent it help; both gave to it their heartiest opposition. Its Founder was put to death, but it survived. Its friends were scattered, but it died not. Its followers were burnt at the stake, with the hope and purpose of its destruction; but, phoenix-like, it rose from the ashes, and spread with marvellous rapidity. Devils, and men, and systems were combined for its ruin; but they were compelled to stand by, and see its onward march. All human calculations and predictions were at fault. It entered the cottage,

—

and it reached the palace. It penetrated the Council chamber, and permeated the Cabinet. It established the homestead, and shook the throne. It guided individuals, and moulded the destinies of empires. It claimed to be the religion of the world, and never were its prospects of dominion so fair and bright as now.

All other systems fail through lack of adaptation. They depend for success either upon brute force, or warmth of climate, or local circumstance. There are many parts of the world, where they would not even be tolerated, much less flourish. But where can you import Christianity, and it does not soon get rooted in the soil, and find itself at home? It can endure all climates between the zones, and live in every heart under heaven. No matter what the mental qualifications, or moral tendencies, or physical conformations; no matter what the shape of head, or grade of intellect, or shade of colour; no matter what the variety of temporal condition,—there is in Christ's religion the supply for all. It is adapted to the young, whom it solemnly enjoins to remember their Creator, and before whom it places the most beautiful Example and powerful motive: to the child, whose reason is just dawning, and whose affections are bursting into life, whose lips can scarcely yet express its thoughts and wishes, but whose tiny hand, pointing to the sky, is the index to the movements of the little world within: to the youth, who is passing through his training for manhood's service, and in whose bosom growing aspirations are struggling for development: to the young man, whose prospects of life are opening before him, and

whose imagination is revelling on a picture of earthly bliss too gorgeous perhaps to be realized, and too ideal to be true: to the maiden, in her modest retirement from public gaze, amid the attractiveness of social intercourse, or on her bridal morning: to the parent, whose solemn responsibilities cannot be portrayed by pen or pencil, and who is called to the study of human nature and character, in the dispositions, and tempers, and destinies of those around him: to the man of business, whose temptations and anxieties are manifold, as his mind is fixed on the doctrines of financial and political economy: to the old man, who with tottering step is moving down the hill, and ever and anon throws an anxious look into the valley before him: to the statesman, who in some measure grasps the weal or woe of nations, and whose policy may become the admiration or execration of the civilised world: to the Sovereign, whose person it bedecks with more than human beauty, on whose character it sheds a greater lustre than that of pearl and diamond, and whose throne it establishes in righteousness: to the man whose intellect is so minute and weak, as that by some he may be called half-witted; as well as to the man whose intellect is colossal in its structure, and whose mind is almost as capacious as that of an angel: to the peasant, with simple thought and phrase, moving among nature's beauties; and to the philosopher, who penetrates into nature's secrets, and careers his way through worlds on worlds extending: to the poor, who by reason of poverty's pinchings are in danger of challenging and condemning the righteousness of God; and to the rich,

whose luxury, and retinue, and power tempt them to forget that there is a God at all : to the hard-toiling labourer, whose horny hands, and sweaty brow, and weary limbs tell of old Adam's curse ; and to the employer, who ought to have other objects than those of accumulating wealth : to the man in sickness, with whom already death seems to be in strife, who, as he passes by your door, looks but the shadow of humanity ; as well as to the man in health, whose vigorous step, and symmetry, and bloom, are bidding defiance to decay, but whose time of battle and defeat will surely come : to the slave, whose ever-clanking chains, and stripes, and moans proclaim his misery ; and to his wicked master, whose greatest tyranny must soon be ended, and who on a coming day shall prove that in this Christianity, as in Christ Himself, there "is neither bond nor free : " to the savage, as he roams his native forests ; and to the citizen, in his safe and cheerful home : to ALL—no matter where or who ; to all below the angels and above the brutes ; to all who have been ransomed by the price of blood ; to all—to all, this Gospel is adapted :

" For all my Lord was crucified ;
For all, FOR ALL, my Saviour died."

1. *Let us learn our personal duty.*

First, to accept, in all its saving and purifying power, this Christianity for ourselves, and then to offer it with all earnestness and confidence to others. There is so much of sameness in the depravity, and tendencies, and capabilities of human nature, that that scheme of mercy which meets my case must be good for others ;

and that which shall save the world, may surely save me. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

2. *Let us ever remember where our strength lieth.* Not in ourselves; not in each other; not in machinery or systems; but in God—God the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of divine influence must be stedfastly maintained. It is the Church's life. We have all the machinery that is necessary for the spread of Christianity. Our crying want is the want of spiritual power. "Come from the four winds, O breath; and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

II.

TRUTH.

“PILATE SAITH UNTO HIM, WHAT IS TRUTH?”—JOHN XVIII. 38.

THIS question closes an impressive interview between two noted, but widely different, characters. The scene is a Court of Justice, where Roman law is administered, and yet it is in the centre of the Jewish Capital. On the one side, there stands Jesus of Nazareth; who, though the Lord and the final Judge of the universe, is now in bonds, and is required to answer to a charge, the penalty annexed to which is death. On the other side, there sits, as Judge upon the case, Pontius Pilate, the Provincial Governor: born a slave; trained in deceit; having vaulted into power by intrigue; and now, with a stained reputation and bloody hands, arbitrating on His conduct Who spake as never man spake, in Whose mouth there was no guile, and in Whose life there was no sin. Our Divine Redeemer had already passed through the exciting scenes of His Ministry, and had entered upon those of His passion; for the agony of Gethsemane and His arraignment and condemnation in the chamber of the Sanhedrim were now things of the past. With indecent haste He was hurried, bound, to the judgment hall in which the Governor presided. The Jews,

under pretence of religious scruples, would not step over the threshold of the building. It belonged to their Gentile conquerors, and they hypocritically avowed that it would defile them to touch it. The Accused was thrust within the Court; the accusers stood without the gate; while Pilate, anxious to curry favour with the Jews, passed between the two, as the examination proceeded. He first reasoned with the people; and then the interview to which the text refers took place in the Hall between him and Christ. He inquired touching those treasonable acts which were laid to His charge. But the Saviour triumphantly met the accusation, by pointing to the loyal and peaceable conduct of His followers—at the same time intimating that He *did* rule a kingdom, though not of earth. This announcement, however, startled the Judge; who, supposing that he had found a clue to treason, quickly said: "Art thou a king then?" Jesus answered, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." And then, "Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?"

There is a double strangeness about this question. Jesus did not answer it, and the Governor did not press it. Though in the words just uttered by the Saviour, He intimates that one principal object of His mission was to enlighten men; and in another place declares, "I am the light of the world;" and though now a poor, dark, impure heathen is before Him asking for light, and putting one of the most solemn questions that ever passed from human lips;

He who alone could answer it is silent. He does not even condescend to notice it. But, on the other hand, is it not amazing that Pilate could so readily pass on to something else, seeming to forget that such a question had ever been asked? He had discerned the prejudice of the Jews, and assured himself that their charge was groundless. He had doubtless heard of the fame of those miracles which the Accused had wrought. He must have been impressed with the lustre of the wisdom and virtue which now shone before him. And yet he appears careless as to whether he receives a reply or not. But, ah! Jesus saw that His Judge had no real love for the truth; and Pilate thought that it was not worth a second inquiry.

Let us, however, profit by the warning which is thus conveyed; and with a high appreciation of our personal interest in it, ask the question: "What is truth?"

- I. WHAT THE TRUTH IS IN ITS RELATIONS TO MAN.
- II. WHAT THE TRUTH IS IN ITS RELATIONS TO GOD.

I. WHAT THE TRUTH IS IN ITS RELATIONS TO MAN.

This question which the Roman Viceroy proposed has been reproduced in every age, and discussed in every society. Poets have invoked the aid of truth, and swept the lyre in her commendation. Painters have consecrated pencil and imagination at her shrine, and have devoted a lifelong labour to do her honour. The statuary has implored her inspiration, while his soul has burned within him to make the marble speak

her praise. Philosophers have descanted on her matchless and hidden beauties. Moralists have sternly enforced her claims. Statesmen have reverently bowed to do her honour; while the pulpit has always been regarded as her throne. Poetry, minstrelsy, art, science, philosophy, morality, religion, have weaved many a garland, and gracefully hung it upon her brow.

Truth has been pourtrayed as the crowning and consummating virtue.

“For how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.”

But after all, truth is the most despised and dishonoured person the world has in it. The very pulpit has attempted to dethrone her. A false philosophy has disfigured her. Science so-called has destroyed her symmetry. Art has been prostituted to her dishonour. Poetry in ribald language and impure imagination has despoiled her features, and clothed her sacred person in rags and filth; while human passion has seized and hurled her to the ground, trampled upon her innocence, and left her there to die. But though often in the dust, forlorn, forsaken, weeping, bleeding, apparently in the agonies of death, I believe in her divinity; that God will come to her rescue; that heaven shall welcome her restoration and ascendancy; for “Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.”

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.”

We do not now, however, look at truth as an impersonation, so much as in reference to those several meanings which the word bears in daily, practical life.

IN ITS RELATIONS TO MEN.—The term Truth is ordinarily “used in opposition to falsehood, and applied to propositions which answer or accord to the nature and reality of a thing whereof something is affirmed or denied.” There is a *natural* or *physical* truth, as when that which is seen corresponds exactly with that which is said; and we are told that “all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, and true measures that of harmony and music.”

Metaphysical truth is when that which is stated is accordant with the divine idea. *Logical* truth is when the proposition or assertion is conformable to things which exist. *Ethical* or *moral* truth divides itself into two parts. First, it is the conformity of our *words* with our thoughts; and, secondly, the conformity of our *acts* with our words. It demands that we speak as we think, and that we practise what we profess. This is at the foundation of all safe and honourable dealing among men. He who violates moral truth is a liar; and while he is branded as a pest and a danger to human society, he can have no part in the kingdom of heaven. If truth and virtue are not synonymous, they are inseparable. The chaplet which fits the one sits queenly upon the brow of the other. Well says the old and eloquent essayist, “The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which

derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society."

1. Truth demands that our *words correspond with our thoughts*. There are some virtues which, however much you may eulogize them, do not need a defence. They bear upon their countenance their own undeniable claims. You would never think of entering into a formal argument in defence of truth as an abstract quality. When it becomes embodied, and stands before the world as a system, presenting its facts, enforcing its claims, and rearing its institutions, then its supporters must be prepared to fight for it. But, observe, they have to struggle for the *system* which they believe to be the embodiment of the truth, and not for the virtue simply in itself; for you rarely find a man so depraved as to contend with you against truth as such. You would not seriously argue with anybody as to the beauty of an object if you were both agreed that it was beautiful. As you gaze upon a grand scene in nature, such as is often presented beneath an Italian sky,—the mountain, vale, and river in beautiful proportions, the copse dotting the green-sward, the corn-field waving in rich luxuriance, the herds browsing along the upland, or slaking their thirst at the pearly stream as it gushes through the rocky fissure,—you never think of defending it. You might meet with a man Goth enough to deny its beauty, and you might try to convince him that he was wrong; but if you are both agreed as to the sublimity of the scene, you have no quarrel with each

other because it is sublime. You would not spend your time in proving that the cascade, as it throws its pretty spray over you from yon rocky height, is a beautiful object; nor that the ripples of the deep-blue lake, as the sun's rays dance upon them, are beautiful; nor that the softly radiant and pure and laughing eye of childhood is a thing of pleasure. The common sense of humanity agrees with you, and there is no controversy. And so with truth. We do not defend it in the sense of maintaining that truth is right and good, for it carries with it the universal suffrage of man.

There are some virtues whose loveliness is best represented by painting the hideousness of their corresponding vices. The beauty of truth is seen by portraying the deformity of a lie. Notwithstanding the prevalency of this sin, it is universally condemned. It is true the Church of Rome not only connives at lying, when the purpose is to further her own interest; but in certain circumstances dignifies the act, by clothing it in the most splendid garments that virtue wears. So in some parts of heathendom. But whatever the systems of men may say and do, the individual conscience of the world pronounces against the sin. A liar dishonours God, who is a God of truth, and whose flaming eye pierces the understanding and pours its scorching rays upon the thoughts and intents of the heart. The liar is a disgrace to humanity. He who can intentionally deceive his fellow-creatures gives up all claim to manhood, forfeits the respect and confidence of his fellows, puts himself below a brute, and stands gibbeted before the universe as a traitor to his

race. A Christian can have no difficulty in deciding the question which so greatly vexed the schoolmen of former times, as to whether it may be lawful in any case to utter with the lips what we know to be false. Men have not been wanting to affirm the proposition that the happiness of individuals or communities may be better promoted by falsehood than by truth, and that in all such cases falsehood ceases to be a vice. We indignantly reject the statement and the conclusion. Let our worldly circumstances fall to ruin; let our fortunes be wrecked and our homes desolated; let thrones be dismantled and constitutions broken up; let our hearths be invaded and our children hurried into slavery; let our poor bodies pine and die and rot, if it require a lie to save them. Let poverty come, and anguish come, and the war-cry come, and chains come, and the faggot-flame come, and death come, if we may only be saved from them by denying God and uttering a lie. We repudiate for ever the doctrine that falsehood may be justified, and the whole Bible is on our side. St. Paul, with a righteous anger, says: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner? And not rather (as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say), Let us do evil, that good may come? whose damnation is just."

It is not needful to affirm that the whole truth is on every occasion to be stated. The interests of society never demand that falsehood shall be uttered, though they may sometimes require that reserve be exercised. Solomon says that "a fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards." But while

this much we are willing to allow ; we are bound to say, that where concealment and partial representations either injure a character or prevent a right decision, they are as criminal as the most barefaced untruth. And we endorse the statement, that while truth is violated by falsehood, it *may be* equally outraged by silence. Falsehood is a monster of many shapes. There are *lies of thoughtlessness*. A man utters what is incorrect ; not, perhaps, because he wickedly intended to deceive, but because he did not trouble to inquire before he made his utterance. There are lies of *boasting*. A man is puffed up with pride and hunger after fame, and says what is not true, but he damages himself probably more than others. There are lies of *exaggeration*. A warm temperament sets the imagination on fire ; and if that imagination be not controlled by truth, it runs riot, and pictures up what becomes equal to a falsehood. There are *professional* lies. The lawyer assures his client as to the justice of his case, and the certainty of a verdict in his favour, when he knows that at least there are grave doubts, if not the certainty of a defeat. The physician assures his patient that the case is not dangerous, certainly not desperate, when he knows that the disease is gaining ground, and that death is at hand. There are lies for *gain*. Solomon portrays a commercial liar : " It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer ; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." The purchaser maintains that an article is worse in quality and less in value than he believes it to be. The seller declares that the bale or the hogshead cost more than it really did, and that it is worth more than in his conscience he believes

it to be. There are also lies of *slander* and *revenge*. From the mere lust of self-gratification, a man will falsely blast the reputation of his neighbour, because he has received a fancied wrong ; sometimes by a vile insinuation, sometimes by a tangled web of hints and suspicions, and sometimes by open ribald falsehood will he seek his ruin.

“ Skill’d by a touch to deepen Scandal’s tints,
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling Truth with Falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
A plain, blunt show of briefly spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless Heart’s soul-hardened scheming ;
A lip of lies ; a face formed to conceal ;
And without feeling, mock at all who feel,
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.”

2. Ethical Truth requires *that our acts correspond with our words or profession*. Unconditional promises are always to be fulfilled, and those too which are made conditionally, unless the condition fail. The word of a Christian is his oath, and a vow uttered with the lips, whether in public or private, is as binding as if attended with all the formalities of a legal bond. It is unhappily true that we are so accustomed to meet with falsehood in daily life, that the old stinging satire has gained a general currency, viz. that it is a question whether the absolute dominion of truth would be compatible with the existence of any society now upon the face of the earth. Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine them- ✓

selves. They will not advance their minds to the standard: they therefore lower the standard to their minds. And here again the most effectual method of recommending practical virtue is to exhibit and transfix practical vice. There is many a man whose cheek would crimson in a moment, and whose soul would burn with indignation, if you openly branded him as a liar; and yet he is acting falsehood every day. You can lie by silence as well as with the lips. You can look a lie. You can smile a lie. You can act a lie by the wave of your hand, or the movement of your head. Look into the *commercial world*, and mark how the introduction of practical falsehood into the management of its concerns has led to panic, and disorganization, and ruin. The setting up of a large establishment without capital is an attempt to deceive both creditors and the public, and is a standing lie. A great number of the business advertisements of our time are falsehoods, because they do not correspond with facts, and are intended to deceive. That which is called a sample, but is really better than the bulk, is a lie. Every act of adulteration, whether in manufacture or commerce, unless so distinctly stated, is a lie. By such falsehoods, that grand commercial system which was designed by Providence to bind man to man, and under God has done much to enrich, and elevate, and bless our land, is disgraced and degraded by, we would fain hope, only a few; but unless the bulk of our merchants and men of business who are yet honest and truthful rise up and demand its regeneration, truth will claim that in many of its features it be swept from the face of the earth. Look into the *social world*, and you

will find that falsehood has gone before you. Many of the ties which unite worldly society are flimsy and rotten. Many of the compliments, and some of the courtesies, of life, are falsehoods. The word of welcome upon the lips, and the smile of welcome upon the countenance, while the heart is rebelling against both, are a lie. The invitation given in the hope that it will be declined is a lie. The fashionable call, implying friendship, but made simply because the tyranny of fashion demands it, is a lie. The family which climbs up into a higher grade of society than its means really warrant, and to maintain an attractive appearance and show of grandeur has to involve itself in difficulties and finally in ruin, is a living lie. Ah! this tyranny of fashion! How much personal happiness does it blast, and how much social comfort does it destroy! It has chilled many a warm hearthstone, and darkened many a sunny circle.

“Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.”

But the Christian will blush to think that the *religious* world is not free from falsehood. There are some professing Christians, whose whole life is a lie. They perhaps entered the Church with a view to gain. They judged that it would secure for them a position and character of respectability. They have called themselves the followers of Christ, and have had their names written on the Church's register, and it may be emblazoned in the lists of the Church contributions; and yet all these years they have been strangers to the saving joy and power of religion. And then, alas!

is it not true that the very pulpit itself has too frequently been the vehicle of falsehood? We implore the young people of our time to build up for themselves characters of truth. Let the foundation be well laid by a personal consecration to Christ, who is the Source of truth. Let one stone be placed upon another under the guidance of Gospel principles, which are the foundation and safeguard of truth; and then the building will assume proportions of beauty, and symmetry, and strength, and by and by the topstone will be brought on with shoutings; and while yourselves and the world will obtain the benefit, the God of truth will have all the glory. Be resolved that your motives shall be pure and your purposes transparent. Never commit yourselves to a crooked policy. Having entered upon a Christian path, be determined to pursue it with simplicity and integrity. Philosophers will tell you that light always travels in straight lines. It will not run round a mountain, either to kiss the lake, or to embrace a flower. Onward does it move, quickly but straightly, on its errand of mercy. Oh! imitate the light; and having "renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth," commend yourselves "to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

II. WHAT THE TRUTH IS IN ITS RELATIONS TO GOD.

1. Observe that truth *is a divine attribute*. Jehovah is a God of truth. Some men pretend to dignify this virtue by calling her the daughter of time. He who believes the Bible emphatically designates her the

daughter of God. "It is impossible that God should lie." "He is not a man that he should lie." "His truth reacheth unto the clouds," and it "endureth for ever." Here is our assurance of the divine veracity, and the belief of this lies at the basis of all religion. "And this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God." He is infinitely perfect in knowledge, and cannot be deceived. He is infinitely holy, and cannot deceive us. But the divine faithfulness, as well as veracity, is assured to us here. The God of truth will fulfil His word. His promises are firm. His threatenings are sure. None of His engagements can be broken. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," but His "word shall not pass away."

2. Truth is *embodied in the divine government*. The throne upon which Jehovah sits and governs the world is designated the throne of truth, because that government is executed in exact conformity with its utterances. "A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." The principles on which the government is based are principles of truth. The laws, according to which the government is exercised, are framed in truth. The promises which the government offers, and its threatenings, are truth. And the judgment which the government contemplates will be fulfilled in truth. "In mercy shall the throne be established, and he shall sit upon it in truth . . . judging and seeking judgment, and hasting righteousness." Sin will not go unpunished, and a life of holy zeal will be rewarded. It is true Jehovah is represented as changing His conduct towards men; but this is because they change their relations towards

Him. His government has respect to character: and His truth demands that every man be rewarded according to his works. "He shall bring forth judgment unto truth."

3. Truth is embodied *in the person and work of Christ*. "As the truth is in Jesus," says St. Paul. The most perfect exhibition of truth is in Christ. Indeed the highest revelations of Deity are found in the incarnate Word. Not in the pantheistic, but in the Christian sense, do we gratefully say that God is seen everywhere,—in the tiniest insect floating through the atmosphere; in the dew-drop, as it lies upon the leafy couch, and sparkles in the sun; in the calycle of every plant, and the petal of every flower; in the fleecy clouds careering overhead, and in every object around on which you can fix your eye. The voice of God is heard in the sighing of the winds, and the music of the waves, and the thunders of the storm. And "Earth with her ten thousand voices praises God." More perfect, however, than the revelations which nature affords of the Divine Being, are those of the Bible, for these put God before us in His moral attributes and relations. But most glorious of all are those vouchsafed to us in the person of Christ, who is the very "image of the invisible God." So may we say of truth. Its source and embodiment and exhibition are in Christ. You may look abroad upon the Church and the lives of individual Christians, and you may witness its fertilizing presence and influence; but tracing the stream upwards and backwards to its fount, you will come to Him who said, "I am the way, the *truth*, and the life." "As the truth is in Jesus."

The facts of His life embody the truth; the character of His death exhibits and upholds the truth; and the doctrines He taught proclaim the truth.

(1.) *See the facts of His life.* There is a rich simplicity and beauty in the gospel histories, never found in narratives that are not true to fact. Fiction resorts to plots, and labyrinth, and complication, and stratagem, and sudden surprise, to produce its effect; and after all, you feel that though the plan may be ingenious, and the execution artistic, and the consummation startling, the whole thing is a mischief, because it is unreal and untrue. But mark the freshness and transparency and power of the Redeemer's history. Remember how His birth had been foretold, both as to time and place and circumstances, and that everything was fulfilled in Bethlehem of Judea. Note the checkered and thrilling scenes of childhood—His circumcision, presentation in the Temple, Simeon's valediction, and Anna's song of praise; the visit of the Magi, the flight from persecution, and the return from Egypt; His journey to Jerusalem when twelve years old, and public conference with the doctors of the law. Observe how, after thirty years of filial subjection and manual labour, He enters upon public life. His baptism, fasting, and temptation; the commencement of His ministry, the interviews with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria, all follow in close succession. He then makes His home at Capernaum, calls His disciples, ordains the Apostles, preaches the Sermon on the Mount, and sends by His servants a message of mercy to the different parts of the Country. Then He is transfigured. Coming down

from Tabor, He blesses little children, subjects Himself to the contumely and violence of His enemies, tells the impending ruin of the Holy City and of some provincial towns, utters His parables, works His miracles, and openly proclaims Himself the Messiah. See how His short public life is yet crowded with incident. He raises Lazarus from the dead, travels again the circuit of Galilee, passes through Jericho, comes to Bethany, makes His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and then looks forward to the last sad scenes. He institutes the Eucharist, prays for His disciples, agonizes in the garden, is betrayed, forsaken, mocked, tried, scourged, crowned, and crucified. The heavens put on their own sackcloth, the reeling and gaping earth utters its sympathetic groan: the last wail from the Cross is heard, and the Messiah dies. The tomb accepts its tenant, but not for long: the precious morning dawns, the resurrection is accomplished, the forty days glide by, the Holy Ghost is promised, the Gospel Commission is announced, the glorious mount is climbed, the parting benediction is vouchsafed: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

This narrative is true to fact. There is no colouring to produce effect. All that is here attributed to Christ, He did, or said, or suffered. And as the history is true, so the facts themselves are in harmony with that great work of mediation which Christ came to fulfil. The redemption of our world is based upon the truth.

(2.) And while the life of Jesus embodies the truth,

the character of His death exhibits and upholds it. Truth requires that if the sinner *may* live, a greater than the sinner *must* die. Justice could not be content with a human victim; for after such a sacrifice had been offered, the sword, unsatisfied, would have pressed its demand for blood. Our Redeemer, therefore, is God; for in Him "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Truth also demands that He who dies for man, must be human as well as divine; and so Jesus Christ was "of the seed of David according to the flesh;" and He "bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Truth, moreover, claims that the offering be strictly propitiatory. Now the Saviour died, not for Himself, for He knew no sin; but He died for a guilty race. "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

(3.) *The doctrines of Jesus proclaim the truth.* If you are correct in the statement that truth is the exact conformity of the utterance to that which exists, you may triumphantly point to the sayings of the great Teacher. Mark the adaptation of His doctrines to the wants and circumstances of men. One of the features of our fallen human nature is *ignorance*. The understanding is darkened—"alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in us, because of the blindness of our hearts." That therefore which our darkness requires is light. Now, if the teachings of the Gospel are marked by confusedness of thought, or want of clear comprehensive announcement; if they are silent on those great topics on which man wants information; and if they tend to increase, rather

than remove, our ignorance ; they are not the truth. But if the words of Christ are words of light ; if they make known to man that which beyond everything else he ought to know ; if they tell him of the God he has forgotten, and the sin he has committed, and the relationship he has disregarded, and the duty he has neglected, and the privilege he has despised, and the heaven there is before him, and the hell-fire at his feet—who shall say that they are not the truth ? Well may the prophecy be quoted in reference to Christ : “ The law of truth was in his mouth ; ” and well might He Himself thus challenge a benighted race : “ I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness ; but shall have the light of life.”

Another feature of fallen human nature is *depravity*. While man is *ignorant*, he is polluted. In mind, and heart, and life, he is impure. “ From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it ; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.” If the doctrines of the New Testament foster, rather than combat, this depravity ; if they tend to defile the understanding, and pollute the heart, and corrupt the life, they are not what man requires, and are not the truth. But if they frown upon and threaten impurity ; if they enjoin sanctity in conduct, and in conversation, and even in thought ; if they put before us the divine source of holiness, and allure us toward it, they meet our case, and are therefore the truth. The purity of the Saviour’s personal character is mirrored in the doctrines which He revealed ; just as the natural face is seen in the glass, or as the rays of light are reflected

in the translucent and sunlit waves. Where is the verse, or the line, or the syllable of Christ's teaching, that either sanctions, or fosters, or entertains depravity? The earnest, tender, and commanding utterance of the voice divine is: "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Man's fallen condition is one of *misery*. He is ignorant and depraved, and therefore unhappy. If the doctrines of Jesus afford him no hope, but shut him up in black despair; if with fiendish glee they laugh at his calamity, and probe the wound which they have neither the design nor ability to heal, they are not in conformity with our wants, and are not the truth. But if they tell the poor, weeping, wretched, dying sinner of a Saviour; if they wipe away his tears, heal his hurts, and bind up his broken heart; if they pour in comfort, and fill his soul with peace and joy in believing, he feels that they are for him, and must be the truth. We claim the universal suffrages of the good in favour of the blessedness of Christ's religion. Its great design is to make men happy. When the sun ascends our horizon, and chases away the darkness of night, he takes his course up and across the heavens, and throws his radiations over the earth, making every dewdrop a pearl, every stone a brilliant, every field a garden, and every garden a paradise. The hemisphere is bathing in the light and revelling in the sunshine. It seems as if the smile of the upper were falling upon and drying up the tears of the lower world. It seems as if heaven were kissing the earth in ecstasy, and throwing over the face of it its own radiant joy. Jesus is Himself the sun, and His teachings are its radiations. His "ways are ways of pleasantness," and all His "paths are peace."

A crowning feature of man's fallen nature is his *exposure to perdition*. He is ignorant, and depraved, and miserable, and his desert is hell. Now, if the doctrines of Christ do not penetrate into the future; if they consign him without reason and without remedy to the pit; if they tell him that there is no heaven, and no hereafter but one of misery, they do not meet his case, and are not the truth. But if they assert that though fallen he is redeemed, and though dead he may live; that though he deserves hell, there is prepared for him a mansion in the skies, they tell him what he needs to know, and what is the truth. The great Teacher unfolded a future state of bliss, and urged it upon man's acceptance. "Life and immortality" are brought "to light through the Gospel."

4. We are therefore now prepared for the conclusion, that the truth is *the Gospel*, and that *the Gospel is the truth*. This divine system of teaching is emphatically called *the truth*. God "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." And it is the only system the world has in it that is unmixed with error. *Heathenism* is a gigantic scheme of imposture. It may well be designated "an assemblage of falsehood—false gods, false temples, false sacrifices, false hopes, and false fears." Its philosophy adopted such maxims as these: that "a lie is better than a hurtful truth;" that "good is better than truth;" that "he may lie who knows how to do it in a fit season;" that "there is nothing decorous in truth but when it is profitable." The Apostle assures us that heathenism has even turned the truth of God into a lie. *Papery* is a great system of falsehood, and

not the less pernicious because there is in it a large admixture of truth. The infallibility of its head is a fiction; its pretended miracles are falsehoods; purgatory is a lie; saint-worship and relic-worship are forgeries; the equal authority of tradition with revelation, and many other of the tenets of Romanism, are to be branded as "lying wonders." *Socinianism* is a falsehood. It blots out the sun, by a denial of the deity of Christ. It dams up the very fountain; and if there be any flow at all, it is because the seal put upon the spring is not sufficiently strong to hold down the truth. *Antinomianism* is a lie; the doctrine of human righteousness is false. The Gospel is that alone which stands before us as immutable and eternal truth.

The claims which this Gospel presents to such a distinction are founded on evidence clear and irresistible. The confidence with which the Apostles designate it *the truth* might be regarded as guilty presumption, if they were not assured that they were speaking of a system which is divine. The greatest of pagan teachers never ventured to speak thus of their philosophy. Though men of acutest understanding and persevering research, they had often to confess that truth was beyond their grasp. And you can only account for the language of the Gospel messenger, by the fact that he spake "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." He could triumphantly point to the fulfilment of prophecy in evidence of its claims. He could remind his hearers of the many miracles wrought in attestation of it. He could tell them of its blessed effects in his own experience, and humbly but boldly affirm

his willingness to join the noble army of martyrs, and seal the truth with his own blood.

This Gospel has been increasing and accumulating its evidences in every age. It bears on its very face the stamp of truth. It tells man a fact which he cannot gainsay, that he is a sinner, and that as a sinner he is already in misery, and is exposed to death for ever. It opens up before him a fountain for his uncleanness, offers a balm for his distress, a purity for his whole nature, and a heaven beyond the grave. It discloses the plan by which this mercy may be his, the conditions on which salvation is offered, the privileges secured, and the obligations imposed. It sets before him the dread realities of the judgment, the eternity of bliss and of woe, and by every hallowed consideration which can influence a human being, it urges him to embrace the one and to shun the other. These sublime truths have produced their legitimate results. They have made the sinner a saint, purifying his heart, hallowing his thoughts, sanctifying his lips, and regenerating his life. They have transformed the blasphemer into a man of prayer. They have made the profligate chaste, the Sabbath-breaker devout, the liar truthful, the selfish liberal, and the child of the devil they have made a son of God.

This Gospel has shed an influence over domestic life. It has changed the hearthstone into an altar, the chamber into an oratory, the closet into a sanctuary, and the place of business into a Bethel. It has given laws and constitutions to nations. It has established and exalted the throne. It has made the rich affable, and the poor contented. It has sanctified

the relationships of life, and is now preparing the world for the second coming of its Lord. There is for this Gospel a magnificent future. It shall witness the bearing down and crushing under foot of all opposition, the elevation and blessedness of the whole human race, the re-linking of earth and heaven, which sin had so sadly severed, the full prophetic union of the Godhead and the manhood, and the long-sighed-for consummation when the kingdoms of this world shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

APPLICATION.—1. *A word of warning*; especially to the young and those rising up to manhood. Never trifle with truth, or parley with falsehood. Remember that the man's character is gone who cannot be believed. The hateful habit of lying is not found alone. He who can intentionally deceive his neighbour will probably filch his purse, or blast his reputation. In the vast rolling prairies of America, you may travel for hundreds of miles, without seeing a house, a rock, a cascade, or even a tree. The vegetation grows to a great height, and affords shelter to countless animals and reptiles. In the summer season this long grass is as dry as tinder. As the traveller rides heedlessly along, he lets fall a spark upon it, and the grass becomes ignited. Thoughtlessly he journeys on, till by and by the curling smoke behind him is the sure indication that danger is near. That curling smoke increases, until "a pale azure shadow" ascends towards heaven. The steed which carries him raises a cry of fear, and bounds along; but the winds and flame are swifter than the fleetest animal. The fiery-tongued serpent

leaps from its hiding-place, and throws into the air its gleaming light. The danger is now apprehended, but it is too late. The conflagration reaches and passes over the traveller, and both the horse and his rider fall dead upon the ground. Vice has a terrible power of propagation. The heart of a liar is a hotbed of evil, where the passions grow rife; and if you throw into it a spark of temptation, it may burn into awful flame, and both body and soul may be ruined for ever. Cultivate, therefore, the love of truth.

2. *A word of exhortation.* Do not begrudge any amount of labour in pursuit of the truth. By and by, you will be amply repaid. The Alpine traveller, after he has gazed upon the pleasant waters which pass through and fertilize the plain, resolves to trace those waters to their source. But it is vain to make such a resolve, unless he is prepared to encounter fatigue and difficulty. He may be assured it will not be all smooth journeying. Many a scene of wild sublimity he will have to traverse. Precipices which at the first blush seem inaccessible will have to be climbed. Precipitous gorges lie in the way, and must be descended. Mountain upon mountain has to be overtopped. It may be, that many a roaring and dangerous cataract has to be passed. But if he is willing to brave the difficulty and face the toil, he will receive ample recompense in the loveliness and grandeur and magnificence, which beyond all previous conception, burst upon his view. The student of truth will obtain glorious sights, if he will only pursue the stream to its source; and let him never forget that in Christ "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and know-

ledge." There must be the personal acceptance of Gospel, saving truth, of the truth of Christ.

3. *A word of comfort.* The Gospel is safe. It is true there are many obstacles. The human heart is against it. The selfishness and pride of our nature are against it. Gigantic systems of fraud and falsehood are against it. Hell is against it. But greater is He that is with us than he that is with them. They must strive, with the conviction that theirs is a failing cause. We push the conquests of truth, with the assurance that there is before us a universal triumph.

"So let it be : in God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight :
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light and Truth and Love of Heaven."

III.

CHRIST INDISPENSABLE TO SALVATION.

"IF I WASH THEE NOT, THOU HAST NO PART WITH ME."—JOHN XIII. 8.

OF all the Jewish festivals, none was more solemn than the Passover; and of all the annual celebrations of that feast, none was more impressive than the one connected with this text. It was the last which the world's Redeemer attended, and the one in which He took occasion to prepare His disciples for their coming trials and duties. He had passed through the scenes of His Ministry, and was now come to that hour appointed of the Father, when He must die for man. The disciples, whom He had loved with an intensity that cannot be put into language, and that failed not even in the last moments of His life, were about to receive the sublimest lesson of devotion from their loving Master. "Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And supper being ended"—or rather, the first part of the supper being ended, for it is afterwards intimated that the feast was not yet completed—"the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him ;

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God"—that is, with the full consciousness of His dignity and glory—proceeded to an act of humiliation which ordinarily in an Eastern household fell to the lot of a slave. From so majestic an introduction, you would expect that the Evangelist was about to narrate some deed of matchless power. But mark the record: "He riseth from supper"—having probably finished the antepast, which is said always to have been taken before eating the paschal lamb—"and laid aside his garments"—surely that same seamless robe of which we read on an after and more melancholy occasion—"and took a towel, and girded himself"—according to the manner of a domestic servant. "After that he poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." While the guests were reclining at an Oriental table, their feet were washed without any change of posture. The slave "came and gently raised the foot, and inserted under it the basin of water. He then laved the foot, and rubbed it with his right hand, while he held it with his left, finally wiping it with the towel with which he was girded."

This ceremony was not really a part of the Passover service, for the hands only were then required to be washed, so that our Lord here gave a spontaneous and unparalleled proof of His humility and affection; for rarely had it been heard of that the feet of a guest should be washed by his equal, never till now that it should be done by a superior. Several reasons are

assigned why Jesus undertook this menial service. (1.) That He might testify the love He bore to His disciples. (2.) That He might give an instance of His own voluntary humility and condescension. (3.) That He might signify to them what was meant by spiritual washing, as He did in a former discourse with Peter. (4.) That He might set them an example for the future.

Whether He began with Peter, we do not know; but this impulsive and wayward disciple, on the very approach of the Lord towards him, exhibited both the good and the bad qualities of his nature. Amazed at such a mark of condescension, and overpowered by the thought of his own unworthiness, he seems almost to put forth his hand to hold back his Lord; and exclaims, "Lord, dost *thou* wash *my* feet?" who am so vastly Thine inferior, and so great a sinner. "Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The action was symbolical, and the *design* was not at the moment apparent to the disciples; but in due time it would be seen, and would then be gratefully appreciated. But Peter, still under a noble though mistaken impulse, "saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet—*no, never!*" This was to some extent a generous and honourable utterance, though quite wrong, for he had just been told that there was a meaning in the act. But Jesus soon secured Peter's acquiescence, by the statement of the text, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

I. EXPOUND THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE TEXT.

II. UNFOLD ITS PRINCIPLE.

I. And here there are three subjects presented to the expositor: the *Person*, the *Process*, and the *Alternative*.

1. The *Person whom our Lord addressed*.

(1.) His *history*. There is a thrilling interest in tracing out the topography and incidents of Bible scenery. The student of the past feels his soul stirred within him, as, in the languages of the olden times, he reads of historic places and the deeds of the mighty dead. The pass of Thessaly, and the three hundred brave Spartan warriors; the plain of Marathon, and the courage of Miltiades; the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero; and even the grand epics of our own Country's history, have an undying interest. But with a deeper and far holier feeling, does the Christian student think of the places and persons immediately associated with "the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ." The little Country of the Holy Land is the most classic ground on earth.

In the Northern part of it is the province of Galilee, which is divided into two districts, the upper and the lower. The latter of these comprises a mountainous region, in the centre of which is a very deep hollow, or immense natural basin, of many miles in circumference, formed by the surrounding hills. The waters of this hollow, made up of contributions from many a mountain stream, are variously designated as the Sea of Galilee, the Lake of Gennesaret, and the Sea of Tiberias. It is a soft and beautiful expanse of water; and right through the middle of it runs a portion of the Jordan, the smoothness of whose current the eye can distinctly follow. The surrounding scenery is bold

and varied ; and the whole landscape is so calculated to produce impression on a thoughtful mind, that you are not surprised at the exaggerated utterance of the *Talmud* : " Seven seas have I created, saith God, and of them all have I chosen none but the Sea of Gennesaret."

The shores of the lake were studded with little towns and villages, and on the Western side lay Bethsaida, a fishing settlement, and the birthplace of Peter. His father's name was Jonas, and he was called Simon Bar-jona. In this comparatively wild but busy neighbourhood, he spent his childhood, sometimes hunting the game upon the hills, and sometimes plying his oar upon the lake. So that the locality of his birth and its associations, the free range of the mountains and their bracing air, the perils and adventures of the seas, all fostered the eager impetuosity and the daring for which he afterwards became notorious. As youth wore on, and he grew up into manhood, he was put to the trade of a fisherman, himself and his parents little thinking of what should happen in the after-time.

His conversion and call to public life were on this wise. He had a thoughtful brother, Andrew, who afterwards was united with him in the Apostleship, but in earlier life was a disciple of John the Baptist. On one occasion, when the disciple and his teacher were conversing together, Jesus came in sight. John immediately broke off the conversation, and pointing to the Saviour, said, " Behold the Lamb of God !" Andrew and a friend who was with him, on hearing this announcement, followed Jesus, who graciously received them, and, after speaking to

them words of wisdom, invited them to a further conference at His own home. Andrew, however, was so impressed with the character of Christ, that even before he would accompany Him for the night, he hastened in search of his brother, so that he too might make this acquaintance, and share in his own joy—an example of fraternal solicitude which should not be lost upon us. He came to his brother full of excitement, and said, “We have found the Messias!” which is, being interpreted, the Christ. The two together hastened after the Lord towards Capernaum, a small town adjacent to Bethsaida, where the Saviour abode: and when Simon was introduced, Jesus said unto him, “Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas,” which is, by interpretation, a stone; and from henceforth his name is Peter.

They remained for one day with the great Master; and it was the day on which the marriage of Cana was celebrated, so that they witnessed the first of a train of glorious miracles. The next day they returned to their homes and worldly duties, both of them affectionate disciples of Christ. For about twelve months, Peter followed his trade, and diligently provided for his household; for he was a married man. But one morning, after a dreary and profitless night on the waters, the two brothers, who had given up the toil as fruitless, made for the shore, and began to wash their nets. Jesus drew near; a crowd soon gathered; and He, seeing the empty boats, entered into the one which belonged to Peter, and requested him to move a little from the land. When He had

given instruction to the multitudes before Him, He turned to the disciple, and commanded him to launch out, and let down the net. After a moment's hesitation, for the memory of the night's experience lingered with Peter, this was done; a great draught of fishes was taken; and Peter fell down at Jesus' feet, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." "And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him."

This was Peter's entrance upon a course of action which exhibited one of the most extraordinary characters the world ever knew.

(2.) *His character.* There was in him a wondrous combination of good and bad; though, on the whole, the good happily predominates. You see a large amount of the bright and sunny: but here and there a considerable spot presents itself; and in one instance the spot darkens into a foul blot. The denial of his Lord may never be forgotten; though, with the fact before us that that sin was so graciously forgiven, and even followed by the Saviour's loving confidence, we may check the hasty indignation which is apt to rise. But while we lament the many weaknesses which marked his character, we gaze with gladness on so much that is noble and affecting.

Earnest zeal stands out most prominently. His ardent temperament prompted him to constant action. An indolent man, if not scathed by Peter's indignant eloquence, would have been shamed out of his idleness by Peter's unceasing activity. He was one of those characters most distasteful to a company of quiet, ease-loving, immobile, plethoric people. He was always

on the move. If others would not fall into his plans, they must fall out of his way. There was no peace, either in the home or in the Church, if their members were not about their business. He made no truce with the sluggard, and gave no quarter to laziness. You would suppose, as you looked at him, that he was trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion; and, though some persons might construe his activity into fidgetiness, he was one of those bustling, energetic people that the world always requires.

But his *courage* was as remarkable as his zeal. Show him the path of duty, and he was ready for daring. To whisper into his ear that there was danger, or that a lion was in the way, would probably quicken his already nimble step to approach and encounter it. Fear was a quality little developed in his course, always excepting one sad instance.

His *affection* was equal both to his zeal and his courage. He loved his Master, and he loved his work.

Peter's character, however, had a shady side. There was a large amount of the real golden ore; but it was not unalloyed. As you looked upon the piece of coin, you were quite sure that it had come from the mint, that it bore the right effigy and superscription, and that it would pass current; but as you rang it down upon the counter, the sound told you in a moment that a flaw was in it. Peter was too impulsive: there was in him a tendency to be meddlesome: his judgment was not equal to his zeal: and "his lips" were not in the habit of "keeping knowledge." Quick-thoughted and quick-footed, his tongue outran all.

Tossed during a stormy night on the Sea of Galilee, the disciples, about the fourth watch, beheld the Saviour coming. Peter, full of love and daring, was anxious to go and meet Him. His impulsiveness threw him into the water; and, having miscalculated his faith, or perhaps having never calculated it at all, he began to sink. The loving Master, however, held him up, and with a gentle chiding, said, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" On the holy mountain, Peter had a glorious view of the transfiguration of Christ. It was one of the happiest moments of his life. Thrilled to his soul's centre with the joyous scene, he cried, "Master, it is good for us to be here." It was a beautiful utterance; and if he had stopped there, there would have been no drawback. But he said too much. His feeling carried him beyond his judgment, and he preferred a request which was in fact both wrong and ridiculous. "Let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." And this he said, the Evangelist tells us, "not knowing what he said." Peter felt the honour of accompanying Jesus into the garden of Gethsemane. A real affection for the Sufferer had possession of his heart. And yet, in the very height of the agony, he gave way to nature, and fell asleep. He was one of the first to declare undying constancy to Christ, and even volunteered the statement, "Though all should deny thee, yet will not I," and he was sincere when he said it. But he was over-confident; and had to weep bitterly for his fall. So with regard to the facts of this chapter. It was a grand gush of love that led him to cry, "Thou

shalt never wash *my* feet:" but it was very thoughtless and ill-timed, after the Saviour's words, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

While, however, there is in the character of this Apostle that which mars the perfect portraiture, there is much more to admire and approve. When you think of the nobleness of his nature, the earnestness of his life, and see that life crowned by a glorious martyr-death, you may well desire that the failings should be forgotten, and the good be cherished. And while, in the light of these failings, we read Rome's folly, which gives such a pre-eminence to Peter, let us cultivate those virtues which shone in him, and glorify that Saviour who was the object of his intensest affection; that we may be able to say, as he said in one of his last interviews with Jesus, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

2. *The Process.* "*If I wash thee not,*" said Jesus to Peter, "thou hast no part with me." There can be no doubt as to the symbolical import of this action. The Saviour designed, by this physical process, to tell of man's defilement and the gospel cleansing.

(1.) There is *impurity* implied. The nature which was created holy has undergone a fearful change, and through transgression has "altogether become filthy." Sin is polluting; and the contagious defilement has become universal. There is no man of the race, there is no part of the man which can boast exception. Whatever be his outward circumstances—whether in courtly glare and royal pomp he wields the sceptre

over empires ; or, deep down in squalid poverty, he drags out a miserable existence in the cellar or the hovel : whether among the tomes of learning and in the halls of science, he ranks with the *litterati* of the age ; or is numbered with the crowds who know nothing beyond the commonest routine of daily life : whether upon the distant battlefield he is seeking laurels to immortalize his name and adorn his Country ; or in that far distant and unremembered hamlet, where the apparatus of modern science has not yet found its way, and civilisation has hardly reached its dawning time, the unambitious peasant tramps his weary day-path,—there is the same condition. “Death,” the death of depravity, has “passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.”

There is universal defilement in the *man* as well as in the *race*. The mind cannot claim superiority over the body in this respect, nor the heart over either. The whole man, “from the sole of the foot even unto the head,” is a mass of “wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.” The Bible speaks of the “filthiness of the flesh.” There is not only the impurity which clings to the body, but the impure purposes to which the body is devoted. The *mind* is debauched. Its powers and faculties, once so pure and elevated, are dragged through the slough of transgression and alienation. The thoughts, once under the highest restraints of Heaven, now run riot in unholy scenes and places. The whole mental house has become a “cage of unclean birds.”

“The *heart* is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” There is no pitch of vice to which the

affections will not lead their victim ; there is no dishonour to God which they will not sanction ; and there is no act of debasement and filthiness which they will not prompt him to commit. Oh ! it is not needful to make a pilgrimage to heathen shrines, and see the depths of depravity into which the devotees of superstition are plunged. It is not needful to wander in the darkness of night through the lowest streets of a crowded City, and visit the haunts of drunkenness, the dens of infamy, or the gambling hells. You will find defilement much nearer home. Take your own heart, and with firm hand make the operation. Probe the wound to the bottom ; and as you reach the disease and dislodge the feculence, you may tremble before God, and say : " Behold, I am vile : " " wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

(2.) But while man is defiled, there is for him *the cleansing*. He may be washed. There is a significance in this word which we are apt to overlook. In the time of our Lord, special regard was given to the ablutions of the body, which were regarded as religious rites. Many of these were without divine authority ; but others were in the ritual, and were solemnly enjoined as necessary to purification. Water, therefore, is a frequent emblem of the agency by which we are made holy. " Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean : from all your filthiness, and from all idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new Spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh " (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26).

Every part of the Gospel salvation is surely included here. The *pardon* of sin, and the *justification* of the person before God: "And such were some of you; but ye are *washed*, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. vi. 11).

The *regeneration* of our nature: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the *washing of regeneration*, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Tit. iii. 5).

The *sanctification* of our heart and life: "Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it; that he might *sanctify and cleanse* it with the *washing of water* by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Eph. v. 25-27).

There is no impurity, therefore, from which you may not be cleansed. There is no sin which may not be forgiven. There is no heart too defiled for the Gospel process. The man whose whole soul is saturated, drenched in blackest moral filth; who has permitted himself to be dragged through pools of corruption, and lies, in fact, the embodiment of loathsomeness and putrefaction; may be raised up, and plunged into the Gospel fountain, and undergo the cleansing, and leave all the defilement behind, and stand up in the light of the sun as pure as an angel, be clothed in the robes of sanctity, and be made meet for heaven.

"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high

priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water" (Heb. x. 19-22).

(3.) The *means* and the *agency* by which this washing is effected. Jesus is the great Purifier. "If *I* wash thee not." *He* "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." *His* blood "cleanseth us from all sin." But He employs means and agencies to accomplish the work. Here is the impurity to be cleansed; here is the water for the washing; and now comes the actual operation. The sinner is thrown into "the laver of regeneration." He passes through the Gospel process. The Holy Ghost applies the truth, and he becomes "a new creature in Christ." The means are the Gospel, and the agency is the Spirit. The Gospel tells him of his *need* and *danger*. He is not left to any human reasoning, to spell out the grounds of his unholiness, or to argue the probabilities of the future. He is told emphatically: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin" (Rom. v. 12); "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. ix. 17). The Gospel gives to him the promise of deliverance. It sets forth "Christ evidently crucified before his eyes." And then the Holy Spirit brings this Gospel home, and introduces him to "newness of life." We are "sanctified through the truth;" His "word is truth."

3. *The Alternative.* "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," nothing in common with Me, no real interest in Me, and nothing to expect from Me.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

(1.) To have part with Christ implies *oneness*; to have no part with Christ implies *separation*. The life of the soul is in this union. In Paradise man lived, because God and man lived together. In Paradise man died, because God and man were separated by the gulf which sin had formed. Christ by His mediation brings God and man together again; and just as the soul is attracted to God, so that union between the two is effected, it begins to live. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

(2.) To have part with Christ implies *fellowship*; to have no part with Christ implies *distance*—not only separation, by which the bond is broken, but a rapid and dangerous departure, by which the distance between the two is ever increasing. Only snap the link which unites that train on the incline to the motive power; and then, instead of the upward and forward action as before, there is the reverse movement: and now the motion downward is hastened by every rotation, and the velocity becomes greater every moment; until, without the interposition of some miracle of mercy, the horrible catastrophe ensues, and the separation ends in death and ruin. But the soul can be rescued, even in the height of its danger, and brought back from its distance and peril, and be reunited to Christ, and enjoy a fellowship with Him which shall never die. "Wherefore remember . . . that at that

time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us" (Eph. ii. 11-14).

(3.) Furthermore, to have part with Christ implies *benediction*; to have no part with Christ implies *alienation*. You not only lose the smile, but you secure the frown. It is not only the absence of those riches which are beyond all price, but the presence of poverty, and want, and hunger, the misery of which defies all description.

How sad and awful is the thought that, as a sinner, you have no part with Christ. He offers Himself to you; and in that offer there is everything you need. The spirit of penitency and earnest desire for salvation; the peace of forgiving mercy; the knowledge of pardon and His loving smile; the expulsion of evil principles, and the gift of a new nature; tranquillity of spirit amid all the upheavings and tossings of the stormy state; consolation in the heaviest trial, and victory over Satan in moments of temptation; strength for the discharge of duty, both in the Church and in the world; a calm and confident looking on to death, and a joy, it may be, waxing into rapture as life is ending; an opening through that dark cloud which hides the future from us, a few rays at least of glory streaming through the chink, to point and lead us to the better land; a seat with Him upon the throne, on the other side of death;

a share of His own bliss ; and the crowning benediction that this heaven, once gained, is heaven for ever—all this He offers. But if you have no part with Him, you have no claim to it. You have no comfort, no joy in your heart ; no right to expect sunshine in your household, or blessing on your business. There is a worm always at the gourd of your worldly pleasures. There is a deadly serpent on your track wherever you go—in the social circle, on the exchange, in your haunts of sin. You cannot rid yourselves of its presence, though sometimes you may hide its sting from your eye. And then, while this world, which might have been a paradise of blessing, is to you a dreary, if not a miserable existence, you have no hope beyond. The future is all dark to you ; a “fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries.” No star will ever break through that gloom, to convey one ray of light or one message of mercy. Separated from all that is good, and consigned to fellowship with every foul and loathsome fiend that finds a home in hell, the unutterable anguish of your spirit can know no end.

Oh ! come to Christ. He waits to wash you. He offers pardon now. You need not linger. If your hearts are broken, you may come, and He will bind them up. If your hearts are hard, He will break the rock. Just now, and just as you are, O penitent sinner, come to Jesus. He waits to save you *now*. Come, and say—

“ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

“ Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come ! ”

II. We take this text to mean that there is no salvation out of, or apart from, Christ. Surely no proposition was ever simpler or more certain ; and yet no proposition ever needed to be more constantly stated and enforced. There are but few in Christian congregations who would openly deny it ; their name is legion who deny it practically. Mark the difficulty which even a penitent sinner realizes, in exercising a simple trust in Jesus ; how his whole nature recoils at the doctrine of so great a blessing hanging on *such* a condition. See the obstacles which human reason often interposes to Heaven’s plan of mercy, because that reason assumes to be the judge of revelation. Observe the lofty bearing, and almost contemptuous sneer, with which the Pharisees of our day regard their humbler brethren ; some of them glorying in their birth and pious parentage ; others in their education ; and others still in their proprieties of external conduct ; while none of them are sufficiently contrite to confess their sin : and you will justify the enforcement of this principle—*no salvation apart from Christ*. “ If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.”

1. *The object to be attained—Salvation.* Christ offers Himself as your Saviour. “ Thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.” There is no word of larger import in the Bible. *Sin* has a wide meaning and application ; but *salvation* covers it, and extends beyond. It embraces everything

which a sinner wants in this world, and everything which a saint can desire in the world to come. It includes pardon, and renewal, and purity. It restores the divine image which sin had blotted out. It makes man happy and useful here, and secures to him hereafter an immoveable kingdom and an unfading crown. He is "the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him" (Heb. v. 9).

2. But observe, such an object can only be attained in Christ. *All other means are inadequate to reach it.*

It cannot be denied, however, that other means are employed—that tens of thousands at this moment are seeking for the right thing in the wrong way; and until their refuges of lies are removed, they will not come to Christ. Human philosophy appeals to the reason; the oracles of morality to the external conduct; and the abettors of formalism to ritual observance.

(1.) There is a *pseudo-philosophy* which offers to save. To deify reason at the expense of revelation is no new thing; it is nearly as old as sin. It is not, however, the business of a Christian to decry reason. This is a noble faculty, and has a large work to do for good. But the sin is, that men put reason on an elevation she was never designed to occupy. She is the handmaiden of religion and revelation, but not their judge. And when she is thrust into the position she unwillingly holds, she is made to utter judgments which are not her own. It is like violently placing a royal diadem on the head, when the wearer feels that he has no claim to it. It is as when John the Baptist was proclaimed the Messiah; and he, knowing his inferiority, was compelled to cry out, "I am not the Christ . . . I am the

voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord" (John i. 20-23). Revelation says that there is a Trinity of Persons in the united God-head, and requires the belief of this as the basis of religious truth; reason is made to say that it is a self-contradictory proposition, and must not be believed. Revelation says that the Son of God, to become a perfect Saviour, united in His own Person the divine and human natures; reason is made to say that such a union is an impossibility, and therefore never could be. Revelation says the sinner must abandon every atom of self-righteousness, and accept forgiveness as an act of grace alone; reason is made to say that such a condition is an undeserved scandal upon human nature, and must be indignantly rejected. Revelation says that by and by a general resurrection will take place, and every body of the silent dead shall rise and become re-united with its own spirit; reason is made to say that such a doctrine is absurdity run mad, and to give to the inspired volume the lie direct.

But while this human reasoning contradicts the Bible, it thrusts itself into the place of revelation. It tells the man to exercise his faculties, and train his mind, and control his passions, and make the best of his circumstances, and fulfil his destiny: and then, if there be no hereafter, it will be all right; and if there be, it will not harm him. Now, what is all this but the blackest infidelity? Most wisely does the Bible pronounce the atheist a fool. When you think of the infinite worth and duration of the soul, you will not trust to a foundation like this.

(2.) *Morality* appeals to *external conduct*. We employ

this word in deference to the usages of society, though, strictly speaking, the only morality worth preaching is that which springs from love to Christ:—

“Talk they of morals? O Thou bleeding Love,
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind,
The grand morality is love of Thee.”

There is, however, a class of persons, who constantly commend morality, as it is opposed to experimental religion, and who do not hesitate to say that the requirements of the Gospel are hard and tyrannical; that it is enough if a man fulfil his duties and transact his business honourably, and discharge his obligations to those around him, and lead a virtuous life. In their self-righteousness, they spurn the doctrine of atonement, and even intimate that justice will have abandoned her throne, if they be punished for their sin. Now, is this foundation any safer than the other? While the atheist is guilty of folly, the mere moralist is guilty of falsehood. “There is none righteous; no, not one.”

(3.) But the third class is the largest, and perhaps in the greatest danger: the disciples of *formalism* appeal to *ritual observance*. With large multitudes, religion is nothing beyond the form—there is no power. To look upon a company of formalists is like gazing upon a gallery of pictures, or the products of the sculptor’s chisel. There are the outlines of the human face, and there may be symmetry of form and beauty of expression. But take hold of that hand of marble, and whisper into that ear on the canvas. The one is cold as death, and the other heedless as the grave.

There is the formalism of *creed*. Many have

embraced a particular set of doctrines, perhaps from education ; and if any of these are impugned, they will loudly cry against heterodoxy : but the embodiment of these doctrines in practical daily life does not trouble them. To have what are assumed to be wrong views is, with some persons, a greater crime than godlessness ; and love to God and man is nothing, if the lips do not utter the shibboleth of the sect. If the figments of Sacramental efficacy and Apostolical succession, in all their breadth, and with all their legitimate consequences, were to be accepted by the Churches, the foulest immoralities that an impure priesthood ever committed might be justified, and the last vestige of a spiritual religion would soon be trampled out of the world.

There is the formalism of *service*. It requires the exact and constant performance of prescribed duty. It makes religion to consist in attendance upon the sanctuary, and the decorous fulfilment of sanctuary service ; in bending the knee at the right moment, and bowing the head when the ritual requires ; in visiting the sick, and feeding the hungry, and accomplishing the whole round of ceremonial observances. It would shudder at any word against prescription ; and, while it would allow the preacher to utter truth or error as he may think fit, it would regard any innovation upon forms and formularies as sufficient to exclude him from the kingdom of heaven.

Oh ! let me warn you against this snare of the devil. Do not hastily condemn what we are about to say ; but try it by the divine and authoritative word. It may sound harshly upon the ear of the merely pro-

fessing Christian, but we believe it to be as true as the throne of God. You may have had a religious ancestry, and be able to claim relationship with many of the honoured dead. From earliest childhood, seeds of truth may have been deposited in your mind, and religious culture may have been bestowed. You may have been led by the hand of affection to the house of God, and taught to reverently lisp the ever precious Name. You may have felt a constantly deepening interest in the sanctuary services, and realized, under the Ministry of the Word, your condition as a sinner, and your exposure to the pit. You may have been charitable in your benefactions to the poor, and patterns of patience and punctuality at the Sabbath School. You may have been amiable in your disposition, and courteous in all your demeanour. You may have conducted your business, so that even the lynx eye of a competitor or a rival could detect no stain. You may have had a sincere regard for the Ministers of religion, and an earnest pleasure in the society of saints. You may have had your name on the Church's register, and been ready to do battle against the opponents of religion. You may have bent your knee at the sacramental table, and taken into your trembling hands the memorials of your dying Saviour. You may have desired salvation, and prayed for salvation, and wept for salvation—and yet, after all, you may have come short of the act of faith in, and consecration to, Christ; you may have no part with Him now; and unless you go the one step farther, and become one with Him, you will have no part hereafter.

Oh! be exhorted to give up all confidence in your-

selves, in your creeds, in your ritual observances; and realize that

“Faith which sweetly works by love,
And purifies the heart.”

3. While all these earthly props will fail you, you will find a *sufficiency in Christ*.

“A Way He is to lost ones that have strayed;
A Robe He is to such as naked be.
Is any hungry? To all such He's Bread:
Is any weak? In Him, how strong is he!
To him that's dead He's Life, to sick men Health,
Eyes to the blind, and to the poor man Wealth.”

There is no man on earth He is unable to save. He meets the case of all *persons, conditions, and circumstances*. Persons of all ages, and in every clime; men of all colours and grades of intellect; every class in society, from the highest to the lowest, may come. Every texture of mind and habitude of thought; every state of the heart, and every feature of experience, will find its counterpart in the Gospel, and its appropriate truth. You need not hesitate to come yourselves, nor to bring others. You cannot induce the wrong ones to draw nigh. Throw forth the invitations without fear. Bring the vilest, and the oldest, and the most sinful, and the most miserable. “This man receiveth sinners.” “Wherefore, he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.” Poor wanderer, come! If you are saved at all, it must be by Jesus. “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12). Take hold of His mercy, and keep hold till death.

“Cling to the *Mighty* One ; cling in thy grief :
Cling to the *Holy* One ; He gives relief :
Cling to the *Gracious* One ; cling in thy pain :
Cling to the *Faithful* One ; He will sustain :
Cling to the *Living* One ; cling in thy woe :
Cling to the *Loving* One, through all below :
Cling to the *Pardoning* One ; He speaketh peace :
Cling to the *Healing* One ; anguish shall cease :
Cling to the *Bleeding* One ; cling to His side :
Cling to the *Risen* One ; in Him abide :
Cling to the *Coming* One ; hope shall arise :
Cling to the *Reigning* One ; HE never dies.”

CONCLUSION.—Let us obtain higher and clearer views of that Religion, of which Christ is the Author, and the absolute necessity of which this subject fully teaches us. Every other system lacks adaptation and power. Well is this Christianity said to be “characterised by perfect harmony in all its parts and all its bearings : and in its results it secures all the great ends proposed by the sublimest economy which infinite Wisdom has devised. See what practical Christianity has already done for the world, and say whether she is not to be greeted as a good angel from the world above. Behold how many fountains of sorrow she has dried up, and how many fountains of joy she has unsealed. Behold her appropriating the world as her field, and going forth with a heart that beats to every form of human woe, and a hand open to dispense blessings of every description. And though the work she has set herself to accomplish is only begun, she has done enough to constitute a pledge that she will do the whole ; that she will never rest from her labours, till the world has been reclaimed from the dominion of the curse, and the last gem has been set in the Mediator’s crown.

“Let Antinomianism go to sleep, and dream that there is nothing for her to do, inasmuch as God is pledged to do it all; but let her know, that ere long she will awake from her slumbers to a sense of ignominy and wailing. Meanwhile, let practical Christianity wax bolder and stronger in her efforts to renovate the world and glorify God; and, as God’s Word is true, to her will belong the honour of having carried the news of salvation and raised the Redeemer’s standard among all nations.”

IV.

MELCHISEDEC, A TYPE OF CHRIST.

“FOR THIS MELCHISEDEC, KING OF SALEM, PRIEST OF THE MOST HIGH GOD, WHO MET ABRAHAM RETURNING FROM THE SLAUGHTER OF THE KINGS, AND BLESSED HIM ; TO WHOM ALSO ABRAHAM GAVE A TENTH PART OF ALL ; FIRST BEING BY INTERPRETATION KING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND AFTER THAT ALSO KING OF SALEM, WHICH IS KING OF PEACE ; WITHOUT FATHER, WITHOUT MOTHER, WITHOUT DESCENT, HAVING NEITHER BEGINNING OF DAYS, NOR END OF LIFE ; BUT MADE LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD ; ABIDETH A PRIEST CONTINUALLY.”—HEB. VII. 1-3.

THIS passage is connected with the 10th verse of the 5th chapter, where the Apostle mentions the name of Melchisedec as typical of the Messiah. In the unfolding of his general argument as to the superiority of the Christian economy, and therefore as to the supremacy of Christ its Author, he had already disposed of that part of it which referred to the angels and the prophet Moses, and was now entering upon the comparison between Christ and Aaron concerning the priesthood. And, indicating the inferiority of the Aaronic order, he quotes a passage from the 110th Psalm : “ The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent ; Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.” He then leaves the subject, with the significant intimation that they were not yet sufficiently

matured in Christian knowledge to receive it. "Of whom we have many things to say, and hard to be uttered, seeing ye are dull of hearing" (chap. v. 11). He therefore makes it his business to prepare them for it,—*First*, by *rebuking* them for their small *attainments*: "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat" (ver. 12). *Secondly*, by *exhorting* them to vigorous *advances*: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment" (chap. vi. 1, 2). These are merely the rudiments of Christianity,—the doctrines "pertaining to the beginning of a Christian life." If we are no further than these mere elements of New Testament truth, we are not prepared for the sublime doctrine now before us. *Thirdly*, by a solemn warning against *apostasy*: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame" (vers. 4–6). *Fourthly*, by *encouraging* them to *trust* in God, because of His covenant faithfulness: "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance

of hope unto the end : that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself, saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee."

Having thus prepared the way, he returns to the subject, and expatiates upon Melchisedec as a type of Christ.

"For this Melchisedec, King of Salem, priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him; to whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all; first being by interpretation King of righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is, King of peace; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually."

MELCHISEDEC, A TYPE OF CHRIST.

I. AS TO HIS KINGSHIP.

II. AS TO HIS PRIESTHOOD.

I. AS A KING. It may seem strange that of a person so illustrious in birth and character, and so important in his connection with the world's Redeemer, the historic record is so scanty. We take it, however, as it is written in Genesis. "And Melchisedec, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies

into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all" (chap. xiv. 18-20). We lay aside at once all the fanciful interpretations which have been given to this passage; such, for instance, as that the bread and wine were typical of the Lord's Supper, and that this man was Shem, the son of Noah, or even the Son of God Himself, as has sometimes been asserted. The account is doubtless as much a history of fact as any other which the Old Testament supplies. We are simply told that as Abraham was returning from a successful military expedition against four confederate kings, and was passing through the territories of this King of Salem, he was met by the monarch himself, who expressed his gratitude to the patriarch for what he had done, bestowed his priestly benediction, and offered to him and his warriors the rites of hospitality; to whom, in return, Abraham gave tithes of all the battle spoil, both as a mark of gratitude to the King, and as an offering to God.

One feature of the character of Melchisedec may now be named. He was both *king* and *priest*, and in this respect was a perfect type of the Messiah. The ritual of Moses forbade the union of these two offices. One of the kings of Judah, notwithstanding some good *traits* in his government, was smitten with leprosy because he attempted it; for when Uzziah went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense, Azariah the priest went in after him, and with him fourscore priests of the Lord, that were valiant men: and they withstood Uzziah the king, and said unto him, "It appertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are conse-

crated to burn incense ; go out of the sanctuary, for thou hast trespassed ; neither shall it be for thine honour from the Lord God " (2 Chron. xxvi. 16-18). The wrath of Heaven fell upon him, and he was a leper to the day of his death. But this union, which was represented by Melchisedec, is seen in Christ. Zechariah says, " He shall sit and rule upon his throne, and he shall be a priest upon his throne " (vi. 13). And St. Peter declares that " him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins " (Acts v. 31).

See him first *as a King*.

Melchisedec was King of Salem. There can be but little question that this place is Jerusalem itself. Salem was the original name of that city ; and even for many ages after the term Jebus was prefixed, was it thus designated. " In Judah is God known : his name is great in Israel. In *Salem* also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion " (Ps. lxxvi. 1, 2). The ruler of Salem was the representative of Messiah's monarchy.

1. There is a twofold view to be taken of Christ's kingship. One of these refers to His divine character, and to that eternal dignity which belongs to Him as a divine Person. The triune Godhead, in which He is the second Person, is King for ever. The wide world of creation is the territory over which He sways His sceptre ; and worlds on worlds extending far beyond this earth are under His dominion.

The vast extent of matter which makes up the universe, in all its ponderousness, and variety, and beauty

—the change of seasons, ever true and ever welcome— all obey the laws which as universal Sovereign He has laid down. The planetary system is a part of His domain. The sun keeps his course, the moon her orbit, and the stars their spheres, at His command. Angels in heaven, men upon earth, devils in hell, are the subjects of His everlasting kingdom.

2. But we now refer to His rule as the Messiah. One of the leading features of His Mediatorship is His Kingship. The prophecies of the Old Testament, and the histories of the New, put this before us with the utmost prominence. His own character is embodied in His Kingdom. It is here reflected with precision and sublimity. His government shows what He is as King.

When Daniel was required to interpret the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, he made special reference to Messiah's kingdom. The head of the image, which was of gold, was the Babylonian empire; the breast and arms of silver was the Medo-Persian; the body and thighs of brass was the Macedonian; the legs of iron was the Roman; and during the existence of this fourth power, another Kingdom was to be set up by the God of heaven, which should never be destroyed. And then was the prophet caught up by the Spirit, and saw both the King and His Kingdom in all their glory. "I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him. His

dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed" (Dan. vii. 13, etc.).

His solemn inauguration to this office took place at His resurrection and ascension. "All power is given unto me in heaven, and in earth." It has been well termed the "coronation day of the King of kings." It took place amid all the glories of the Ascension-mount. Having overcome His enemies and redeemed the world, that Saviour who, in derision, was advertised upon the Cross as "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," was welcomed into heaven with regal pomp and dignity. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory" (Ps. xxiv. 7-10).

Now, bear in mind that this Kingdom has been established for the benefit of man. It is not to be considered merely as a theatre, upon which its Monarch might promulgate His laws, and display His attributes, and levy His forces, and gain His victories, and reward His followers, and punish His enemies; but the grand design of its existence is to save man.

It is a *Spiritual Kingdom*. When you read the records of earthly dynasties, your attention is directed to that which is outward. Historians have written their Constitutions; poets have sung their battles and

their conquests ; artists have painted their warriors and their monarchs ; but in the Kingdom of Christ you see none of these. Here is a hidden power, an unobserved government, a spiritual conflict, and an eternal reward.

This Kingdom is *universal and enduring*. Men may oppose, but they must submit. "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh : the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion" (Ps. ii. 2-6). "He must reign till he hath put all his enemies under his feet." This thought may be implied in the fact that Melchisedec was a type of Christ ; but there are two of its features specially mentioned in the text.

(1.) The first of these is its "*righteousness*." This is the literal meaning of the word Melchisedec,— "first being by interpretation King of righteousness."

This is one of the leading *personal characteristics* of the *Messiah Himself*. The inspired writers have given to this feature the utmost prominence. It would seem that they intended to represent this Kingdom in the Person at its head. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem : behold, thy King cometh unto thee ; he is just, and having salvation" (Zech. ix. 9). He is called by the Almighty Father, "My righteous Servant" (Isa. liii. 11) ; by the prophet, "a righteous Branch" (Jer. xxiii. 5) ; by St. Paul, "the righteous Judge" (2 Tim. iv. 8) ; and by

St. John, "Jesus Christ, the righteous" (1 John ii. 1). The word is moreover used as a perfect embodiment of His character. "He is the Sun of righteousness," radiating His holiness, and justice, and truth, and purity; and, upon those who fear His name will He "arise" in all the glory of these attributes, "with healing in his wings." "And this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." So that, while He is righteous Himself, He is made so to us; and we therefore become "the righteousness of God in him." "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity" (Heb. i. 8, 9).

The Laws of this Kingdom are framed in righteousness. In the remedial scheme there is a divine adaptation between the object to be attained and the instrumentality by which it is to be secured. The design of these laws is to make the subjects of this kingdom righteous, and therefore happy; so the laws themselves are "holy, and just, and good." You will search the records of the Messiah's Ministry in vain for any, the slightest justification of impurity or injustice. "I that speak in righteousness" is His rightful appellation. "The word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness," is a phrase which marks the manner and subject of His teaching. "Mine eyes fail for thy salvation, and for the word of thy righteousness," is the Psalmist's desire, when longing to meditate upon the law of truth. "Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth." It is not therefore by

caprice that the subjects of this Kingdom are governed. They are not placed in any uncertainty, either as to their duty or their final reward. As they will be judged by the Gospel, so they are now ruled by the Gospel. "Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment."

The *Administration of this Kingdom is marked by righteousness*. This is one part of the work to which Christ was designated by the Spirit's anointing. "Behold my servant whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law" (Isa. xlii. 1-4).

Every part of His administration is done in righteousness. The *pardonning of a sinner* is a righteous act. By the grace of God, such a provision has been made, that while "he is just," He is "the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Through the atonement, therefore, forgiveness is offered on the simple terms of believing submission. The King has issued a decree "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The sinner who trusts in Christ has a right to be pardoned. God is not only faithful but "*just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

All the *Privileges* of this Kingdom are righteously bestowed. How vast soever may appear the condescension, the King is not only willing, but graciously acknowledges it right, to become our Friend. He gives

to us a portion of His own blessedness. His image He stamps upon us. His kingdom, which consists of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," He sets up within us. Power over ourselves and sin and Satan He imparts to us. And all this is done as a matter of right. The Saviour has bought every privilege for us; and because of His own purchase—of what is due to Himself—they are not withheld from us.

In all the *Awards* of this Kingdom its righteousness will be seen. "With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins" (Isa. xi. 4, 5). At the final consummation of this Kingdom, He will inflict upon His enemies everlasting punishment, and reward His followers with immortal glory. "But the Lord shall endure for ever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment. And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness" (Ps. ix. 7, 8).

(2.) The second characteristic of this mediatorial Kingdom is its "*peace*." This is the literal import of the word "Salem," "and after that also King of Salem, which is King of peace." Most fitly are these two features of Messiah's rule associated in the text. They are inseparable. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." And probably it is not without reason that they are found in this order; first righteousness and then peace. It would seem that the one was in some sort the effect

of the other. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isa. xxxii. 17).

(i.) *This Kingdom is designed to promote peace between God and man.* The history of our fearful rebellion is, alas! well known. You read it, not only on the inspired page, but in the conflicting passions of your own heart, as well as in the deranged and shattered condition of human society. But it is far more easy to realize the fact of the Fall than the danger to which it exposed us. The wrath of the Sovereign was in proportion with His own dignity and our ingratitude; and had not His infinite goodness thrown out the scheme of remedy, the world's progenitor had been at once cast into hell. This Kingdom, however, was established. Jesus was made its Head. In virtue of His Mediatorship, He was designated "The Prince of peace;" and now through His intervention, God and man may again be one.

There is the peace of *forgiveness*. God enters into solemn covenant to pardon our rebellion, when we accept His terms of penitence and trust. This covenant is sealed by the blood of His Son as a proof of His faithfulness to us. And no sooner does the poor sinner rely on Christ, than the face of the Father smiles with benignity and love. The divine affection is thrown upon the penitent rebel; and, "being justified by faith, he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is the peace of *tranquillity*. While the breast of the wicked is the scene of warring passions, of tumult, and of harrowing fears; the "Prince of peace" transfuses through the bosom of His followers "the

peace that passeth all understanding." "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

There is also the peace of *spiritual prosperity*. It is not in the storm of strife that the Christian finds his happiest and most prosperous moments. It is rather when he is lying at the Saviour's feet, confessing his sins, and having communion with God, that he makes the greatest progress. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

(ii.) *This Kingdom is, moreover, designed to promote peace between man and man.* For many thousands of years, the earth has been an extended battlefield, upon which millions of human beings have been slain. It is true this is the legitimate result of sin. When men became the enemies of God, they were likely to become enemies of one another. And however deplorable the spectacle which history presents in this matter, we are not to expect any decided improvement, except as the Gospel extends its peaceful sway. Let those who shudder at "the horrid alarum of war," extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and establish His throne among the savage tribes of men; and then "in his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."

No language can adequately describe the tragedies of battle. You may speak of the roar of artillery, the clang of the trumpet, the flash of the sword, the shrieks of the wounded, the blood of the dying, and the bodies of the dead; but you fall infinitely short of the scenes upon which the eye has often gazed.

“ The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers’ revel in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;
The bursting shell ; the gateway wrenched asunder ;
The rattling musketry ; the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.”

But oh ! “ the King of peace ” will put an end to this. “ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.”

The day is coming—and it approaches in swiftness just in the proportion in which this Kingdom extends—when the battlefield of the world shall be converted into a paradise of peace ; when the booming of the cannon shall be heard no more ; when the cries of the war-made widow and fatherless children shall be hushed into silence ; when men, instead of uttering provocation and insult, shall “ follow after peace,” and their hearts shall be bound up in the brotherhood of the world. Our King “ shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks : nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

It is obvious to remark that the peace of the world is eminently dependent upon the peace of the Church. If the Church be torn up by strife and division, its efforts for the spread of truth will be paralyzed ; while an intense and divinely effected union of heart will

nerve its energies for universal conquest. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

II. AS A PRIEST.

As the Priesthood of Christ is indissolubly connected with the doctrine of this Epistle, so does it immediately bear upon the well-being and felicity of man.

Those who call it in question and treat it with derision, little know what a blight they would bring upon the soul's interests; and to what a fearful Aceldama they would soon reduce our world.

Among the many lessons which this Priesthood is designed to teach, it is not to be forgotten that it establishes the connection between the Old and New Testaments; and while it proves the inspiration of the Bible, it shows the truth of Christianity itself. Well has it been stated that this connection "is so intimate that the Apostles find no difficulty in using the language of precedent figurative and ceremonial dispensations, when explaining the nature of Christianity; the Cross of Christ they speak of as an altar; the Person of Christ as a Lamb; His death as a sin-offering; His ascension as an entry into the most holy place; and His Ministry there as a propitiatory intercession."

1. *The nature of this Priesthood.*

Under the Mosaic economy, this office was divided into three parts, each of which pointed to Christ.

(1.) There was the *offering of sacrifice*. According to the prescribed ritual, did the high priest slay the victim and offer it upon the altar. "For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer." The Saviour poured forth His own blood upon the altar, and His death was the propitiation for the sins of the world.

"He hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

(2.) The second part of the office was *to make intercession*. With the blood in his hand did the priest enter the holy place; and having sprinkled it upon the altar, he confessed his own sins and the sins of the people, and implored the forgiveness of Heaven. "We have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God." "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

(3.) The third feature of this priesthood was *that of blessing*. It is to this particular that the text especially refers. While Melchisedec is called emphatically the "priest of the most high God," this is the only priestly act recorded of him. When he "met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings," he lifted up his hands, and pronounced a benediction upon Abraham's head. But this act of blessing is by no means confined to the order of Melchisedec. It was a part of the regular service, which the Aaronic order was required to fulfil: when the sacrificial blood

was offered in the temple, and the priest had made intercession for the people, he came forth from God's presence, and pronounced the triune blessing upon the multitudes who were waiting for it. "Speak unto Aaron and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'"

How exactly is this type fulfilled in our Redeemer. The great scheme of mercy which was perfected in His death, and the efficiency of which is now seen in His intercession, is one of blessing. The world was under a curse. The body of man was smitten by it—the mind was paralyzed—the soul was endangered. His circumstances and pleasures and anticipations were blasted; but Christ in His priestly character has been "made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."

Angels at His birth sounded the key-note of the melody, which shall fill earth and heaven: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Every footstep in His public life was one of blessing. His Sermon on the Mount fitly opens with nine benedictions, such as mouth had never uttered, and the mind of man had never before conceived. He "went about doing good;" feeding the hungry; pouring the balm of consolation into the troubled heart; restoring the son to the bosom of his widowed mother; healing the paralytic; and bestowing the "virtue" of His

blessing to those who crowded upon His path. But amid all this temporal good, the souls of men were not forgotten. That we might be blessed, He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."

His last act in this world was a remarkable epitome of his whole life, and a promise of his future priesthood. It would seem as if His disciples, at that moment, sustained a federal character. He blessed them, and through them He blessed the human race. "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." He yet exercises this part of His priesthood. Though ascended to heaven, and seated at the right hand of the Father, He is still engaged in the great work of blessing the world. "Having received gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious also," He dispenses them with all the freeness of His grace, and the plenitude of our wants. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."

The blessing which as our High Priest He bestows upon us, may be said to be just that which we require. To the careless and depraved He, by His Spirit, gives conviction. To the stricken penitent He gives "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The hungry and thirsty soul He fills with good things. To those who

are in darkness He gives light; to the tempted, grace; to the afflicted, comfort; and to the bereaved He gives Himself, as "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

No matter what may be your want, He has the blessing ready. In virtue of His priesthood, He throws His eye around your circumstances, and along your path, to see what it is you need. Before you know your own necessities, He has prepared their supply. The storehouse of heaven is at His disposal; and as long as Jesus is your Priest, all heaven shall be exhausted before you shall fail.

2. *Mark the superiority of Messiah's Priesthood.*—This is seen in the offering which Abraham made to Melchisedec. "To whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all;" and by this very act did he acknowledge the superiority of the priest. The priests of Aaron's order had a right to exact tithes of the Jewish people who were their brethren; and this circumstance shows that in station and office they were considered superior to their brethren. But all—both priests and people—acknowledge the superiority of Abraham, their father and founder; and yet even this man, great as he was in their estimation, palpably acknowledged the superiority of Melchisedec, in giving him tithes, and in receiving his blessing, "and without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better." If, then, Abraham was considered so much greater than the Aaronic priesthood, who came out of his loins; and if Melchisedec is acknowledged so much superior to Abraham himself, of course the order of the one priesthood is far superior to the other.

The design of the Apostle was to present a very elevated view of the character of Melchisedec. He does this effectually by this historic allusion; and by this means does he show the supremacy of Christ's priesthood. The transfer of the priestly office from Aaron to Christ, which is involved in this passage, has a most prominent place in the general argument. The fact itself shows that the order of Aaron was not perfect; and that under the Christian economy, when "life and immortality" are "brought to light through the Gospel," a change was absolutely required. "If, therefore, perfection were by the Levitical priesthood (for under that the people received the law), what further need was there that another priest should rise after the order of Melchisedec, and not be called after the order of Aaron?" It is our distinguished privilege to live amid the superior provisions of Messiah's priesthood. The "shadow of good things to come" has given place to the good things themselves. The mere outline of the picture has been filled up with all its beauty of colouring and reality of blessing. The twilight of the morning, confessedly cheering and full of promise, is lost in the splendour of the orb of day. The dark places of the earth, which would probably never have been reached under the former economy, will rejoice in the light, and bask in the beams of the "Sun of righteousness." The priesthood of Christ is inseparably connected with a redeemed and heaven-sanctified universe. More than *Æolian* melody is to fill the world. Men will be transformed into seraphs, and Heaven will come down to earth.

3. *The perpetuity of this Priesthood.*—"Without

father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." In days gone by, this passage has occasioned no little controversy among learned and pious men. This very fact must put us on our guard against dogmatic interpretation; but with the lights which the Scriptures themselves furnish, and the study of past ages has supplied, we shall be able to come to a satisfactory conclusion. The expression "*made like unto*" probably means *Who may be compared unto* "the Son of God." That is, there are points of resemblance between Melchisedec and Christ in his name, in the fact that he had neither ancestors nor posterity, in the union of his kingship and his priesthood—all of which are calculated to show the supremacy of Christ over the house of Aaron. Without father, without mother, *without descent* or *pedigree*. This last term we take to be exegetical of the former two. He is said to be without father and mother, simply because his genealogy or pedigree is not recorded. The ancient Syriac version has in all probability the proper rendering: "Of whom neither the father nor mother is reckoned in the genealogies."

(1.) These expressions cannot be applied to Melchisedec *personally*. It is true the phrase "without father" literally means one who has no father; but even in classical writings does it quite as truly mean one whose father is unknown. There can be no question that Melchisedec had a pedigree, and was of royal descent; and though these are not named, they are doubtless implied in the fact that he was cotemporary with the patriarch Abraham.

(2.) They refer emphatically to *his official life*. As a *Priest*, he had "neither beginning of days nor end of life." As far as the record is concerned, he was an order in himself. He derived his office from none; he resigned it to none; and, like his great Antitype, he was all alone.

There are two points of contrast here suggested between Melchisedec and Aaron, and therefore between Christ and Aaron.

The first has reference to their *introduction* to office, and the second to their *removal* from it. In both these respects there was a perfect contrast, for Melchisedec had "neither beginning of days"—*i.e.* he had neither father nor mother, nor descent; "nor end of life."

The Levitical law was exceedingly stringent with regard to the genealogy of the priesthood. Each one was required to trace up his descent directly to Aaron. Any inability to do this, or doubt concerning it, unfitted him for the office. Rules the most exact were given respecting their marriages, to secure this accuracy; and it would seem as if these particulars had been enjoined on purpose to form the contrast of which we speak. How utterly unlike this is the history of Melchisedec. So silent is the record of Moses that we do not even know from which of the sons of Noah he had descended. In this respect was he "made like unto the Son of God." The divinity of our great High Priest is here apparent. The office which He undertook required more than mere humanity could bring. Aaron might be a type, but no more than a type of the world's Redeemer. Pure angelic nature could not

supply all that the case required. The High Priest of universal man must be a Divine Being; and being Divine, He must be from eternity, "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." The scheme of mercy, therefore, under which we live rests on a firm foundation. The "Son of God" is our Priest; the whole temple of redemption stands in all its strength and adaptation on the Godhead of our Saviour. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

The second part of the contrast, in which especially the perpetuity of Christ's priesthood is seen, refers to the *termination* of Aaron's order. In the fourth chapter of Numbers, it is stated five several times that the service was to commence at thirty, and end at fifty years of age. In later times, they began at twenty; but that part of the record was unaltered which said, "And from the age of fifty years they shall cease waiting upon the service" of the tabernacle, "and shall work no more." During the remainder of their life, they kept their office comparatively without duty; and death came at last, and took them away. But Melchisedec had "neither beginning of days *nor end of life*"—*i.e.* Moses is entirely silent with regard both to his death and his successor in office. This silence is designed to show that the priesthood of Christ is perpetual. "And here men," says the context, "that die receive tithes; but there he receiveth them, of whom it is witnessed that he liveth." The vast number of priests of Aaron's order is proof that the office is not abiding. "And they truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by

reason of death: But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood."

And here we fix our hope of final salvation. There is to be no change in the method of forgiveness from that which is recognised in Christ. He is a Priest, as well as a King, for ever. "After the similitude of Melchisedec there ariseth another priest, who is made not after the law of a carnal"—frail, infirm, transitory—"commandment, but after the power of an endless life." As long as there are Countries without the Gospel, He maintains His seat, and guides the whole machinery of salvation. As long as there are impurities and strife and envy in the Churches, He will keep His position as the "refiner and purifier of silver." As long as there is a poor soul in the wide world unpardoned, He is there to do His work. And then, when the grand consummation shall arrive; when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess; when every heart shall be the abode of purity and blessing; when the whole universe shall be transformed into a temple of praise and concord; when His Priesthood and His Kingship shall have done their work; He will resign both into the hands of the Father; and the Triune God shall be all in all."

APPLICATION.—1. *Are we the willing subjects of Christ's Kingdom?* We refer to this Kingdom of Mediation, though it is well for us to bear in mind that there is another Kingdom with which He is connected, and over which, with the Father and the Spirit, He eternally presides. All nature is under His command. "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

But the question is not as to the fact of our being of His Mediatorial Kingdom, but whether we are its *willing* subjects. Assuredly He is our King. It matters not what rebellion we may stir up in our hearts against Him. Our depraved will cannot alter His right. Because He died to buy us, He has a right to rule us. Let us not forget that it is our own interest to love and serve Him. Think of the forgiveness He offers to the rebel, the honour He confers upon His followers, the protection He affords His subjects, and the rewards which He gives to His faithful soldiers ; and then, as a matter of self-interest, yield to His will and obey His laws. It must be a willing service to be acceptable. He will take none as His servants, except by their own consent.

2. *Have we appropriated the merits of His Priesthood ?* Let us never forget the personal character of religion. As we shall by and by have to stand singly before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive the reward of the deeds done in the body, so may we now go individually to the Saviour, and obtain the grace by which we shall then render a good account. The provision which has been made is perfect. "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." If you reject this, there is none other offered. It is a salvation which adapts itself to all circumstances and times and cases. You have no want which it cannot supply ; and this is one reason why it is the last system of mercy the world will ever hear of. It is full and complete, and abiding.

Think upon what it has cost the Saviour to redeem you : think upon His willingness at this moment to

save you : and then, feeling the pressure of these all-powerful motives, say :

“ Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out not more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.”

V.

THE LIPS UNDER GUARD.

"SET A WATCH, O LORD, BEFORE MY MOUTH ; KEEP THE DOOR OF MY LIPS."—Ps. CXLI. 3.

THAT was a sorrowful eventide in David's life, which found him fleeing from the presence of Saul, and seeking an asylum at the Court of the King of Gath. A presentiment was given to his old master that he would be his successor, if not his supplanter ; and Saul cherished the deadliest enmity and resolutions of revenge. He had already on more than one occasion sought to accomplish his purpose, but Providence interposed ; and now for the second time he was delivered into David's hand ; who, if he had yielded to the impulse of retaliation, would at once have committed regicide, and taken possession of the throne. But with a magnanimity which is to the hero a greater glory than a thousand scars in battle, he withheld his hand ; and taking with him Saul's spear and cruse of water, as the token of his forbearance and unbloody victory, he stood in the distance, and with a gentle chiding said to his enemy : " Wherefore doth my lord thus pursue after his servant ? for what have I done ? or what evil is in mine hand ? " Once more David conquered by his generosity. Saul

confessed his sin and folly, and returned to his palace a humbled and penitent man. David felt, however, that there was no prospect of peace or safety, if he remained within the kingdom. He therefore resolved to seek quiet in another, even though it were a heathen territory, and that very night he was on the way to Achish. Driven from his home and Country and religious privileges; smarting under the remembrance of unprovoked cruelty; and with the knowledge that he was about to associate with ungodly people; in one of those silent watches, he lifted his heart to heaven, and wrote this Psalm: "Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto thee." This solemn invocation expresses the profound distress of the Psalmist's soul, which was now heightened by the consideration that he was separating himself from the service and help of the sanctuary. "Let my prayer be set before thee as incense." In the temple worship, the people prayed without, while the priests offered the incense within the holy place; so this afflicted exile asks that his supplications and heart devotion, presented in the wilderness, might be regarded by God as though they had been rendered in the sanctuary itself. "And the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." When the priests had presented the daily offering in the temple, they came forth to the multitudes outside; and lifting up their hands above their heads, and spreading forth their fingers toward heaven, they pronounced the benediction in the form of words which God had prescribed: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and

be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." So here David repeats his request that his distance from the place where the evening sacrifice was offered might not be a bar to the blessing which otherwise he would be able to claim. And then, remembering on the one hand his temptation to speak and think strongly against those who had most cruelly persecuted him; and on the other that he was about to sojourn with the heathen, who would "catch" at his words and revile Jehovah, he devoutly prays: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

I. DANGER APPREHENDED.

II. DELIVERANCE INVOKED.

I. THE DANGER APPREHENDED.—Everything human, and therefore human language, is transitory and changing. There is a wondrous contrast between the *Truth* itself and the *words* in which it is conveyed. The one is immortal; the other is dying. The one is the precious jewel, radiant, effulgent, enduring; the other is the casket, beautiful perhaps as the product of human art, but earthly and fading. The one is the soul, spiritual and eternal; the other is the body, material and mortal. The *Truth* will neither die nor change; the *language* in which it is exhibited is constantly changing, or becoming obsolete. The text suggests one of those words which, even within the memory of living men, have undergone mutation as to their meaning. This passage refers us to the regulation of the tongue, or the right use and the abuse of

conversation. In former days this term was employed with two significations: First, to denote the general course and conduct and habit of a man's life, as when St. Paul says, "Ye have heard of my *conversation* in time past in the Jews' religion." "Among whom also we all had our *conversation* in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." It was also used to mean *citizenship*: "For our *conversation* is in heaven." Both these meanings have become obsolete, and the word now signifies *oral discourse*. The improper use of the tongue is one of the most common and widespread dangers of society: its due regulation is one of the highest achievements of grace.

The vast importance of guiding and controlling the lips, even as a branch of Christian ethics, cannot be over-estimated; and, as in all other branches of duty, the Bible is our never-failing directory. St. James' Epistle does not receive all the attention which it deserves. It is full of statements and appeals touching practical godliness. Listen to his teaching: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." He who cannot control his tongue, but permits it to become master of the will and judgment, is a self-deceiver and a hypocrite. But, on the other hand, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." He who has the absolute mastery of his lips holds the whole nature in check. He is the slave of neither appetite nor passion. The tongue is

the test of self-government. No kinglier man ever sat upon a throne than he who is king of his own lips. In the long list of warriors which the scroll of history supplies, there is no name so illustrious as that of the humble Christian who has subdued his tongue, and holds his words under constant and easy government. The Apostle goes on to illustrate and enforce his statement: "Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body." An unbroken steed is the master of the rider, instead of the man being the master of the steed; and, until the bit is recognised and obeyed, there is imminent danger. If the tongue be unbridled, there is not only danger from the member itself, but the man who is its slave and victim is dangerous to society. You should avoid, as you would a pestilence, or the leprosy, or a raging madman, the person whose mouth is not under restraint. And so again: "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." See you that vessel upon the water, exposed to adverse currents? The gale swells and the waves run high. You wonder why it keeps the track, and is saved from the rocks. The reason is that the pilot is at the helm, and holds fast and guides the rudder, and thereby controls the waves and reaches the port. But look at the little ship in fatal peril. The winds blow a hurricane, and she is driven hither and thither. The bulwarks are

breaking up ; and the leaky, cracking, sinking craft tells you that the pilot has no power, for the helm is lost. There is always danger to the man's own character, and to the reputation and comfort of others, if the tongue, like the rudderless vessel, is beyond control. Now this teaching is confirmed by every part of the Bible. The due regulation of the tongue is intimately connected with the maintenance of our religion here, and will be a large item in the process of judgment at the final day. The Great Teacher said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

We may well, therefore, fix attention on the danger of improper conversation.

1. There is the conversation which is absolutely *impure and wicked*. It is put on record that one of the most grievous sins of the cities of the plain, through which they were utterly and for ever overthrown, was the lewdness and bestiality of their talk. Lot "was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds."

A man, perhaps, little thinks of the fearful effect which one impure sentence, or even word, uttered in the hearing of others, may have upon surrounding

society and to a long posterity. A single drop of some poisonous essence, falling into the lake, may diffuse itself far and wide, until the very margin shall be reached, and the verdure tainted. But in that case, the poison becomes diluted, and the farther it spreads the feebler and less noxious is its influence.

With our words, however, it is far different. Moral evil becomes more dangerous as it spreads. There fell an immoral expression in the course of conversation such as worldly people are too apt to indulge in. The ear of the child caught it, and soon it took possession of the mind. It saturated his intellect, and seethed through the affections, and begot impure desires. And by and by the filthy word beamed in the eye, and he looked out for improper companions, and formed unclean associations. That word reached his lips, and he gave himself to unholy jesting and lewd conversation. It led him to dishonest practices and scenes of vice; and perhaps the young man fell into an untimely, and loathsome, and outcast grave. But observe, saying nothing of the immortal interests involved, the evil did not end there. He dropped the poison into a hundred bosoms. They all became reeking with the aggravated moral filth. A whole family, or village, or portion of a city population, was debauched; and it may be that while many have already fallen into the cruel tomb, many more are now plunged into the vortex of ruin, and many more also are on their way to death.

In some large circle of business, one of the principals casually dropped an atheistical expression. The young man at the desk heard what the sceptic said.

It rang in his ear; and then struck, like the forked lightning, into his mind. Every power was reached and scorched; and now, taking the lead of his employer, he avows himself a freethinker, and at length a downright infidel. Such seed soon produces fruit. He makes religion the subject of jest among his companions, and some are ruined. He reasons that if there be no God, there is no divine source of law. The whole fabric of society rests on mere conventionalism. He embraces the principles of socialism and communism. The step becomes very easy from scepticism to falsehood, and from falsehood to theft. He robs the man whose word ruined him, and ends his days in disgrace and beggary; while perhaps, through all time, the results of that fatal conversation will be felt in the moral damage of many. Do not say that the picture is overwrought. It is not too much to affirm that a single book has been the ruin of a nation, that one life employed in the utterance of impurity or blasphemy has imperilled the existence of a State; and how that one sad life may have been moulded and influenced by some one wicked word or sentence the day of eternity will alone reveal. In your most confidential conversations, in your private circles, in your social gatherings, in your daily business, and in your intercourse with the outside world, remember the text, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

2. There is the conversation which is *untruthful*. Next in depravity to the *filthy* are the *lying* lips. The man, be he young or old, who can deliberately attempt to deceive, by stating what he knows to be

untrue, must have descended the moral scale at a rapid rate, and is only a single step from irretrievable ruin.

Truthfulness is one of the *bases* of the social structure. A company of liars will do more to break up a Constitution and overthrow a Government, than a battalion of armed men. If a man's word is not to be credited, the whole framework of society is insecure. The domestic circle loses its confidence, and is pervaded by distrust. Friendship receives a shock, and its smiles are turned to blackness. The honour and honesty of commerce are invaded, and the exchange is transformed into an arena of wrangling and deceit. And even the Throne itself is in imminent peril, if the lips which surround it are not as loyal to truth as the swords which guard it are truthful to loyalty. One of the most detestable as well as dangerous characters in society is the liar. Alas that the statement of our poet cannot be contradicted :

"Falsehood and fraud grow up in every soil,
The product of all climes."

And so extreme is this vice in its turpitude, that for the sake of our families, and for the sake of our Country, and for the honour of the God of truth, we should avoid and shun the character as we would the deadliest reptile. Well is it said that "after a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it." Young men, especially, who have any regard for their own reputation, and have any desire to make the journey of life successfully, will beware of this danger.

"Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour; for we are members one of another."

3. There is the danger of *slandorous* conversation, or of *evil speaking*; for the expressions may denote the same sin. The worst form which this evil assumes is, when absolute falsehoods of our own invention are spread concerning, and to the damage of, others. It takes a somewhat modified form, when reports are circulated to their disadvantage, about the truth of which we have not given ourselves the trouble to inquire; and then the mildest exhibition of it is, when we speak of others what may be really true, if we do it in a wrong spirit, and from an unworthy motive.

Now with regard to those who slander in the first of these forms, we are compelled to put them into the category of the "liar who has no part in the kingdom of heaven." It may be that the danger of our times is in the two modifications of evil speaking: saying what we are not certain is the truth concerning others, and saying the truth wickedly. Oh! if the walls of our dwellings and places of business could speak, what a tale of slander would they unfold! Those scientific men who devote their thought especially to sanitary matters, when speaking of the ill effects of impure air and improper ventilation, will give us an illustration like this: If the foul "air exhaled by each person," in a room, "were coloured, so that we could trace its course as it wound round and round, and was re-inhaled by others, and again exhaled with a darker tint than before; and could we see the room thus gradually darkening under the influence of this vapour, as it meandered in

poisonous streams around its unconscious victims, we should need no further inducement either for remedying the defect," or quitting the place. The moral ventilation needs as thorough attention as the worst ventilated atmosphere of a City population. "Could that air which is exhaled in the poisonous vapours of evil speaking and scandal, be tinged as it passed the speaker's lips, to the same hue as the temper which shaped it into words; and could each succeeding sentence of detraction deepen the tint; how soon would the most brilliantly - lighted room become obscure, and the head of each occupant be circled with a halo the reverse of that glorious brightness, with which we are wont to adorn those whom we admire and reverence." What a gain it would be to the interests of morality and religion, if the "noxious stream of slander could be stemmed," and the discussions of character in our social circles be abandoned for ever! Here and there you meet with one, appearing as an angel unawares among us, whose high-toned honour, and purity of mind, repel the slander, and from whose scathing glance the imp of evil-speaking hides its ugly head. The following sentence is recorded in the diary of a well-known English lady: "My friend and I had a long walk together, and we agreed that for the next week we would try and not say a single word against any one." The repeating of this record may appear singular, if not simple. But we believe that if such a record were made and kept by all the population around us, a transformation from moral winter to spring would present itself, more sudden and bursting and glorious than the face of

nature ever saw. No language too strong can possibly be used to denounce this sin. It is damaging to the slandered, to the slanderer, and to the hearer. It is of its father the devil, and bears his undoubted image and superscription.

"No might nor greatness in mortality can ensure escape." "Back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes." "What king so strong, can tie the gall up in the slanderer's tongue?" "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice."

4. The conversation which is *insincere*. It is difficult to decide as to which of two characters is the more to be blamed, the flatterer, or the vain person who is willing to be flattered. They are perhaps equally guilty, for "flattery is" said to be "often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived."

With what high scorn does the truthful, honest, independent Christian spirit look down upon the drivelling creature, who approaches him, with fawning manner and smooth words of praise, which come only from the lips. Why, even if he felt the eulogy to be deserved, it is not only unwelcome, but loathsome, if it be destitute of sincerity. The bland expression of the tongue when there is no gladness of heart; the invitation put in honied phrase, but with the quiet hope that it will not be accepted; the words which were never intended to do anything but charm the ear!

"Hold,

No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue;
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery."

5. There is *querulous* conversation. Some persons seem to think that the calling of their life is to find fault with others; and they are resolved to fulfil their destiny. Fable tells of the magic wand, which turned everything which it touched into gold. But the tongue of the fault-finder possesses an exhaustless store of acid, whose every drop corrodes and cankers, wherever it falls. There must be a strange lack of goodness in the heart which can never see any good in others. That must be a miserable spirit, which is always pouring forth misery. The angel smile of infancy, the musical prattle of childhood, the merry laugh of youth, the bliss of the sunshine, the perfume of the flower, the heavenliness of doing good, which gladden most Christian people, and do something towards alleviating the original curse, are all lost upon these locusts of society. All verdure withers beneath their blighting influence.

6. There is *insipid* and *idle* and *foolish* conversation. Many of the so-designated friendly calls which the usages of life demand, and some of the pleasurable gatherings of society, must be here condemned. Surely persons possessed of ordinary intellect, and the gifts of speech, can spend their time better than in the merest gossip! One of our strong objections to the reading of novels will apply to idle and foolish talk; you have no time for it. Saying nothing of the mentally-weakening tendency of the habit, the moments are too golden and precious. Death will soon be upon you. Whether the work of life be then finished or not, you must leave it. In the arrangement and division of your time, which Provi-

dence has marked out for you, there are no interstices for pointless, meaningless conversations, or for foolish jesting. Bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, writes a eulogy upon the heavenly-minded Leighton; and says, "In a free and frequent conversation with him, for twenty-two years, I never heard him utter an idle word, or a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never saw him in any other frame of mind, than that in which I wish to die." No man can aim at a nobler attainment, and none need covet a higher testimony. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

7. There is also *ill-timed* conversation. Solomon says that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" and in his long enumeration of things and seasons, he says: "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." There are many good persons, whose influence is lost, because it is not appropriately exercised. They speak just at the moment when of all other moments they should keep silence; and open not their lips when the opportunity comes. A right word in a wrong place will sometimes do more harm than absolute silence, or it may be even than a wrong word uttered by another person. A Continental writer says that it is an offence "to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling—in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable." The power to adapt well, and fit in conversation, with

the persons and circumstances around you, is a gift which we shall do well to cultivate. "A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment. . . . A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear."

On a review, therefore, of the danger to which we are exposed, both in public and private life, from the careless or evil government of the tongue, may we say with the Psalmist: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

II. THE DELIVERANCE INVOKED.—As the Psalmist realized his danger, arising both from the cruel persecution of his former friends, and the heathen people into whose society he was now thrown, he lifted up his heart to the Source of all strength, and prayed for restraining grace. He felt keenly the temptation to *speak* strongly against his enemies, because of the injury he had sustained; and he asked that he might be able so to govern himself, as not only to be kept from violence, but from the utterance of a revengeful or even complaining word. Just as on another occasion he felt the importance of self-control, and wrote, "I said, I will take heed to my

ways, that I sin not with my tongue ; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the ungodly is before me ; ” but when he could keep silence no longer, and the pent-up feeling irrepressibly burst forth, his language was not of severity or invective, but of deep humility and piety : “ Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.”

The force of the metaphor of the text is apparent. Nature has made the mouth the door to language ; and the prayer is, that grace may act the part of watchman, to stand before and keep the door, so that no improper word may ever find egress. It is sufficiently bad to have the evil thoughts within, festering and corroding the heart ; but it is far better that they should be kept there, than that they should escape the lips, and pour forth upon society their poisonous and blighting breath. These thoughts are often eager to escape. Like the hardened wretch who, though he knows no remorse for crime, yet loathes his cell, and longs to snap the chain and escape from prison ; like the fiery steed whose blood burns at the restraint of the bridle, and whose proud spirit spurns the bit, and seeks to plunge from the rider’s grasp ; like the panting hound, furious to break the leash and pursue the prey ; these wicked thoughts long to find utterance. But David says : “ Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips.”

1. The first thought here is, that there is *something worth guarding*, and *something which ought to be restrained*. Language is the great gift of God. It is one of the noble distinctions between man and the inferior

creation. It is the power by which intellects become blended, and which links loving hearts together. And while it is the coinage of society, and the means by which the world of commerce and of nations transacts its business and maintains its life, it is the agency by which—just like the electric wire—Christianity sends its messages of mercy, and by which the redeemed and sanctified shall glorify Christ for ever. “All people, nations, and *languages* shall serve him.” “There is no speech nor *language* where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their *words* unto the end of the world.”

But while language is God's gift, the use or abuse of it is man's responsibility. What a mighty power has the tongue for both good and evil! St. James's description of a mischievous tongue is one of the most startling and terrible ever put into human language: “Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and is set on fire of Hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing.”

We have already seen the danger of improper conversation; now trace the blessing of guarded lips. But

what human tongue *could* adequately pourtray the history of a good word? You see the dewdrop as it forms upon the plant: its enriching moisture steals down the stem, and the tiny roots strike out their fingers, and seize more earth, and then the sapling rises, bending to the breeze, but ever throwing out its fibres, and stretching up its head toward heaven, and its arms around; and it grows and grows, until the mighty oak rears its gigantic trunk, and throws its shade over the surrounding forest. You drop from your hand the least of seeds, which falls upon the ground. The little furrow is soon filled, and that mustard seed begins to spring. It bursts the earth above, and lives and grows. It shoots up and forth its branches, and they spread and spread, until the fowls of the air find a secure lodgment there. You throw a pebble upon the water. The act is almost noiseless; but that little stone becomes at once a centre, and a circle well-nigh imperceptible at first is formed; and then another and another, now widening and again enlarging; and still another and another swells, until the outermost circumference is made, and sweeps the verdant shore.

A holy thought begins to form itself in the Christian's mind; and the door of the lips is opened, and the little fledgling comes forth, and flies on its errand of mercy. With the golden sheen upon its wings, it hastens to the child, and whispers purity and blessing; it goes to the sick chamber, and warbles comfort to the tossed and afflicted saint; it speaks decision to the wavering, and resolution to the tempted, and strength to the weak. It utters its note of warning to the careless,

the lukewarm, and the erring. It carries its message of benediction to the closet, the family altar, the school-room, the sanctuary ; to the hospital, the lazaretto, the dungeon. It spreads its wings over the hoary Christian head, and pours down its melody of joy and hope ; and then plumes itself for the bed of the dying saint, where indeed like the bird of Paradise it sings sweetly of the light beyond the darkness, and the beaming glory which shall never die. The word of a good man lives and becomes reproductive. It excites other words of goodness, and they live : and through a neighbourhood, and in a generation, and down the ages, they sing on and out their appeal of love ; and by and by they shall swell the harmony of Heaven ; and the sound of their music will be heard for ever. "Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you ? Let him show out of a good conversation his works, with meekness of wisdom."

2. The second thought in this invocation is, *that there is danger from both within and without* ; and therefore the necessity of watchfulness.

3. The third thought is, *that earnest vigilance can save.*

4. And, finally, the *Source of this safety is divine.* The prayer is to Him who is both able and willing to answer. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth."

" Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead."

The whole subject of daily, ordinary conversation demands consideration. It is impossible to look at the

social structure, and examine this element of social life, without feeling that a great change is demanded. If instead of the miserable platitudes, or good-for-nothing gossip, which now does so much to kill our time and enervate the intellect, some really refreshing interchange of thought could be effected, how much more we should act like human and immortal beings ! And yet so vitiated is the social taste, that any attempt to realize this, by the use of wise and well-chosen language, would most likely secure contempt, and the intruder would probably be the object of derision.

But ponder a few sentences which good English writers have left on this subject : "The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next, good sense." "He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man." "The secret of tiring is to say everything that can be said on the subject." "Speak little and well, if you wish to be considered as possessing merit." "When I meet with any that write obscurely, or speak confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things : first, that such persons do not understand themselves ; and, secondly, that they are not worth being understood by others." "Eschew fine words as you would rouge ; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate ; employ such words as have the largest families ; keep clear of foundlings, and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar."

Let us see that our conversation *is eminently Christian*. We may well deplore the backwardness manifested on

this subject. Our words flow freely on ordinary worldly topics. Business, politics, fashion, present no difficulty. But how ominous is the change when religious subjects are introduced. Make Christ the theme of your converse, and take Him as your pattern. "In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." Trace the records of His ministry with respect to conversation. He condemned the trifler and the jester, as much as the cynic and the hypocrite. No light and wanton words came from His lips, but words of purity and truth. Let us imitate our glorious Pattern, and by a sensible, earnest, and spiritual conversation "seek to minister grace unto the hearers."

VI.

THE JOY OF JESUS IN PROSPECT OF THE CROSS.

“WHO FOR THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM ENDURED
THE CROSS.”—HEB. XII. 12.

THERE is a twofold view of Christ given to us in the latter part of this Epistle. As the Author of the Gospel economy, He is the subject of the whole composition; but now that the Apostle, having gone through the doctrine, comes to the practical part of his work, he fixes attention on the Saviour: first, as the Object of our faith; and secondly, as the Pattern of our life.

The preceding chapter commences with a definition of faith, goes on to the citation of extraordinary illustrations and exhibitions of faith, and concludes with the final results and rewards of faith; and in well-nigh all these instances, Jesus Christ is presented as its divine and saving Object. This twelfth chapter begins with the other thought—He is our glorious Pattern. “Wherefore,” *i.e.* bearing in mind what has just been said, “seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher

of our faith." There is here an allusion to the public games of the olden classic times, especially to the stadium of the Greeks and Romans, where the persons stood who were about to engage in contests. Vast multitudes of people occupied the seats of the amphitheatre, from which they could see the candidates for renown. Many of these witnesses were victorious combatants; for none of those who had entered the arena in the morning received their prizes till sunset, when the toil and strife of the day were over. They, therefore, having won their laurels, took their seat, and watched their successors in the animated combat; and when the last struggle was ended, all the champions were crowned together.

So the illustrious saints of the eleventh chapter—the patriarchs and prophets and martyrs who passed through their conflicts in the earlier part of this day of time—are represented as gazing upon the Christian world, and watching the progress of the contest, and waiting for their *full* reward when we shall be all glorified together.

With the conviction, then, that the clear and penetrating eye of those glorified saints, who because of their number are called "so great a cloud of witnesses," is upon us, "let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."

Just as those who ran in the stadium prepared for the struggle by the strictest *regimen* of abstinence and exercise, and by disencumbering themselves of everything which might impede their progress, the Christian must be prepared, as he values the prize, and hopes to reach the goal, to put himself under moral restraint,

and give up every hindrance. It may be pride, or ambition, or worldliness, or sensual appetite, or the love of wealth; it must be laid aside, or he will soon be out-distanced, and the crown be lost.

We must all be on our guard against one sin. Each Christian will know which it is. In the case of the Hebrews, it was apostasy. Your "easily besetting," or convenient, or well-circumstanced, sin may be something else. But whatever be your weak point, that must be specially guarded.

"And let us run with patience," or perseverance. The simple meaning of the whole verse, divested of metaphor, is said to be this: "Since so many illustrious patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, who preceded us, have exercised faith, persevered in it, and obtained the rewards consequent upon it, let us in like manner, rejecting every solicitation to renounce our hopes and our holy religion, persevere in the belief and in the duties which the Gospel requires."

And that the Christian may be faithful to his call, he is directed to the great Example: "Looking unto Jesus;" or, rather, looking off from the encompassing witnesses, fix your eye distinctly on Christ. To gaze on glorified spirits may be a powerful motive to perseverance; but the most powerful motive you will find in looking at Jesus. See what He *is*: "The author and finisher of faith." See what He *has done*: "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross."

I. THE CROSS HE ENDURED.

II. THE JOY HE ANTICIPATED.

I. THE CROSS HE ENDURED.—There is a sublime unity

of purpose in God's government of the world. Everything lives and moves, to hasten the consummation of Redemption's plan. The one point on which the divine eye is now fixed, is that millennium of glory which has been purchased by this Cross. All things are made to look at it, and bear upon it, and hurry towards it. Just as among the heavenly bodies there is a controlling hand, which does not permit the planet to leap out of its orbit, which secures to gravitation its authority, and works the whole celestial machine, so as to realize the harmony of the spheres and the safety of the world; or, as in the realm of nature, you mark a presiding mind, which directs the seasons in their courses, gives to the valleys their verdure, the trees their foliage, and the flowers their perfume, and makes all tend to the supply and comfort of living creatures; so, in the grander work of God's moral government, there is the same oneness of aim and purpose. The whole world, so to speak, is living for one object; everything material, intellectual, or rational, has its work to do, and looks on to the final issue. The dewdrop on its rosy couch, the artizan in his home of toil, the merchant in his counting-house, the statesman in his cabinet, the monarch upon the throne,—all, whether they recognise it or not, live and move and act, hastening on the salvation of the race. Everything *since* the death of Christ has looked on to the millennium; everything *before* the Saviour's coming looked on to the Cross. From the very moment that the promise of Redemption was given, Providence prepared the way for its fulfilment.

The lines of the world's history were thrown out in

different directions; but they were all thrown out by one hand, and then they converged to one centre. That centre was the Cross. Men, and systems, and kingdoms then lived *for* it. They now live *through* it. Let us gather under its shadow, and realize its mercy. We look upon the Cross—

1. *As the instrument of suffering.*
2. *As the symbol of atonement.*
3. *As the guarantee of blessing.*

1. *The Cross—the instrument of suffering.* The *Person* who endured the cross is “Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith,” uniting in Himself the human and the divine natures—both of them necessary: the human suffering the penalty; for He “bare our sins in his own body on the tree;” the divine giving merit and efficacy to those sufferings, so that a perfect atonement was offered for transgression.

We look with anxiety, not to say alarm, upon the notion, which now finds favour with a few orthodox Christians, that the *divine nature* of Christ suffered on the cross. It is true there are two or three passages of Scripture which, superficially considered, might seem to favour this; so also some lines of the Church’s hymnology. But in every instance the reference is simply to the union of the two natures in the process of redemption; while the doctrine of the Godhead undergoing punishment stands opposed both to the dictates of common sense and the tenor of inspiration. It would shock the purest sensibilities of nine godly people out of every ten. It would fearfully damage evangelical truth, by giving a handle to Socinian heresy;

while it would involve the awful absurdity of the Divine Father and the Divine Spirit enduring agony ; for the Godhead is common to the three.

Never, therefore, may it be said that "the Deity which is immutable could suffer, and which only hath immortality could die." It was the human nature both in its physical and mental parts which suffered on the cross.

(1.) *Physical suffering.* His bodily constitution was the counterpart of ours ; for "it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren." His whole life, therefore, was marked by human infirmity. He claimed no exemption from the hunger and thirst and liability to disease which are the attributes of our manhood. But during the three years of His public life, He endured a treatment of cruelty which never knew a parallel. "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." As His earthly existence neared its close, the malice and fury of His adversaries reached their highest pitch. Just like the troubled ocean, lashed into foaming madness by the northern blast, the impetuous passions of the Jews waxed into raging violence ; until at length in a wild chorus of execration they exclaimed, "Crucify him ! crucify him !" You call to mind the plot for His betrayal, in which the apostate Judas took so prominent a part ; you see Him put in chains, and led away to a tribunal, where His most envenomed enemies were to act as judges. You remember how they sat up all night, that they might have the fiendish satisfaction of offering Him insult. Condemned by a magistracy, whose power of life and death had just been

curbed by the Roman Emperor, He was removed from the Jewish to the Imperial Court. He was accused before Pilate as a traitor ; but even that time-serving mercenary declared Him guiltless. Then He was led to Herod's judgment-seat, and after unmerited contumely, was hurried back to Pilate. Here counsels of iniquity prevailed. The sentence was decreed, and He was given up to death. Now, the multitudes are sufficed, and hasten their preparations for the cruel consummation. They scourge His flesh, and crown His head with thorns ; cover His body with some worn-out purple, in token of mock royalty ; fasten upon His shoulders the cross of wood ; and start the procession to the fated hill. See the excited crowds—some of their countenances are gleaming with revenge, and others are straining their eyeballs to the one spot where Jesus is led forth. It is a motley mass : old and young, rich and poor, male and female. High overhead, the helmets of the Roman soldiers are flashing, while foremost in the procession, the white ephods of the priests tell of their eager presence. The gates of the City are passed by the pressing people ; and as they come to Calvary, a space of ground is cleared for the executioners to perform their task. Some dig the pit into which the cross will soon be thrown ; others strip Him of His garments, and reveal to the gaze of heaven

“ His sacred limbs exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood : ”

while others still, throw Him down upon the ground, and stretch Him on the cross. Spikes are driven through His hands and feet ; and then, uplifted from the earth,

one end of the cross is violently plunged into the hole prepared for it. Jesus is suspended by the flesh, and His own prophecy begins its fulfilment: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Surely, as the impatient crowd catches the first glance of that upreared and bleeding form, there is a thrill of horror. His own timid friends in the distance are weeping. The scribes and priests look on with hellish scorn; and even wag their heads in horrible mockery of His convulsive agony. The very malefactors at His side revile Him. The soldiers plunge a spear into His body. They give Him gall and vinegar to increase the torment; and after dying for six hours there, He cries, "It is finished: and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost."

There are two features of suffering presented in the cross: *agony* and *infamy*. Death by crucifixion was not so much a Jewish as a Roman punishment. It is true, history tells of 300 captive Jews who were crucified in Jerusalem by one of their own kings; but previously to the Roman conquest of Judea, criminals were put to death by stoning or strangulation. For some time, however, before the birth of Christ, the Country was tributary to Rome, and this more cruel death was inflicted upon malefactors. Nails were driven through the hands and feet into the two pieces of wood, which were transversely fastened to each other; and thus the sufferer hung upon his wounds, which were made in the most sensitive parts of the body, until the very life had languished itself away. The *agony* of the cross was such, that the Romans deduced from it their expressions for extreme pain and torment; while the

more merciful of the rulers would sometimes from pity cause a criminal to be slain first, and crucified afterwards.

The Saviour's was the death of the cross. Oh, think of the gentleness of His address ; the simplicity of His manner ; the humility of His deportment ; the tenderness of His affection ; the depth of His love ; and the unspotted purity of His life : think of the purpose of His mission, the benevolence of His teaching ; the kindness of His acts : and think of the fact, that even in the agonies of death, His heart went out in pity, and His lips uttered a prayer for His very murderers : and then contrast with this the utterly inexpressible agony of His dying. You see that they wish to crowd as much suffering into the last hours of life as they are able ; for they wring the blood from His heart, only drop by drop. They desire to extract from His body as much of misery as it can yield ; and therefore they pierce it in those parts where the nerves are numerous. They resolve to protract the agony to the very last ; and therefore, instead of driving the nail to the heart, they strike those organs which are farthest from the seat of life. He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

The second feature of suffering suggested by the cross is *infamy*. We find some difficulty in realizing this thought. The original notion of the cross seems now to be lost in the halo of glory with which it has been surrounded. In the first instance, perhaps, a real affection for the Saviour directed attention to the wood on which He suffered. This was followed by a regard for it, as the symbol of redemption ; and the superstitious took up the thought, and positively transformed

it into an object of worship; so that in many an instance Jesus has been forgotten, while the very timber on which He was ignominiously racked has stolen from Him the honours of the Godhead. Instead of regarding it as the instrument of reproach and shame, it has been set up as the standard around which armies have thronged, and as the emblem of victory. With a sickly sentimentality, poets have festooned it with their choicest flowers; painters and sculptors have interwoven it in their productions; it has been worn near the heart by beauty and piety, as the symbol of faithfulness and love; delicate hands have wrought it in embroidery and tapestry; architecture has borrowed its form; the priesthood with it has adorned the altar; and human intellect has adored its very dust as deity. And yet, it has been written by the pen of inspiration, to mark distinctively one of the attributes of crucifixion: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."

In the time of our Lord, this was regarded as the most infamous death that the most infamous of mankind could suffer. Though a Roman punishment, it was rarely inflicted on a Roman citizen. The shame of such a death was handed down from generation to generation, so that even the distant relatives of a crucified man inherited his infamy. It was the death of slaves, traitors, and deserters. The Gospel therefore expresses a world of ignominy when it says, Our Lord was crucified. The public character of His punishment increased the shame. To have slain Him in secret would not have met Jewish prejudice and cruelty; Jerusalem was now filled with people, who had gathered

from all the land, for it was the feast of the Passover. The rulers were anxious that the whole Country should see the Nazarene impostor upon a tree. It would not content them even to stone Him to death, according to their own law; but they would have Him lifted up between earth and heaven, as unworthy of either; become the gazing-stock of the crowds, and die as an outcast slave. They therefore cried vehemently and repeatedly: "Crucify him." Let us bear in mind, that our Lord was endowed with human passions. He was not insensible to the scorn and derision which were heaped upon Him. He felt that He was made a *curse*. He heard the ribaldry, and the jeer, and the scoff, and the reviling, and the wanton shout of His persecutors. But, to redeem us from the curse of the law, He "made himself of no reputation," and was accursed for us, so that in the infamy of the cross we recognise the fulfilment of prophecy: "But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him."

(2.) The sufferings of the cross must not be confined to those which were bodily. You must think of the iron entering into the soul. The *mind* of Christ was overwhelmed with sorrow. He was forsaken by His friends; assaulted by legions of devils; and exposed to the wrath of a divine and loving Father. Some of these causes of anguish were present in Gethsemane; but all were united as He hung upon the cross. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" "My

God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" As then we think of our Saviour's humiliation, the lowliness of His birth, the obscurity of His life, the poverty of His circumstances, the hatred and reproach of the Jews, their denial of His mission, and rejection of His claims, His betrayal, the violence of His agony, His apprehension, the smiting, the spitting, the crown, the reed, the spear, the groans, the blood, the buffetings of Satan, and the stroke of Heaven; we may well join in the sorrowful wail of the Greek liturgy: "By thy unknown sufferings, O Christ, have mercy on us."

2. *The Cross—the symbol of atonement.* Superstition deifies the wood on which the Saviour was suspended; enlightened faith looks directly at Christ, and only regards the cross, because of the sacrifice which was offered on it. It was there that atonement was presented for sin, and looking on it simply as the symbol of that atonement, we say with the apostle: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." This doctrine is the Christian's life, and the life of the world. To rob us of atonement, is to consign us to death and hell. All the artillery of Socinianism and infidelity has been, and is now, levelled against it. Unless it be the plenary inspiration of the Bible, there are none of the truths to which we cling, assailed with greater bitterness and ability. Nor is this hostility confined to any particular class, or to persons in any particular grade of society. The man of scholarly reputation, walking in academic groves, and living in an atmosphere of literary refinement, now joins in the vulgar shout of

ribaldry and scorn, which the sceptic and socialist utter against the doctrine of *satisfaction for sin*. But in full view of the objections which are raised, and calling to mind the momentous and everlasting issues which are included, we assert and re-assert, with all the confidence of increased conviction, that "Christ died *for* our sins according to the Scriptures."

(1.) Atonement is that full satisfaction which has been offered to God, by the death of Christ on the cross, for the sin which man has committed against divine law and majesty; by virtue of which we realize forgiveness and reconciliation, and finally, shall be put in possession of eternal life. It therefore contemplates rebellion and exposure on the part of the sinner, and offended justice on the part of God. It does not require any deep acquaintance with human science or classic lore, to see the necessity for such provision. Divested of extraneous topic and the erudite terms of schoolmen, the case may be simply stated. Man was made in the divine image, and put on the probation of obedience. Life was offered as the reward of fidelity, and death was threatened as the punishment of transgression. Man broke the law. The violation of law could not suspend or destroy its obligations. To forgive transgression without satisfaction is an impossibility. The sinner can make no such satisfaction, and if he may be saved at all, some being higher than himself must offer it for him. Our position, therefore, is this, that Jesus, the Son of God, has become his substitute; that in the union of the divine and human natures He was fitted for the task; that *by His death upon the cross* He became that substitute, and offered

that satisfaction ; and that now, the sinner redeemed may be pardoned and glorified.

(2.) We are free to say that a great doctrine like this should not rest on scanty *evidence* ; but we say with undying assurance, that no truth of the Bible rests on firmer foundation, or is sustained by stronger proof.

The question is, *Was the death of the cross a substitution ?* It is only on this ground, that you can explain or justify the rite of animal sacrifice. The infliction of pain without a purpose is cruelty ; and the fact of God's acceptance of sacrifice is proof of its divine origin. The ceremonial of Judaism was designed to typify the Saviour's expiation. " Almost all things are by the law purged with blood." But surely bodily defilement did not need blood to purge it away ; and if it was not intended to point to the coming sacrifice, water would have been far better. This doctrine was taught, then, not merely by the Levitical economy, under which the High Priest took the sins of the people and put them upon the head of the scape-goat, which, with these sins, was then led into the wilderness ; but also by the acts of the patriarch, by the visions of prophets, by the teaching of Apostles and evangelists, and by the life of our blessed Lord. For no man dare lift his face in civilised society, and say that Jesus suffered for His own sin. All the conscience of mankind would rise in arms against the blasphemy, and hell itself would hide its head for shame.

And then as to Scripture testimony. Should you take away the proofs of substitutionary sacrifice, there would scarcely be a page without a scar ; and, indeed, the

great sun of revelation, round which all saving truths revolve, would be blotted out. The seed of the woman was to bruise the head of the serpent. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;" "He was wounded for our transgressions; . . . with his stripes we are healed;" "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" "He bare the sin of many;" "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us;" "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree;" "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin;" "But now once in the end of the world, hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;" "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool." The whole Bible is evidence of atonement by Christ.

(3.) As to the vaunted *objection*, that it is inconsistent with the justice of God to punish an innocent person for the sins of the guilty, we might answer by giving the statement a denial. It is not inconsistent with justice to do it. Is it not threatened that God would "visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children"? Were not the children of Saul cut off for their father's sin? Were not seventy thousand people slain because of David's transgression, when he uttered the confession, "It is I that have sinned: I have done evil indeed; but as for these sheep, what have they done?" But we prefer another answer to

this objection. Jesus, who took upon Him the nature that had sinned, *freely consented* to bear our punishment; and this consent demolishes the heresy. If, therefore, He who bears our punishment, in order that *we may not* bear it, may be said to suffer in our stead; and if our argument thus proves that Christ *did* endure punishment for this very purpose, the conclusion is irresistible, that His death on the cross is the atonement for our sins. And if, further, on the one hand, the death of Christ is vicarious, He must be divine; and if, on the other, He is divine, His death must be vicarious; so that whichever way you take it, the believer is safe.

“ My pardon I claim ;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus’ name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace :
O Father, thou know’st He hath died in my place.

“ His death is my plea ;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross ;
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.”

3. *The Cross is the guarantee of blessing.* The atonement takes hold of both worlds. Take the cross itself, which, while it points and looks towards heaven, touches and rests upon the earth. The sacrifice which was offered upon it satisfies divinity and saves humanity. It is now the bond which unites the two. Heaven and earth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The cross, there-

fore, secures to man that which sin had forfeited. Reconciliation with God is the result of atonement. And this may be regarded as a generic term, comprehending many blessings.

(1.) *The pardon of sin.* For in Him "we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." That man is a guilty sinner, is attested by the volume of inspiration, and endorsed by the voice of conscience. That he cannot save himself, alas! requires no proof. That provision has been made for his reconciliation, we have already shown: "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven." So that the poor sinner has but in earnest penitency to rest upon this atonement, and his sins are blotted out.

If you look at heaven through any other medium than the cross, it either glares with indignation, or is black with despair. Look, however, to God in the light of the cross, and you will meet the light of His loving eye, the burden will fall from your shoulders, joy will spring up in your heart, and your very soul will dance within you in the prospect of immortality.

"Come, then, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll;
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee,
To Him, confiding, trust thy sinking soul:
For oh! He came, He died, to calm the tempest-tossed,
To seek the weary wanderer, and to save the lost."

(2.) *Purity* is another blessing guaranteed by the cross. "By one offering he hath perfected for ever

them that are sanctified." "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

(3.) Another good secured by the cross is *spiritual consolation*. This blood seals the covenant of redemption, and that covenant includes all that you can want. In the time of harassment and trial, when Satan buffets, and your strength is failing; when the skies lower, and the dull sound of the coming tempest falls upon your ear; and when, looking at your varied circumstances of sorrow, you are tempted to say, "All these things are against me;" grasp the cross with unflinching confidence. There is more than magic power in it. It will speak comfort into your soul; for "my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

(4.) The cross guarantees to us *victory over death*. "That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, . . . and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." There is within us a natural fear of dying; but this surely does not arise merely from the fact that a change awaits us. It is rather because of the future beyond. We fear death, because it is the consequence of sin; because of our guilty forebodings of misery; because of our unfitness for the coming judgment; and we may well, therefore, be said to be in bondage. But let us bear in mind, that the death of Christ removes the veil which is over the future, and unfolds its glory. The death of Christ assures to us peace of conscience, and the divine favour, and also prepares us for a blessed immortality. Christ has conquered death,

and will therefore deliver me. Even the most timid during life have been girded with superhuman strength for the last conflict; and though they anticipated the hour, with a trembling and dread which hastened the hour itself, yet grace was given in the time of need; and raised above themselves, and even amazed at their past doubt and fear, they have said in grateful surprise,

“Tell me, my soul, can this be death?”

Then, gazing upon the cross, they have passed through death triumphant home.

Let not therefore the great adversary frighten you. He is conquered already; and you shall put your foot upon his neck. We may all therefore adopt the statement, that Death has nothing henceforward formidable to the Christian. In the tomb of Jesus Christ, are dissipated all the terrors which the tomb of nature presents.

In the tomb of nature, O sinner, thou beholdest thy frailty, thy subjection to the bondage of corruption. In the tomb of Jesus Christ, thou beholdest thy strength and thy deliverance. In the tomb of nature, the punishment of sin stares thee in the face. In the tomb of Jesus Christ, thou findest the expiation for it. In the tomb of nature, thou hearest the sentence: “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” But from the tomb of Jesus Christ issue those accents of consolation: “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” In the tomb of nature, thou readest this universal doom, “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment;” but

in the tomb of Jesus Christ, thy tongue is tuned to this triumphant song of praise: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

(5.) *Heaven itself is secured by the Cross.*

By His death Christ has opened the way of life, and purchased the heaven to which it leads. There is a close connection between the Saviour's cross and the Christian's crown. On the one, there is the mark of the other; and though the crown once gained shall never again be lost, through all eternity its possessor will acknowledge that its glory and immortality are secured by the cross. The everlasting life of heaven flows from the death of Jesus. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

O blessed Cross! or rather, blessed Saviour on the Cross! We adore Thee as the Source of life and fountain of mercy! We humble ourselves under Thy load of suffering, Thy agony and shame; we look to Thee as our Sacrifice and Saviour; we bless Thee as the Source of all our good; we owe to Thee our forgiveness, and purity, and comfort, and immortality, and hope of heaven.

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

II. THE JOY HE ANTICIPATED.—While the cross confers unspeakable blessing on man, it also heightens the happiness of heaven. In the prospect of it, Jesus rejoiced ; and large revenues of glory are now flowing from it.

The clause has sometimes been read, “ Who *instead* of the joy that was set before him ;” referring either to the joy of governing the world, as from eternity, with the Father and the Spirit, He has done ; or to the joy of human life, which He abandoned when He gave Himself up to death. But neither of these views can be accepted ; for St. Paul evidently refers to something not yet in Christ’s possession, which, however, He anticipated as the result of His dying. “ Who, *on account of* the joy set before him, endured the cross.” The text does not say that the cross gave Him joy ; but states the purpose and design with which it was endured.

1. *This joy in its nature.* Of this we may only speak with reverence and caution. To comprehend and explain the joy which took possession of *His* soul, whose human nature was united with the divine, is beyond our reach. One may form some conception of this emotion, as it influences a mortal breast, or the inferior creation. You look at the cultivated plot ; and as the breath of spring passes over it, you mark the outside blade, and then the bud, and then the flower ; and as ten thousand of these throw forth

their perfume on the summer's breeze, you say that they are revelling in the joy of life. You look at the insect world, and follow those busy creatures to their hive, as they wing themselves over field and garden, and brake and glen, gathering sweetness wherever they alight, until at length, laden with honey, they return to their home, humming and singing their carol of joy. You listen to the lark as he soars into the clouds on the rosy light of morning; and then, to the nightingale, as in softened twilight she chants her vespers to creation's God; and in these warblings of feathered songsters, you *feel* that there is joy.

But rising from the world around, we can form some idea of the joy of a human spirit.

There is the joy of *discovery*. Here is a philosopher of the olden time, racking his mind over a problem; and just like the ray which suddenly falls through the chink of a darkened sky, a thought breaks the mystery; his soul is thrilled with joy at the discovery, and he cries, "I have found it." The voyager in search of a new world has passed many a weary day at sea, and for long hours he has stretched his eye to the horizon. At length a small land-bird perches upon the mast of his vessel. The sight of the little flutterer fills him with ecstasy, for it makes him the discoverer of a Continent.

There is the joy of *deliverance*. Life was in danger. Providence has interposed, and saved from the ravages of fire, or from a watery grave. There is the joy of *return*. Long years have passed since the sad farewell, and the wide, wide sea has separated the parent and the child; but the time for reunion approaches, and

after an impatient voyage, the dear old homestead comes in sight, and the soul of the wanderer is filled with gratitude and peace.

We know the joy of *friendship*, when two souls are knit together, and as they blend their thoughts and feelings, live in each other's heart. We know the joy of a *penitent sinner*, long burdened with a load of guilt, and crushed almost into hell under an apprehension of coming wrath; who, lifting his trusting eye to the cross, and resting his soul on Jesus, feels the burden fall; and rising up forgiven, the sunshine gathers upon his face, and he is filled "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." We know something of the *Christian's* joy, who in the spirit of his beneficent Master, goeth "about doing good," and fixing his eye upon the outcast and dying, leads them to the Source of blessing. We may moreover think of the joy of that *angel throng*, who, living in the light of heaven, take an ever-deepening interest in earth; and as they mark the progress of that scheme, which is here represented by the cross, their ecstasy is heightened, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." But when we speak of the joy of Jesus, we are lost. The strongest pinion of human thought is broken in the attempt to soar; the most penetrating vision is blinded by the sun-power; and falling in reverent amazement before Him we confess, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." We therefore content ourselves with such simple assertion as is warranted by Scripture. The Saviour's joy presents itself in two aspects:—

(1.) *As a personal delight*, arising from a consciousness both of evil averted and good secured. "And he saw that there was no man, and he wondered that there was no intercessor; therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness, it sustained him." He saw the sinner depraved, and He died to make him pure: He saw him wretched, and He died to make him happy: He saw him doomed to the pit, and He died to purchase heaven: He saw the world in rebellion against God, and He died to bring it back to obedience and bliss. The thoughts of such results gave Him joy.

(2.) This joy has also reference to the reward which was promised because of the cross. His exaltation to the right hand of God is the joy that He anticipated; for the Apostle here says, "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." In one sense, this may be called a covenant between Himself and the Divine Father; He undertaking the work of man's redemption, and the Father engaging to confer the glory. The exaltation is the result of the humiliation. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour;" "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

This exaltation implies joy. The right hand of God

is the place of *pleasure*. "In thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." There is the thought of *honour* ; for it is the seat of dignity. There is the thought of *government* ; for it is the seat of power. He who died on the cross, now governs the universe. Devils acknowledge His kingship ; men bow before Him ; and all heaven gratefully confesses His rule. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

2. *This joy in its object*. It was "set before him." This expression is a contrast with the first verse. Just as the race is "set before us," and we are constantly to keep it in our view ; so the joy was set before Him, and was never lost sight of during His earthly course. The phrase is fitly said to mean, "that in view of all the honour which He would have at the right hand of God, and the happiness He would experience from the consciousness that He had redeemed a world, He was willing to bear the sorrows connected with the atonement."

This joy had a twofold object :—

(1.) *The vindication of heaven*. The Divine Being had been insulted by the breach of law. A holy God and a rebel world were alienated by disobedience. Insult and wrong were arrayed against the claims of justice, and defiance was hurled at the throne of heaven. *We* know of only one alternative: the righteousness of God must be vindicated either by the punishment of the rebel, or the sacrifice of Christ ; and with the assurance that His death on the cross would satisfy and honour the Father, He rejoiced to die.

(2.) The object of this joy was also *the universal happiness of earth*. Though the earthly history of Jesus was a sad scene of sorrow, there were moments in which even His human nature was overwhelmed with joy. "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." He had sent the seventy on their errand of mercy. They exultingly returned with the account of their success. Their Master cautioned and encouraged them, and rejoiced over the world for which He came to die. The great and simple and sublime object of the cross, is the restoration and glory of the race. To realize that object was, and is, Messiah's joy.

"He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." The fruit of his sufferings was to be an innumerable progeny of living souls. Men of every clime and age and condition are to be born into spiritual life. The tidings of the cross are to be carried into all lands, and the power of the cross is to be felt in all hearts; and when the Saviour beholds a world with the curse removed from it, and a race sanctified and made happy, He will "*be satisfied*." The death of Jesus is the life of man, and the bliss of man is the joy of Christ.

"When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives."

The Saviour's joy is realized as the poor, penitent

sinner groans his only plea, and is uplifted from his grave into the life and liberty of the sons of God. It is realized as the dead formalist, over whose tomb some frail and withered flowers of a mere profession have been strewn, starts up into real spiritual existence and lives to purpose. It is realized as the Church, like the parched and stricken ground, opens its mouth to receive the Spirit's grace; and then, bursting with fresh vigour, counts its converts as the dewdrops of the morning. Jesus rejoices as He sees the serried ranks of Israel hasten to the battle, and rush on to victory. And by and by His joy will be perfected; as, gazing upon the thronging millions who surround His throne,—all pardoned, and sanctified, and glorified,—He says: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

APPLICATION.—1. *Christ having endured the cross, there is now only one sacrifice, but that is perfect.* The day of animal sacrifice is gone. Human sacrifices are a cruel abomination. The sacrifice of the mass is a grand impertinence. The sinner is shut up to one atonement. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." You must abandon all dependence on yourselves, for you are utterly without merit. You must give up all confidence in man. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." But bear in mind that while this is the only safety, it is *all sufficient*. Through the cross of Christ, the vilest character out of hell may come for mercy. The man in the deepest depravity, whose life has been marked by grossest crime; the man

who counts his sins by thousands, and every one of whose very hairs may represent a load of guilt; the man who is sinking into despair, and growing weary of life, may come to Christ.

“ Come, O my guilty brethren, come !
Groaning beneath your load of sin ;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in ;
He calls you now, invites you home ;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come ! ”

2. *Let the voice from the cross be the Christian's call to labour.* Grasp the symbol and rush on to battle, claiming for Christ the world which He has bought. Your duty to Him has precedence over all others.

Scottish history tells how, on any great emergency, the chieftain of a clan speedily summoned his loyal followers to his side. He made a small cross of wood, the extremities of which were set on fire; and then having slain a goat, he extinguished the flame in its blood. This symbol was known by the name of the *fiery cross*, or the cross of shame, because those who disobeyed its summons were branded with infamy. It was delivered to a trusty messenger, who hastened with it to the nearest hamlet. Finding the chief person of the place, he put it into his hand, with scarcely more than a single sentence, announcing the place and the time of gathering. He who received it was bound by his fealty to the chieftain to despatch it with all speed to the next village: and thus in an incredibly short time the whole circuit was made; and every clansman from the age of sixteen to sixty, girded for the battle, was at the post of danger. No excuses were allowed.

The herdsman left his flock, and the artizan his employment, and the mourner his obsequies, and the bridegroom his plighted bride. And if in any instance the signal was unheeded, the traitor was pursued by fire and sword.

Let us learn a lesson of duty to our Master. We have sworn to Him eternal allegiance. He now requires the presence and courage of His followers to fight the impending battle of the world. Take the cross and speed on its journey, and run to the scene of conflict. Send it on with increasing haste and devotion. Shame upon that man who refuses to grasp and pass it! He is a traitor to Christ, and to the best interests of humanity. He dooms himself to infamy. But do you urge on the symbol. Rest not till the circuit of the race is made; and then, standing with the innumerable multitude which no man can number before His throne of victory and glory, with every leal-hearted follower you shall hear Him say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

" Finish thy work, the time is short ;
The sun is in the West ;
The night is coming down : till then
Think not of rest.

" Rest ! finish all thy work, then rest ;
Till then, rest never :
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

" Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil ;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

“ Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

“ Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won ;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice :
‘ Well done ! well done ! ’

“ Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love ! ”

THE END.

Standard & Popular Works

PUBLISHED BY

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

Sermons by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. With a Preface by the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A. These Sermons contain the latest Corrections of the Author. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. 5/- each.

'Here we have found, in rare combination, pure and elevated diction, conscience-searching appeal, withering exposure of sin, fearless advocacy of duty, forceful putting of truth,' etc., etc.—*London Quarterly Review*.

Lectures by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. Crown 8vo.

'One and all of the Lectures are couched in the powerful and popular style which distinguished the great preacher, and they are worthy of a permanent place in any library.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

Toward the Sunrise: being Sketches of Travel in Europe and the East. To which is added a Memorial Sketch (with Portrait) of the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. By HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

Our Indian Empire: its Rise and Growth. By the Rev. J. SHAW BANKS. Imperial 16mo. Thirty-five Illustrations and Map.

'The imagination of the young will be fired by its stirring stories of English victories, and it will do much to make history popular.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

'A well condensed and sensibly written popular narrative of Anglo-Indian History.'—*Daily News*.

Zoology of the Bible. By HARLAND COULTAS. Preface by the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, D.D. Imperial 16mo. 126 Illustrations.

'We have in a most convenient form all that is worth knowing of the discoveries of modern science which have any reference to the animals mentioned in Scripture.'—*Preacher's Budget*.

Missionary Anecdotes, Sketches, Facts, and Incidents. By the Rev. WILLIAM MOISTER. Imperial 16mo. Eight Page Illustrations.

'The narratives are many of them very charming.'—*Sword and Trowel*.

Northern Lights; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of Nineteen Modern Scottish Worthies. By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Crown 8vo. Portraits and Illustrations.

'It is a charming book in every sense.'—*Irish Evangelist*.

The Brotherhood of Men; or, Christian Sociology. By Rev. W. UNSWORTH.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

- Sabbath Chimes : A Meditation in Verse for the Sundays of a Year.** By Dr. FUNSHON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges.
- Uncle Jonathan's Walks in and around London.** Foolscap 4to. Profusely Illustrated.
- Our Sea-girt Isle : English Scenes and Scenery Delineated.** By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Map and 153 Illustrations.
'An unusually readable and attractive book.'—*Christian World*.
- Rambles in Bible Lands.** By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Imperial 16mo. Seventy Illustrations.
'From the juvenile stand-point, we can speak in hearty commendation of it.'—*Literary World*.
- 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood': Scottish Scenes and Scenery Delineated.** By the Rev. JAMES MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Map and Seventy-six Illustrations.
'Described with taste, judgment, and accuracy of detail.'—*Scotsman*.
- Popery and Patronage. Biographical Illustrations of Scotch Church History.** By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Imperial 16mo. Ten Illustrations.
'Most instructive biographical narratives.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.
- Wycliffe to Wesley: Heroes and Martyrs of the Church in Britain.** Imperial 16mo. Twenty-four Portraits and Forty other Illustrations.
'We give a hearty welcome to this handsomely got up and interesting volume.'—*Literary World*.
- John Lyon; or, From the Depths.** By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo. Five Full-page Illustrations.
'Earnest and eloquent, dramatic in treatment, and thoroughly healthy in spirit.'—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.
- Chronicles of Capstan Cabin; or, the Children's Hour.** By J. JACKSON WRAY. Imperial 16mo. Twenty-eight Illustrations.
- The Thorough Business Man: Memoir of Walter Powell, Merchant.** By Rev. B. GREGORY. Seventh Edn. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.
- The Life of Gideon Ouseley.** By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.
- The Aggressive Character of Christianity.** By Rev. W. UNSWORTH.
- Missionary Stories, Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents.** By the Rev. W. MOISTER. Crown 8vo. Eight Page Illustrations.
'Intensely interesting.'—*Methodist New Connection Magazine*.
- Sunshine in the Kitchen; or, Chapters for Maid Servants.** Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. By Rev. B. SMITH.
- Way-Marks: Placed by Royal Authority on the King's Highway. Being One Hundred Scripture Proverbs, Enforced and Illustrated.** Crown 8vo. Eight Page Engravings. By Rev. B. SMITH.
- Scenes and Adventures in Great Namaqualand.** By the Rev. B. RIDSDALE. Crown 8vo, with Portrait.
- Melissa's Victory.** By ASHTON NEILL. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Illustrations by GUNSTON.
- Two Saxon Maidens.** By ELIZA KERR. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Illustrations by GUNSTON.

Gems Reset; or, the Wesleyan Catechisms Illustrated by Imagery and Narrative. Crown 8vo. By Rev. B. SMITH.

Vice-Royalty; or, a Royal Domain held for the King, and enriched by the King. Crown 8vo. Twelve page Illustrns. By Rev. B. SMITH.

The Great Army of London Poor. Sketches of Life and Character in a Thames-side District. By the River-side Visitor. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 540 pp. Eight Illustrations.

'Admirably told. The author has clearly lived and mingled with the people he writes about.'—*Guardian*.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion. By Rev. JOHN M. BAMFORD. Crown 8vo. Seventeen Illustrations. Gilt edges.

Little Abe; or, the Bishop of Berry Brow. Being the Life of Abraham Lockwood, a quaint and popular Local Preacher. By F. JEWELL. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. With Portrait.

'The racy, earnest, vernacular speech of *Little Abe*, and his quaint illustrations and home-thrusts, are humorous indeed. . . . Cannot fail to be a favourite.'—*Christian Age*.

Cecily: a Tale of the English Reformation. By EMMA LESLIE. Crown 8vo. Five full-page Illustrations.

'This is an interesting and attractive little book. . . . It is lively and healthy in tone.'—*Literary World*.

Glimpses of India and Mission Life. By Mrs. HUTCHEON. Crown 8vo. Eight Page Illustrations.

'A well-written account of Indian life in its social aspects, by the wife of an Indian missionary.'—*British Quarterly*.

The Beloved Prince: a Memoir of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort. By WILLIAM NICHOLS. Crown 8vo. With Portrait and Nineteen Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges.

'An admirable condensation of a noble life.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.

Glenwood: a Story of School Life. By JULIA K. BLOOMFIELD. Crown 8vo. Seven Illustrations.

'A useful book for school-girls who think more of beauty and dress than of brains and grace.'—*Sword and Trowel*.

Undeceived: Roman or Anglican? A Story of English Ritualism. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo.

'In the creation and description of character the work belongs to the highest class of imaginative art.'—*Free Church of England Magazine*.

Self-Culture and Self-Reliance, under God the Means of Self-Elevation. By the Rev. W. UNSWORTH. Crown 8vo.

'An earnest, thoughtful, eloquent book on an important subject.'—*Folkestone News*.

A Pledge that Redeemed Itself. By SARSON, Author of 'Blind Olive,' etc. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges.

'We are informed in the preface that it is "an etching from life," and we can well believe it, for it bears all the marks of a genuine study of living men and women.'—*Literary World*.

Pleasant Talks about Jesus. By JOHN COLWELL. Crown 8vo.

Old Daniel; or, Memoirs of a Converted Hindu. By the Rev. T. HODSON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges.

The Story of a Peninsular Veteran: Sergeant in the 43rd Light Infantry during the Peninsular War. Crown 8vo. 13 Illustrations.

'Full of adventure, told in a religious spirit. We recommend this narrative to boys and young men.'—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.

Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Crown 8vo. Eleven Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges.

In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life.

By the Rev. JAREZ MARRAT. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, etc.

'A vivid description of scenes and incidents, . . . with an interesting record of the progress of mission work.'—*Sheffield Post*.

Climbing: a Manual for the Young who Desire to Rise in Both Worlds. By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. Crown 8vo. Sixth Edition.

Our Visit to Rome, with Notes by the Way. By the Rev. JOHN RHODES. Royal 16mo. Forty-five Illustrations.

The Lancasters and their Friends. A Tale of Methodist Life. By S. J. F. Crown 8vo.

Those Boys. By FAYE HUNTINGTON. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

Leaves from my Log of Twenty-five years' Christian Work in the Port of London. Crown 8vo. Eight Illustrations.

The Willow Pattern: A Story Illustrative of Chinese Social Life. By the Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND. Crown 8vo, gilt edges. Numerous Illustrations.

Passages from the Diary of an Early Methodist. By RICHARD ROWE.

Orphans of the Forest; or, His Little Jonathan. By A. E. COURTENAY. Foolscep 8vo. Four Illustrations.

MARK GUY PEARSE'S WORKS.

Nine Volumes, Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Edges. Price 2s. 6d. each.

1.—**Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions.** FIRST SERIES. 68,000.

2.—**Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions.** SECOND SERIES. 20,000.

3.—**Sermons for Children.** 18,000.

4.—**Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving.** 20,000.

5.—**Short Stories, and other Papers.** 7000.

6.—**'Good Will': a Collection of Christmas Stories.** 8000.

7.—**Simon Jasper.** 8000.

8.—**Cornish Stories.** 5000.

9.—**Homely Talks.** 8000.

'Scarcely any living writer can construct a parable better, more quaintly, simply, and congruously. His stories are equally clever and telling. . . . One secret of their spell is that they are brimful of heart. . . . His books should be in every school library.'—*British Quarterly Review*.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Pioneer of Anglo-American Colonisation.

By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D. Foolsap 8vo. 16 Illustrations.

'We have here a book which we strongly recommend to our young readers. It will do boys good to read it.'—*The Methodist*.

The Great Apostle; or, Pictures from the Life of St. Paul.

By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. Foolsap 8vo. 28 Illustrations and Map.

'A charming little book. . . . Written in a style that must commend itself to young people.'—*Sunday-School Times*.

Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany. By the Rev. J.

SHAW BANKS. Foolsap 8vo. 13 Illustrations.

'Mr. Banks has succeeded in packing a great deal of matter into a small space, and yet has told his story in a very attractive style.'—*London Quarterly Review*.

Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands. By J. R. S.

CLIFFORD. Foolsap 8vo. Eighty Illustrations.

'A useful little volume respecting the manners and customs of Eastern nations. It brings together, in a small compass, much that will be of service to the young student of the Bible.'—*Watchman*.

Hid Treasures, and the Search for Them: Lectures to

Bible Classes. By the Rev. J. HARTLEY. Foolsap 8vo. With Frontispiece.

Youthful Obligations. Illustrated by a large number of Approp-

riate Facts and Anecdotes. Foolsap 8vo. With Illustrations.

Eminent Christian Philanthropists: Brief Biographical

Sketches, designed especially as Studies for the Young. By the Rev.

GEORGE MAUNDER. Fcap. 8vo. Nine Illustrations.

The Tower, the Temple, and the Minster: Historical and

Biographical Associations of the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral,

and Westminster Abbey. By the Rev. J. W. THOMAS. Second Edition.

Foolsap 8vo. 14 Illustrations.

The Stolen Children. Foolsap 8vo. Six Illustrations.

Peter Pengelly; or, 'True as the Clock.' By J. J. WRAY.

Crown 8vo. Forty Illustrations.

'A famous book for boys.'—*The Christian*.

My Coloured Schoolmaster: and other Stories. By the Rev.

H. BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Five Illustrations.

'The narratives are given in a lively, pleasant manner that is well suited to gain and keep alive the attention of juvenile readers.'—*The Friend*.

The Prisoner's Friend: The Life of Mr. JAMES BUNDY, of

Bristol. By his Grandson, the Rev. W. R. WILLIAMS. Foolsap 8vo.

Female Heroism and Tales of the Western World. By

the Rev. H. BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Four Illustrations.

Kilkee. By ELIZA KERR, author of *Slieve Bloom*.

Capture of the Pirates: with other Stories of the Western Seas.

By the Rev. HENRY BLEBY. Foolsap 8vo. Four Illustrations.

'The stories are graphically told, and will inform on some phases of western life.'—*Warrington Guardian*.

Adelaide's Treasure, and How the Thief came Unawares.

By SARSON, Author of 'A Pledge that Redeemed Itself,' etc. Four Illustrations.

'This graphic story forms an episode in the history of Wesleyan Missions in Newfoundland.'—*Christian Age*.**Wilfred Hedley; or, How Teetotalism Came to Ellensmere.**

By S. J. FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo. Frontispiece.

Equally Yoked: and other Stories. By S. J. FITZGERALD.

Frontispiece.

Master and Man. By S. J. FITZGERALD. Frontispiece.**Coals and Colliers; or, How we Get the Fuel for our Fires.**

By S. J. FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo. Illustrations.

'An interesting description of how we get the fuel for our fires, illustrated by tales of miners' families.'—*Christian World*.**James Daryll; or, From Honest Doubt to Christian Faith.**

By RUTH ELLIOTT. Crown 8vo.

'We have seldom read a more beautiful story than this.'—*The Echo*.**The 'Good Luck' of the Maitlands: a Family Chronicle.**

By MRS. R. A. WATSON. Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo.

Tina and Beth; or, the Night Pilgrims. By ANNIE

COURTENAY. Crown 8vo. Frontispiece.

Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of Early

Christian Life in Rome. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Crown 8vo. Illustrations.

The Oakhurst Chronicles: A Tale of the Times of Wesley.

By ANNIE E. KEELING. Crown 8vo. Four Illustrations.

Illustrations of Fulfilled Prophecy. By the Rev. J. ROBINSON

GREGORY. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations.

The King's Messenger: a Story of Canadian Life. By the

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Crown 8vo.

Poet Toilers in Many Fields. By MRS. R. A. WATSON.

Crown 8vo. Thirteen Illustrations.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE.

'Little Ray' Series. Royal 16mo.

Little Ray and her Friends. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Five

Illustrations.

The Breakfast Half-Hour: Addresses on Religious and Moral

Topics. By the Rev. H. R. BURTON. Twenty-five Illustrations.

'Practical, earnest, and forcible.'—*Literary World*.**Gleanings in Natural History for Young People.** Profusely

Illustrated.

Broken Purposes; or, the Good Time Coming. By LILLIE

MONTFORT. Five Page Illustrations. Gilt edges.

The History of the Tea-Cup; with a Descriptive Account of

the Potter's Art. By the Rev. G. R. WEDGWOOD. Profusely Illustrated.

The Cliftons and their Play-Hours. By MRS. COSSLETT.
Seven Page Illustrations.

The Lilyvale Club and its Doings. By EDWIN A. JOHNSON,
D.D. Seven Page Illustrations.
'The "doings" of the club decidedly deserve a careful perusal.'—
Literary World.

The Bears' Den. By E. H. MILLER. Six Page Illustrations.
'A capital story for boys.'—*Christian Age.*

Ned's Motto; or, Little by Little. By the author of 'Faithful
and True,' 'Tony Starr's Legacy.' Six Page Illustrations.

'The story of a boy's struggles to do right, and his influence over other
boys. The book is well and forcibly written.'—*The Christian.*

A Year at Riverside Farm. By E. H. MILLER. Royal 16mo.
Six Page Illustrations.

'A book of more than common interest and power.'—*Christian Age.*

The Royal Road to Riches. By E. H. MILLER. Fifteen
Illustrations.

Maude Linden; or, Working for Jesus. By LILLIE MONTFORT.
Four Illustrations.

'Intended to enforce the value of personal religion, especially in Christian
work. . . . Brightly and thoughtfully written.'—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Oscar's Boyhood; or, the Sailor's Son. By DANIEL WISE,
D.D. Six Illustrations.

'A healthy story for boys, written in a fresh and vigorous style, and
plainly teaching many important lessons.'—*Christian Miscellany.*

Summer Days at Kirkwood. By E. H. MILLER. Four
Illustrations.

'Capital story; conveying lessons of the highest moral import.'—*Sheffield
Post.*

**Holy-days and Holidays: or, Memories of the Calendar for
Young People.** By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. Numerous Illustrations.

'Instruction and amusement are blended in this little volume.'—*The
Christian.*

Talks with the Bairns about Bairns. By RUTH ELLIOTT.
Illustrated.

'Pleasantly written, bright, and in all respects attractive.'—*Leeds Mercury.*

My First Class: and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT.
Illustrated.

'The stories are full of interest, well printed, nicely illustrated, and taste-
fully bound. It is a volume which will be a favourite in any family of
children.'—*Derbyshire Courier.*

Luther Miller's Ambition. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Gilt
edges. Illustrations by GUNSTON.

'Wee Donald' Series. Royal 16mo.

An Old Sailor's Yarn: and other Sketches from Daily Life.

The Stony Road: a Tale of Humble Life.

Stories for Willing Ears. For Boys. By T. S. E.

Stories for Willing Ears. For Girls. By T. S. E.

Thirty Thousand Pounds: and other Sketches from Daily Life.

'Wee Donald': Sequel to 'Stony Road.'

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE. *Foolscap 8vo Series.*

- Two Standard Bearers in the East: Sketches of Dr. DUFF and Dr. Wilson.** By Rev. J. MARRAT. Eight Illustrations.
- Three Indian Heroes: the Missionary; the Soldier; the Statesman.** By the Rev. J. SHAW BANKS. Numerous Illustrations.
- David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer.** By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Fifteen Page Illustrations.
'The story is told in a way which is likely to interest young people, and to quicken their sympathy with missionary work.'—*Literary World*.
- Columbus; or, the Discovery of America.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Seventeen Illustrations.
- Cortes; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Nine Illustrations.
- Pizarro; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Peru.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Nine Illustrations.
- Granada; or, the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.** By GEORGE CUBITT. Seven Illustrations.
- James Montgomery, Christian Poet and Philanthropist.**
By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Eleven Illustrations.
'The book is a welcome and tasteful addition to our biographical knowledge.'—*Warrington Guardian*.
- The Father of Methodism: the Life and Labours of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.** By Mrs. COSSLETT. Forty-five Illustrations.
'Presents a clear outline of the life of the founder of Methodism, and is calculated to create a desire for larger works upon the subject. The illustrations are numerous and effective,—quite a pictorial history in themselves.'
- Old Truths in New Lights: Illustrations of Scripture Truth for the Young.** By W. H. S. Illustrated.
- Chequer Alley: a Story of Successful Christian Work.** By the Rev. F. W. BRIGGS, M.A.
- The Englishman's Bible: How he Got it, and Why he Keeps it.** By the Rev. JOHN BOYES, M.A. Thirteen Illustrations.
- Home; and the Way to Make Home Happy.** By the Rev. DAVID HAY. With Frontispiece.
- Helen Leslie; or, Truth and Error.** By ADELINE. Frontispiece.
- Building her House.** By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Five Illustns.
'A charmingly written tale, illustrative of the power of Christian meekness.'—*Christian World*.
- Crabtree Fold: a Tale of the Lancashire Moors.** By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Five Illustrations.
- Davy's Friend; and other Stories.** By JENNIE PERRETT.
'Excellent, attractive, and instructive.'—*The Christian*.
- Arthur Hunter's First Shilling.** By Mrs. CROWE.
- Hill Side Farm.** By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.
- The Boy who Wondered; or, Jack and Minnchen.** By Mrs. GEORGE GLADSTONE.
- Kitty; or, The Wonderful Love.** By A. E. COURTENAY. Illustrated.
- The River Singers.** By W. ROBSON.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE. *Crown 8vo Series.*

Drierstock: A Tale of Mission Work on the American Frontier.
Three Illustrations.

Go Work: A Book for Girls. By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM.

Picture Truths. Practical Lessons on the Formation of Character,
from Bible Emblems and Proverbs. By JOHN TAYLOR. Thirty Illustrations.

Those Watchful Eyes; or, Jemmy and his Friends. By
EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Frontispiece.

The Basket of Flowers. Four Illustrations.

Auriel, and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Frontispiece.

A Voice from the Sea; or, The Wreck of the Eglantine.
By RUTH ELLIOTT.

Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. By the Rev. R.
NEWTON. Eleven Illustrations.

A Pledge that Redeemed Itself. By SARSON.

'A clever, sparkling, delightful story.'—*Sheffield Independent.*

In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life.
By the Rev. J. MARRAT. Illustrations and Map.

Old Daniel; or, Memoirs of a Converted Hindu. By Rev. T.
HODSON. Twelve Illustrations.

Little Abe; or, The Bishop of Berry Brow. Being the Life of
Abraham Lockwood.

CHEAP EDITION OF MARK GUY PEARSE'S BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo. Price Eighteenpence each.

1. **Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions.** 1ST SERIES.

2. **Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions.** 2ND SERIES.

3. **Sermons for Children.**

4. **Mister Horn and his Friends; or, Givers and Giving.**

5. **Short Stories: and other Papers.**

6. **'Good Will': a Collection of Christmas Stories.**

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE.

Imperial 32mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.

Abbott's Histories for the Young.

Vol. 1. Alexander the Great. Vol. 2. Alfred the Great. Vol. 3. Julius Cæsar.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. *Royal 16mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.*

Ancient Egypt: Its Monuments, Worship, and People. By
the Rev. EDWARD LIGHTWOOD. Twenty-six Illustrations.

Vignettes from English History. From the Norman Conqueror
to Henry IV. Twenty-three Illustrations.

Margery's Christmas Box. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Seven Illusts.

No Gains without Pains: a True Life for the Boys. By H.
C. KNIGHT. Six Illustrations.

**Peeps into the Far North: Chapters on Iceland, Lapland, and
Greenland.** By S. E. SCHOLES. Twenty-four Illustrations.

Lessons from Noble Lives, and other Stories. 31 Illustrations

Stories of Love and Duty. For Boys and Girls. 31 Illusts.

- The Railway Pioneers; or, the Story of the Stephensons, Father and Son.** By H.C. KNIGHT. Fifteen Illustrations.
- The Royal Disciple: Louisa, Queen of Prussia.** By C.R. HURST. Six Illustrations.
- Tiny Tim: a Story of London Life. Founded on Fact.** By F. HORNER. Twenty-two Illustrations.
- John Tregenoweth. His Mark.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Twenty-five Illustrations.
- 'I'll Try'; or, How the Farmer's Son became a Captain.** Ten Illustrations.
- The Giants, and How to Fight Them.** By Dr. RICHARD NEWTON. Fifteen Illustrations.
- The Meadow Daisy.** By LILLIE MONTFORT. Numerous Illustrations.
- Robert Dawson; or, the Brave Spirit.** Four Page Illustrations.
- The Tarnside Evangel.** By M. A. H. Eight Illustrations.
- Rob Rat: a Story of Barge Life.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Numerous Illustrations.
- The Unwelcome Baby, with other Stories of Noble Lives early Consecrated.** By S. ELLEN GREGORY. Nine Illustrations.
- Jane Hudson, the American Girl.** Four Page Illustrations.
- The Babes in the Basket; or, Daph and her Charge.** Four Page Illustrations.
- Insect Lights and Sounds.** By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. Illustrations.
'A valuable little book for children, pleasantly illustrated.'—*The Friend*.
- The Jew and his Tenants.** By A. D. WALKER. Illustrated.
'A pleasant little story of the results of genuine Christian influence.'—*Christian Age*.
- The History of Joseph: for the Young.** By the Rev. T. CHAMPNESS. Twelve Illustrations.
'Good, interesting, and profitable.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.
- The Old Miller and his Mill.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Twelve Illustrations.
- The First Year of my Life: a True Story for Young People.** By ROSE CATHAY FRIEND.
'It is a most fascinating story.'—*Sunday School Times*.
- Fiji and the Friendly Isles: Sketches of their Scenery and People.** By S. E. SCHOLES. Fifteen Illustrations.
'We warmly recommend this little volume to readers of every sort.'—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.
- The Story of a Pillow. Told for Children.** Four Illustrations.
'Simply and gracefully told.'—*Bradford Observer*.
'Little folks are sure to be interested in this wonderful pillow.'—*Literary World*.

NEW SHILLING SERIES. *Foolscap 8vo. 128 pp. Cloth.*

Gilbert Guestling; or, the Story of a Hymn Book. Illustrated.

'It is a charmingly told story.'—*Nottingham and Midland Counties Daily Express*.

Uncle Dick's Legacy. By E. H. MILLER, Author of 'Royal Road to Riches,' etc., etc. Illustrated.

'A first-rate story . . . full of fun and adventure, but thoroughly good and healthy.'—*Christian Miscellany*.

Beatrice and Brian. By HELEN BRISTON. Three Illustrns.

'A very prettily told story about a wayward little lady and a large mastiff dog, specially adapted for girls.'—*Derbyshire Advertiser*.

Tom Fletcher's Fortunes. By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. Three Illustrations.

'A capital book for boys.'—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

Guy Sylvester's Golden Year. Three Illustrations.

'A very pleasantly written story.'—*Derbyshire Courier*.

Becky and Reubie; or, the Little Street Singers. By MINA E. GOULDING. Three Illustrations.

'A clever, pleasing, and upon the whole a well-written story.'—*Leeds Mercury*.

The Young Bankrupt, and other Stories. By Rev. JOHN COLWELL. Three Illustrations.

Left to Take Care of Themselves. By A. RYLANDS. Three Illustrations.

The Basket of Flowers. Four Illustrations.

Mattie and Bessie; or, Climbing the Hill. By A. E. COURTENAY.

Mischievous Foxes; or, the Little Sins that mar the Christian Character. By JOHN COLWELL. Price 1s.

'An amazing amount of sensible talk and sound advice.'—*The Christian*.

Polished Stones from a Rough Quarry. By Mrs. HUTCHEON. Price 1s.

'A Scotch story of touching and pathetic interest. It illustrates the power of Christian sympathy. . . . Sunday school teachers seal this little volume and learn the results of such labour.'—*Irish Evangelist*.

Recollections of Methodist Worthies. Fcap 8vo. Price 1s.

PRICE NINEPENCE. *Imperial 32mo. Cloth, Illuminated.*

1. **The Wonderful Lamp**: and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Five Illustrations.

2. **Dick's Troubles**: and How He Met Them. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Six Illustrations.

3. **The Chat in the Meadow**: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.

4. **John's Teachers**: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.

5. **Nora Grayson's Dream**: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Seven Illustrations.

6. **Rosa's Christmas Invitations**: and other Stories. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Six Illustrations.

7. **Ragged Jim's Last Song**: and other Ballads. By EDWARD BAILEY. Eight Illustrations.

8. Pictures from Memory. By ADELINE. Nine Illustrations.
9. The Story of the Wreck of the 'Maria' Mail Boat: with a Memoir of Mrs. Hinckman, the only Survivor. Illustrated.
10. Passages from the Life of Heinrich Stilling. Five Page Illustrations.
11. Little and Wise: The Ants, The Conies, The Locusts, and the Spiders. Twelve Illustrations.
12. Spoiling the Vines, and Fortune Telling. Eight Illustrations.
13. The Kingly Breaker, Concerning Play, and Sowing the Seed.
14. The Fatherly Guide, Rhoda, and Fire in the Soul.
15. Short Sermons for Little People. By the Rev. T. CHAMPNESS.
16. Sketches from my Schoolroom. Four Illustrations.
17. Mary Ashton: a True Story of Eighty Years Ago. Four Illustrations.
18. The Little Prisoner: or, the Story of the Dauphin of France. Five Illustrations.
19. The Story of an Apprenticeship. By the Rev. A. LANGLEY. Frontispiece.
20. Mona Bell: or, Faithful in Little Things. By EDITH M. EDWARDS. Four Illustrations.
21. Minnie Neilson's Summer Holidays, and What Came of Them. By M. CAMBELL. Four Illustrations.
22. After Many Days; or, The Turning Point in James Power's Life. Three Illustrations.
23. Alfred May. By R. RYLANDS. Two coloured Illustrations.
24. Dots and Gwinnie: a Story of Two Friendships. By R. RYLANDS. Three Illustrations.
25. Little Sally. By MINA E. GOULDING. Six Illustrations.
26. Joe Webster's Mistake. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Three Illustrations.
27. Muriel; or, The Sister Mother.
28. Nature's Whispers.
29. Johnny's Work and How he did it. Five Illustrations.
30. Pages from a Little Girl's Life. By A. F. PERRAM. Five Illustrations.

PRICE EIGHTPENCE. *Imperial 32mo. Cloth, gilt edges.*

The whole of the Ninepenny Series are also sold in Limp Cloth at Eightpence. Ancass, the Slave Preacher. By the Rev. HENRY BUNTING. Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. By A. E. KEELING. Brief Description of the Principal Places mentioned in Holy Scripture.

Bulmer's History of Joseph.

Bulmer's History of Moses.

Christianity compared with Popery: a Lecture.

Death of the Eldest Son (The). By CÆSAR MALAN.

Dove (Margaret and Anna), Memoirs of. By PETER MCOWAN.

Emily's Lessons; Chapters in the Life of a Young Christian.

Fragments for Young People.

Freddie Cleminson.

Janie : a Flower from South Africa.

Jesus, History of. For Children. By W. MASON.

Martin Luther, The Story of.

Precious Seed and Little Sowers.

Sailor's (A) Struggles for Eternal Life.

Saville (Jonathan), Memoirs of. By the Rev. F. A. WEST.

Soon and Safe : a Short Life well Spent.

Sunday Scholar's Guide (The). By the Rev. J. T. BARR.

Will Brown ; or, Saved at the Eleventh Hour. By the Rev. H.

BUNTING.

The Wreck, Rescue, and Massacre : an Account of the

Loss of the *Thomas King*.

Youthful Sufferer Glorified : a Memorial of Sarah Sands Hay.

Youthful Victor Crowned : a Sketch of Mr. C. JONES.

PRICE SIXPENCE. *Crown 16mo. Cloth, Illuminated Side and Coloured Frontispiece.*

1. A Kiss for a Blow : true Stories about Peace and War for Children.
2. Louis Henry ; or, the Sister's Promise.
3. The Giants, and How to fight Them.
4. Robert Dawson ; or, the Brave Spirit.
5. Jane Hudson, the American Girl.
6. The Jewish Twins. By Aunt FRIENDLY.
7. The Book of Beasts. Thirty-five Illustrations.
8. The Book of Birds. Forty Illustrations.
9. Proud in Spirit.
10. Althea Norton.
11. Gertrude's Bible Lesson.
12. The Rose in the Desert.
13. The Little Black Hen.
14. Martha's Hymn.
15. Nettie Mathieson.
16. The Prince in Disguise.
17. The Children on the Plains.
18. The Babes in the Basket.
19. Richard Harvey ; or, Taking a Stand.
20. Kitty King : Lessons for Little Girls.
21. Nettie's Mission.
22. Little Margery.

23. Margery's City Home.
24. The Crossing Sweeper.
25. Rosy Conroy's Lessons.
26. Ned Dolan's Garret.
27. Little Henry and his Bearer.
28. The Little Woodman and his Dog.
29. Johnny: Lessons for Little Boys.
30. Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones.
31. A Story of the Sea and other Incidents.
32. Aunt Lizzie's Talks About Remarkable Fishes. Forty Illustrations.
33. Three Little Folks Who Mind Their Own Business ; or, The Bee, the Ant, and the Spider. Twenty-five Illustrations.

The whole of the above thirty-three Sixpenny books are also sold at Fourpence, in Enamelled Covers.

PRICE SIXPENCE. 18mo. Cloth, gilt lettered.

African Girls ; or, Leaves from Journal of a Missionary's Widow. Bunyan (John). The Story of his Life and Work told to Children. By E. M. C.

Celestine ; or, the Blind Woman of the Pastures.

Christ in Passion Week ; or, Our Lord's Last Public Visit to Jerusalem.

Crown with Gems (The). A Call to Christian Usefulness.

Fifth of November ; Romish Plotting for Popish Ascendency.

Flower from Feejee. A Memoir of Mary Calvert.

Good Sea Captain (The). Life of Captain Robert Steward.

Grace the Preparation for Glory : Memoir of A. Hill. By Rev. J. RATTENBURY.

Hattie and Nancy ; or, the Everlasting Love. Book for Girls.

Held Down ; or, Why James did Not Prosper.

Joseph Peters, the Negro Slave.

Matt Stubbs' Dream : a Christmas Story. By M. G. PEARSE.

Michael Faraday. A Book for Boys.

Our Lord's Public Ministry.

Risen Saviour (The).

St. Paul, Life of.

Seed for Waste Corners. By Rev. B. SMITH.

Sorrow on the Sea ; or, the Loss of the *Amazon*.

Street (A) I've Lived in. A Sabbath Morning Scene.
 Three Naturalists: Stories of Linnæus, Cuvier, and Buffon.
 Young Maid-Servants (A Book for). Gilt edges.

PRICE FOURPENCE. *Enamelled Covers.*

Precious Seed, and Little Sowers.
 Spoiling the Vines.
 Rhoda, and Fire in the Soul.
 The Fatherly Guide, and Fortune Telling.
 Will Brown; or, Saved at the Eleventh Hour.
 Ancass, the Slave Preacher. By the Rev. H. BUNTING.
 Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot Potter.

PRICE THREEPENCE. *Enamelled Covers.*

'The Ants' and 'The Conies.'
 Concerning Play.
 'The Kingly Breaker' and 'Sowing the Seed.'
 'The Locusts' and 'The Spiders.'
 Hattie and Nancy.
 Michael Faraday.
 Three Naturalists: Stories of Linnæus, Cuvier, and Buffon.
 Celestine; or, the Blind Woman of the Pastures.
 John Bunyan. By E. M. C.
 Held Down; or, Why James didn't Prosper. By Rev. B. SMITH.
 The Good Sea Captain.

PRICE TWOPENCE. *Enamelled Covers.*

1. The Sun of Righteousness.
2. The Light of the World.
3. The Bright and Morning Star.
4. Jesus the Saviour.
5. Jesus the Way.
6. Jesus the Truth.
7. Jesus the Life.
8. Jesus the Vine.
9. The Plant of Renown.
10. Jesus the Shield.
11. Being and Doing Good. By the Rev. J. COLWELL.
12. Jessie Allen's Question.
13. Uncle John's Christmas Story.
14. The Pastor and the Schoolmaster.

The above Twopenny Books are also sold in Packets.

Packet No. 1, containing Nos. 1 to 6, Price 1/-

Packet No. 2, containing Nos. 7 to 12, Price 1/-

PRICE ONE PENNY. *New Series. Royal 32mo. With Illustrations.*

1. The Woodman's Daughter. By LILLIE M.
2. The Young Pilgrim: the Story of Louis Jaulmes.
3. Isaac Watkin Lewis: a Life for the Little Ones. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.
4. The History of a Green Silk Dress.
5. The Dutch Orphan: Story of John Harmsen.
6. Children Coming to Jesus. By Dr. CROOK.
7. Jesus Blessing the Children. By Dr. CROOK.
8. 'Under Her Wings.' By the Rev. T. CHAMPNESS.
9. 'The Scattered and Peeled Nation': a Word to the Young about the Jews.
10. Jessie Morecambe and her Playmates.
11. The City of Beautiful People.
12. Ethel and Lily's School Treat. By R. R.

The above twelve books are sold in a Packet, price 1/-

NEW SERIES OF HALFPENNY BOOKS.

By LILLIE MONTFORT, RUTH ELLIOTT, and others. *Imperial 32mo. 16 pages. With Frontispiece.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The New Scholar. | 27. The New Year; or, Where shall I Begin? |
| 2. Is it beneath You? | 28. The Book of Remembrance. |
| 3. James Elliott; or, the Father's House. | 29. 'Shall we Meet Beyond the River?' |
| 4. Rosa's Christmas Invitations. | 30. Found after Many Days. |
| 5. A Woman's Ornaments. | 31. Hugh Coventry's Thanksgiving. |
| 6. 'Things Seen and Things not Seen.' | 32. Our Easter Hymn. |
| 7. Will you be the Last? | 33. 'Eva's New Year's Gift.' |
| 8. 'After That?' | 34. Noble Impulses. |
| 9. Christmas; or, the Birthday of Jesus. | 35. Old Rosie. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. |
| 10. The School Festival. | 36. Nellie's Text Book. |
| 11. John's Teachers. | 37. How Dick Fell out of the Nest. |
| 12. Whose Yoke do You Wear? | 38. Dick's Kitten. |
| 13. The Sweet Name of Jesus. | 39. Why Dick Fell into the River. |
| 14. My Name; or, How shall I Know? | 40. What Dick Did with his Cake. |
| 15. Annie's Conversion. | 41. Dick's First Theft. |
| 16. The Covenant Service. | 42. Dick's Revenge. |
| 17. The Chat in the Meadow. | 43. Alone on the Sea. |
| 18. The Wedding Garment. | 44. The Wonderful Lamp. |
| 19. 'Love Covereth all Sins.' | 45. Not too Young to Understand. |
| 20. Is Lucy V—— Sincere? | 46. Being a Missionary. |
| 21. He Saves the Lost. | 47. Willie Rowland's Decision. |
| 22. The One Way. | 48. 'Can it Mean Me?' |
| 23. Nora Grayson's Dream. | 49. A Little Cake. |
| 24. The Scripture Tickets. | 50. A Little Coat. |
| 25. 'Almost a Christian.' | 51. A Little Cloud. |
| 26. 'Taken to Jesus.' | 52. The Two Brothers: Story of a Lie. |

The above Series are also sold in Packets.

Packet No. 1 contains Nos. 1 to 24. Price 1/-
 Packet No. 2 contains Nos. 25 to 48. Price 1/-

LONDON:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.

1870

1871

